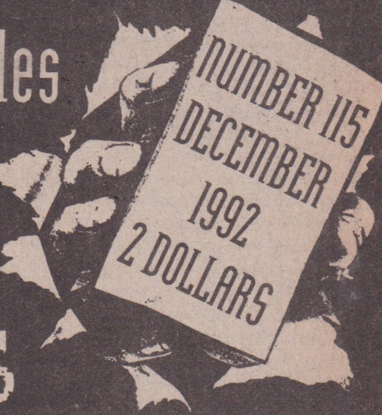
MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

letters • record reviews • classifieds • articles

columns • scene reports • zine reviews



NUMBER 115
DECEMBER
1992
2 DOLLARS

SCENES FROM THE DRUG WAR

SMUT
GAS HUFFER
GITS
UNDERDOG COLLECTIVE
UNDEAD
BUGOUT SOCIETY

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL MAXIMUMROCKNROLL MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL IS A MONTHLY PUBLICATION. ALL WORK IS DONATED AND NO ONE RECEIVES ANY SALARY. ALL PROCEEDS ARE EITHER INVESTED IN TECHNOLOGICAL IMPROVEMENTS OR GO TO OTHER SIMILARLY NOT-FOR-PROFIT PROJECTS. ANYONE IS WELCOME TO REPRINT ANYTHING FROM MRR, BUT PLEASE LIST MRR AS SOURCE CREDIT.

HOW TO CONTRIBUTE TO MRR:

We're always looking for contributions (scene reports, interviews, news features, articles, letters), and we have a neato scanner that can read stuff you send us and put it into the computer, but it needs your help. Our scanner can only read things that are crisp and clearly typed, and at least 10 pt type size. It can't read hand-written corrections. It can't read low-quality photocopies. If you need to make corrections, it helps to use a photo blue pen designed especially for layouts--the light blue is invisible to a scanner. Also, please don't type in all capitals because then we have to re-type everything, and that's no fun. And if you can, try to follow the MRR format (songs titles in quotes, LP/EP titles, books & zines in italics, only local bands in all capitals in scene reports). This makes the shitworkers happy (or less miserable, anyway). If you're using a computer, you can send in your stuff on a 3-1/2 inch disk--we can convert from any program (both Mac & IBM, as long as you tell us which program you used). We will return your disk to you.

INTERVIEWS:

We'd like to focus on quality rather than quantity, and be more selective about the interviews we run. If you're thinking about interviewing a band, refer to these guidelines before you get going, to make sure your effort isn't wasted: 1). Write or plan your questions in advance, but be sure and leave room to be flexible and go with the flow. 2.) Don't be afraid to be controversial. If someone says something lame or is evading a question, follow up on that, and call them on their shit. Don't just let it slide by. 3). Don't let the conversation stay on one point too long, especially if the point has already been made. Point the conversation into different directions without diong too much of the talking yourself. 4). Try to keep a good balance of humor and serious solid content. Direct it away from slipping into meaningless, silly babbling and one sentence answers. 5). Keep it concise. Transcribing an interview is a lot of work, so the more compact they can be, the better for you, and the final copy. Remember, interviews can be long if they are taut and full of content, but they take a lot of planning to pull off. Generally, newer bands should submit shorter interviews. 6). Try to get to the personality of the individual or band; we're not gonna be interested in an interview that sounds like a press kit promotional. 7). It's important that you give us as a variety of graphics to do a layout with. Send as many photos, flyers, lyrics, logos, and artwork as the band has available. Give us a call if you're thinking about doing an interview to check it out in advance.

SCENE REPORTS:

Keep them concise but entertaining and chock full of info, phone #s, addresses, etc. Cover not just bands, but also clubs, zines, demonstrations, eateries, films, thrift stores, record/book stores, and anything else of interest to wandering punx. Include several decent photos with the report.

ARTICLES:

We're always looking for well-researched articles, be they political, economic, social, humorous, whatever. There is a definite need for 'inside scoop' type exposés, like the 'Punk Business' article Ben Weasel did a while back. Get in touch if you've got an idea.

LOTSA NEWS HERE

We just had one of our irregular MRR staff meetings, and this is what came out of it...

1 Beginning with issue #116, MRR will instruct Mordam to no longer distribute us through Important and Caroline, since both those entities are now owned by major labels. This may make it temporarily harder to find MRR in some stores, but if your local store suddenly stops carrying Maximum, please ask them to contact either Mordam (phone # on next page), or record distributors like Dutch East, Cargo, Get Hip, Smash, Twin Cities, Southern...or zine distributors like Last Gasp, See Hear, Armadillo, Levity, Ubiquity, Fine Print, Marginal, etc...

2 Beginning with issue #117, MRR will expand from 144 pages up to 176 pages. Our printer had previously said no way, but now thinks it's do-able. This has several implications...

3 The cover price and subscription rate will remain the same, except for Asia.

4 We will be able to run anybody's ads, as long as they are generally of interest to our readers. This means the policy announced a few issues ago of only running ads of stuff we're reviewing is no longer in effect. We will also be able to accomodate more ads for zines, t-shirts, and all the other baloney you want to sell. Half page ads will be re-instated, too.

5 We will be slightly lowering some ad rates yet again. Here are the prices beginning with #117, the Feb issue: 1/6 page (2 1/2"x5")= $20; 1/3 long page (2 1/2"x10")=$40; 1/3 square page (5"x5")=$50; 1/2 page (7 1/2"x5")=$100. Call if you want an ad saved every issue automatically.

6 This should effectively end our ongoing backlog of ads and interviews. No, I mean it!

7 Look for larger print (hooray!), larger pictures and more graphics, as we will be able to allot more pages to the columns section, letters-to-the editor, classifieds, record reviews, and most importantly, interviews.

8 Beginning with issue #117, we will try an experiment of giving away MRR free in S.F. and Berkeley, but selling it elsewhere at its regular old price. More on all this later...

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MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL RADIO

Michelle Haunold
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Paula Hirsch
Kenny Kaos
Alisa Schulman
Last Will

CFMU Hamilton, Ont 93.3FM Mon 11:59 PM
CKMS Waterloo, Ont 94.5FM Fri 10PM
KALX Berkeley, CA 90.7FM Weds midnight
KMNR Rolla, MO 89.7FM Thurs noon, Sun midnight
KSCL Shreveport, LA 91.3FM Weds 10PM
KZUM Lincoln, NE 89.3FM Weds midnight
WBCR Beloit, WI 90.3FM Weds 10PM
WBNY Buffalo, NY 91.3FM Thurs 6PM
WCNI New London, CT 91.1FM Sat midnight
WCXS Fairfax Stn, VA 94.5FM Sun 8PM
WLCX Farmville, VA 90.1FM Mon 8PM
WRUV Burlington, VT 90.1FM Thurs 6PM
WTSR Trenton, NJ 91.3FM
WYRE Waukesha, WI 103.9FM Fri 8PM & Sun 9PM
WZRD Chicago, IL 88.3FM Sun 3:30PM
ECTV Evanston/Lincolnwood, IL Cable Ch 29 Thurs 9PM, Fri 5:30PM, Sat 5PM
Radio Pomme Louviers, France 91.6FM Sat 5PM
A Slot Helmond, Holland call station
Canal Sud Toulouse, France 92.6FM Mon 6PM
4 ZZZ Radio Brisbane, Australia Sat noon-2PM
Livewire Radio Norwich, UK 945AM, call station

RADIO STATIONS: MRR Radio shows are available for stations only. Requests for info should be on station letterhead. Contact us at the address on the next page.

SUBSCRIPTIONS:

•*U.S.:* available from U.S. address at bottom of page. Copies are $2.50 each/ 6 issues sub for $15.00.

•*Canada:* available from U.S. address at bottom of page. Copies are $2.75 each/ 6 issues sub for $16.50 (US dollars).

•*Mexico:* available from U.S. address at bottom of page. Copies are $2.75 each/ 6 issues sub for $16.50.

•*U.K.:* available from MRR/ PO Box 59/ London N22/ England. Copies are £2.50 each/ 6 issue sub for £10.00. Write this address for European distribution too.

•*Europe:* available from U.K. address above. Copies are $4.50 each/ 6 issue sub for $24.

•*Australia, Asia, Africa:* available from U.S. address below. Copies are $7.00 each/ 6 issue sub for $42.00 (US dollars).

•*South America:* available from U.S. address below. Copies are $4.50 each/ 6 issue sub for $27.00.

BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE:
Back issues #37, 43-52, 55-64 are $1.50 each ppd in U.S., $2 Canada & Mexico, $2.75 So America, $4.25 Asia & Australia (all from MRR/US). Same issues are £1.50 for U.K. and $2.50 for Europe (from MRR/UK). Back issues 66-70, 72-76, 78, 80-99, 100 (pts 1&2) are: $2.50 US, $2.75 Canada, $2.50 Mexico, $5.50 Asia/Australia, $3.00 So America. Back issues 101-109, 110 (pts 1&2), 111-114 are as stated above in sub info. UK office only has issues 90-present. For earlier issues to UK & Europe, write MRR/US, cost is $5 per issue.

DEADLINES FOR NEXT ISSUE:
Scene Reports: continuously, with photos!
Interviews: continuously, with photos!
Ad Reservations: backlogged--so call now!
Ad Copy In: Before 1st of month-- no later!!

AD SIZES AND RATES:
1/6 page: (2 1/2" x 5") $25
1/3 page: (2 1/2" x 10") $40
1/3 page: (5" x 5") $50
see previous page for upcoming ad rates

CLASSIFIEDS: 40 words cost $2/60 words max for $3. No racist, sexist or fascist material. Send typed if possible. Cash only!!!

COVER: Suzanne Bartchy

SELL MRR AT GIGS: Within U.S., we'll sell them to you at $1.50 each ppd, cash up front. Must order 5 or more of the same issue. Need street address (not PO Box) to UPS to.

STORES: If you have problems getting MRR from your distributors, try contacting Mordam Records at (415)243-8230.

Please send all records, letters, articles, photos, interviews, ads, etc., to:

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL
PO BOX 460760
SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94146-0760
Ph: (415)648-3561/ Fax/Modem 648-5816

TOP 10

For what it's worth, here's some of the MRR crew's current Top 10 lists. Please send us your records (2 copies of vinyl, if possible--one for review and one for airplay), CD-only release, or cassette-only release.

SUZANNE BARTCHY
Hag-#2-zine
V/A-In The Spirit of Total Resistance-2xEP
V/A-Fuck All Govts-EP
MORAL SUCKLING-Reach-LP
V/A-Son of Bllleeeeeaaaaauuuurrrrrgggghhhh!-EP
RANCID-Single One-EP
Slug and Lettuce-#27-zine
DIESEL QUEENS-live
Ben Is Dead-Sex Issue-zine
16-2xEP

CHRIS DODGE
DISRUPT/TUOMIOPAIVAN LAPSET-splt EP
QUEERS-Proud Tradition-2xEP
MELVINS-Love Canal-5"
V/A-Apocalyptic Convulsions-10"
ANARCRUST-Coalescence-LP
V/A-Son of Bllleeeeeaaaaauuuurrrrrgggghhhh!-EP
WOOL-Mayday-45
FLIPPER-Nirnburg Fish Trials-LP
BRUTAL TRUTH-I'll Neglect-EP
BUDDY EBSEN-Girls Girls Girls-LP

LALI DONOVAN
ANARCRUST-Coalescence-LP
Ben Is Dead-Sex Issue-zine
16-2xEP/LAUGHING HYENAS-Crawl-12"
RANCID-Single One-EP
BUZZOVEN-live
Drastic Solutions-#6-zine
BIKINI KILL-Double DareYa-12"
BOB EVANS-CD
BIG BLACK-Pig Pile-12" & 5"
DIDJITS-Little Miss Carriage-12"

KARIN GEMBUS
CHOREA-tape & live!
7 YEAR BITCH-10"/MINORITY-EP
BIKINI KILL-Double DareYa-12"
PINHEAD GUNPOWDER-Fahizah-EP
MORAL SUCKLING-Reach-LP
PHLEG CAMP-Twilight Pink-EP
16-2xEP/CANDLE-EP
GALLEONS LAP-Themes & Variations-LP
SAIRAAT MIGLET-EP
STRONGHOLD-Ad Infinitum-EP

WALTER GLASER
LAUGHING HYENAS-Crawl-EP
VERBAL ASSAULT-Exit-EP
CYNICS-I Got You Babe-45
JESUS LIZARD-Liar-LP
REDMAN-Whut?-LP
DIDJITS-Little Miss Carriage-12"
UNSANE/SLUG-split 45
BIGDAMNCRAZYWEIGHT-Might As Well-45
BIRTHDAY PARTY-Hits-CD
JESUS LIZARD-Gladiator-45

MICHELLE HAUNOLD
HUMPERS-My Machine-LP
BIKINI KILL-Double DareYa-12"
FINGERS-You Get On My Nerves-EP
QUEERS-Proud Tradition-2xEP
JOHNNY PEEBUCKS &THE SWINGIN' UTTERS-10"
SWINGIN' NECKBREAKERS-Digging A Grave-EP
SEMINAL RATS-La Grande Bouffe-45
CERVECEROS-As Long As There's Beer-EP
ANTISEEN-We Got This Far-45
HEAD/METAL MIKE-split 45/DIDJITS-Little Miscarriage-EP

MICK KRASH
SINKER-tape
PHLEG CAMP-Twilight Pink-EP
CRIMPSHRINE-Duct Tape Soup-LP
CANDLE-EP
GALLEONS LAP-Themes And Variations-LP
BIKINI KILL-Double DareYa-12"
ROCKET FROM THE CRYPT/DEAD DOLL-split EP
JESUS LIZARD-Gladiator-EP
SUPERCHUNK-Mower-45
JOLT-EP

MIKE LAVELLA
PHANTOM SURFERS-Bikini drag-45
DIDJITS-Little Miss Carriage-12"/SEMINAL RATS-45
DEVIL DOGS-live/PAIN TEENS-live
FINGERS-You Get On My Nerves-45
UNSANE/SLUG-split 45/7 YEAR BITCH-10"
JESUS CHRIST SUPERFLY-Big Shit-45
BAD GENES-Rock The Boat-45/LAG WAGON-Duh-LP
V/A-Neapolitan Metropolitan-box set
VACANT LOT-Cheers To You-EP/MUMMIES-Stronger...45
MONOMEN-One Shot-45/OFFSPRING-Ignition-LP

TIMOJHEN MARK
V/A-Spirit of Total Resistance-2xEP
RANCID-Single One-EP
QUEERS-Proud Tradition-2xEP
V/A-Son of Bllleeeeeaaaaauuuurrrrrgggghhhh!-EP
MODERAT LIKVIDATION-EP
16-2xEP
SAIRAAT MIELET-Tippa Tappa-EP
LAUGHING HYENAS-Crawl-12"
V/A-Pusmort View-CD
INTENSE NOISE CORE-CD

SMELLY MUSTAFA
MELVINS-Love Canal-5"
LAUGHING HYENAS-Crawl-12"
7 YEAR BITCH-10"
V/A-Son of Bllleeeeeaaaaauuuurrrrrgggghhhh!-EP
D.O.A.-13 Flavors of Doom-LP
FLIPPER-Fish Trials-LP
BIKINI KILL-Double DareYa-12"
TWERDOCLEB-The Gnat-EP
INTENT TO INJURE-EP
BONE CRUSHER-live

NEIL NORDSTROM
APOCALYPSE/MINDROT-split EP
NAMLAND-The Shame-EP
MINOR THREAT/FAITH-split LP
DISRUPT/TUOMIOPAIVAN LAPSET-split EP
DEVO-Live The Mongoloid Years-CD
HEADSLAVE-Dissension-tape
TOXIC NARCOTIC-Populution-EP
V/A-Apocalyptic Convulsions-10"
V/A-Son of Bllleeeeeaaaaauuuurrrrrgggghhhh!-EP
FLOKONS GIVRES-Born To Be Vedg-tape

BRUCE ROEHRS
ANTISEEN-We Got This Far-45
QUEERS-Proud Tradition-2xEP
DOGMA MUNDISTA-Destiny Is Greed-LP
HEAD-Powerfist-EP
MONO MEN-One Shot-EP
SWINGIN' NECKBREAKERS-Diggin' A Grave-EP
CIA-God, Guts, Guns-EP
CARAMEL MONSTER-No Good Soul-EP
ELEPHANT-Yeah-45
16-2xEP

JON VON
DIDJITS-Little Miss Carriage-12"
JOHNNY PEEBUCKS-Scared-10"
QUEERS-Love Me-2xEP
DOA-13 Flavors-LP
HUMPERS-My Machine-LP
QUINCY PUNX-(Me)-EP
SWINGIN' NECKBREAKERS-Diggin' a Grave-EP
BIKINI KILL-Double Dare Ya-12"
CAMPUS TRAMPS-EP
LEONARDS-Move-45

TIM YOHANNAN
DIESEL QUEENS-live/DOGMA MUNDISTA-LP
HUMPERS-My Machine-LP/BIKINI KILL-Double DareYa-12"
JOHNNY PEEBUCKS &THE SWINGIN' UTTERS-10"
MODERAT LIKVIDATION-EP/MILKSHAKES-Red Hot-45
QUINCY PUNX-(Me)-EP/QUEERS-Proud Tradition-2xEP
RANCID-Single One-EP/CIA-God, Guts, Guns-EP
SAIRAAT MIELET-Tippa Tappaa-EP
SIXTEEN TONS-Trigger Happy-45/HEAD-Powerfist-45
16-2xEP/MINOR THREAT/FAITH-split LP
V/A-Son of Bllleeeeeaaaaauuuurrrrrgggghhhh!-EP

BLACKLIST MAILORDER

475 Valencia St, S.F., CA 94103 (415)255-0388

For a complete catalog, send $1 in USA and $2 overseas. Blacklist mailorder is a not for profit, volunteer run, mailorder operation. If you're interested in volunteering, give us a call or drop by. Please send promos for consideration.

Artist	Title	Format/Country	Price	Label
All U Can Eat	Chump	7"	2.35	Resin
Archwelder	Raleigh/Walls/Rosa	7"	2.55	Touch & Go
Bad Trip	Fear & Loathing	LP/CD	6.15/9.35	Wreck Age
Big Black	Pig Pile	LP/CD/VHS	7.00/10.30/14.75	Touch & Go
Bikini Kill	Bikini Kill	12"EP	4.05	Kill Rock Sta
Brainiac	Superduperseven	7"	2.15	Ltd. Potentia
Brujeria	Machetazos	7" (Mexico)	1.95	Alternalve T
Bush League	Smut/Tied Up	7"	2.60	Better Days
Candle	Green Grass	7"	2.60	Wrenched
Capital Casualties	Dissassembly Line	LP/CD	5.95/9.85	Slap-A-Ham
Chain of Strength	What Holds Us Apart	7"EP	2.30	Mindpower
Circus Lupus	2 song 7"	7"	2.80	Dischord
Comb	Pig Machine	7"	2.60	Vorpal
Crackerbash	Crackerbash	LP/CD	5.60/7.80	Empty
Crass	Penis, Stations, or Yes Sir	CD (UK)	(each) 7.80	Crass
Deprived/Resist	Fuck All Governments!	7"EP	2.45	Profane Exi
Didjits	Little Miss Carriage!	12"EP/CD	5.50/7.75	Touch & Go
Dog Faced Hermans	Mental Blocks (Holland)	LP/CD	8.15/9.80	Konkurrel
Dolphins	1st 7", Fiesta, or Eurohell	7" (Finland)	(each) 3.30	Diesel
Econochrist	Trained to Serve	LP	4.80	Vermiform
Eight Bark	Structurally Sound	LP/CD	5.20/6.50	Underdog
Exceptions, The	Flowering Scrunch	7"	2.95	Icon
Friction	Makeshift	7"	2.15	Shakefork
Glorium	Divebomb	7"	3.25	EV
God is My Co-Pilot	Gender is as Gender..	7"EP	2.95	Funky Mush
God is My Co-Pilot	I am Not This Body	CD	9.10	Making of...
Grinch	Blacking Factory	LP/CD	5.85/9/75	World Servk
Head/Metal Mike	Split	7"	3.00	Steve Priest
Hobbledehoy	Toobin	7"	2.60	Titanic
Inspector 12/Doublespeak		7"EP	2.50	Rhetoric
Jesus Lizard	Liar	LP/CD	7.80/10.05	Touch & Go
Johnny Peebucks...	Scared	10"EP	4.95	Quality of Li
Jolt	Jalopy/Lullaby	7"	2.50	Shredder
Lag Wagon	Duh	LP/CD	6.50/10.40	Fat Wreck C
Laughing Hyenas	Crawl	12"EP/CD	5.50/7.75	Touch & Go
Lazy Cowgirls	How it Looks, or Radio...	CD	(each) 7.80	Sympathy
Melvins	Buzz, Dale or Joe	12"/CD(each)	4.55/7.80	Boner
Melvins	Sacrafice	5"	2.95	Slap-A-Ham
Midget Farmers	Happy as a Bastard...	7"EP	2.60	Mental Fist
Mind Over Matter	Soldier Unknown	7"EP	2.85	Wreck Age
Minority	Minority	7"EP	1.95	Flamin' Stev
Mommyheads	Coming Into Beauty	CD	8.95	Simple Mac
Mono Men	Stop Draggin' Me Down	LP	5.90	Estrus
Monsula	Sanitized	LP/CD	5.60/7.80	Lookout!
Moral Suckling	Reach	LP	6.15	Profane Exi
Mule	I'm Hell	7"	2.45	1/4 Stick
Naked Angels	On the Road EP	7"	1.95	Unite & Figh
Nation of Ulysses	Plays Pretty for Baby	LP, Cass/CD	6.05/8.00	Dischord
No Use For a Name	Don't Miss the Train	LP/CD	5.65/8.00	New Red Ar
Offspring	Ignition	LP/CD	6.20/10.20	Epitaph
Phallacy	Offenhauger/Cool Rain	7"	2.60	Mysophobic
Phleg Camp	Twilight Pink	7" (Canada)	2.30	Allied
Platypus Scourge	Life is Colder	7"EP	2.60	Outback
Pounded Clowns/Horny Mormons		LP	5.20	Very Small
Rancid	Rancid	7"EP	1.95	Lookout
Sam I Am	Billy	LP/CD	5.65/8.00	New Red Ar
Schwartzeneggar	Goodbye to All That	7" (UK)	2.30	Allied
Shitbirds	Shitbirds	7"	1.95	Popllama
Shoeface	Look In My Eyes	7"	1.95	FBE
Sleeper	More or Less	7"EP	3.30	Mugglewump
Slug	Swinger	10"EP/CD	6.20/7.80	Magnatone
Smoking Popes	Break Up	7"	2.60	
Social Insecurity	Social Insecurity	7"EP (3 oz.)	2.60	Anok & Pea
Superchunk	Mower/On the Mouth	7"/CD single	2.90/4.70	Merge
Superchunk	Superchunk	LP	6.50	Matador
Thatcher.../Wat Tyler	Yurp Thing!	LP/CD	5.60/7.80	Allied
Trash Brats	Trash Brats	7"	2.60	Crummy Stu
Urge Overkill	Stull	10"EP/CD	5.50/7.75	Touch & Go
Verbal Assault	Exit	10"	6.20	KonKurrel
Vine	Sunkiss	7"	2.60	Sidekick
Vomit Pigs/Superman's Girlfriend		7" EP	3.25	EV
Warlock Pinchers	Morrissey Rides a...	12"/CDsingle	4.55/5.85	Tupelo
White Flag	Don't Give it Away	7"	2.60	Sympathy
V/A	Billeeeaaauuurrggghhh	7"EP	2.60	Slap-A-Ham
V/A	Clam Chowder vs...	LP	6.60	Nardwuar
V/A	Dent in the General...	7"EP	2.30	Vandal Child
V/A	In the Spirit of Total ...	2x7"EP (6 oz.)	4.20	Profane Exi
V/A	Mission District	Box Set (7 oz.)	6.50	Mission Me
V/A	Neo Metro	box set (8 oz.)	9.25	Simple Mac
V/A	Nightmare on Albion...	LP (Int'l.)	7.80	1in12 Club
V/A	Son of Bileeaauurrgghh	7"EP	2.60	
V/A	We Still Can't...Florida	7"EP	2.35	Burrito
PRINTED MATTER	(16oz. = 1lb.; 1 lb. = $1.05, 43¢ ea. additional lb.)			
Ben is Dead	#20/21, or #19	print	(each) 2.40	6 oz.
Blah Blah Blah	#3	print	.75	4 oz.
Chomsky, Noam	Necessary Illusions	Book	11.95	18 oz.
Churchill, Ward	COINTELPRO Papers	Book	11.95	20 oz.
Glick, Brian	War at Home	Book	4.00	5 oz.
Hardcore of Punkland	4th Anniversary Issue	print	.75	3 oz.
Herman, Edward S.	The Real Terror Network	Book	9.05	11 oz.
Intermission	#2	print	1.50	6 oz.
Mudflap	#1, #2, #3, or #4	print	(each) 1.20	2 oz.
Murder Can Be Fun	1993 Datebook	print	1.50	3 oz.
Outpunk	#1	print	.50	2 oz.
Punchline	#13	print	1.00	3 oz.
Reality Control	#7	print	.30	2 oz.
Scourge	#1	print (Canada)	1.80	3 oz.
Second Guess	#4	print	.60	2 oz.
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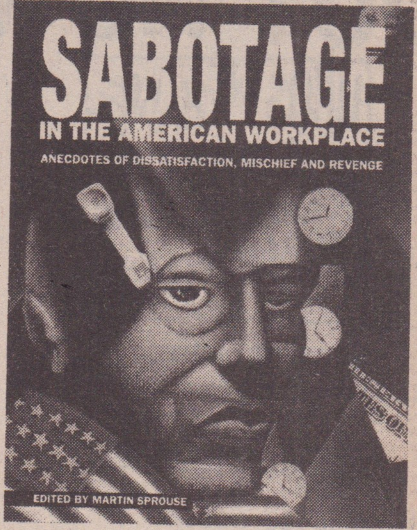

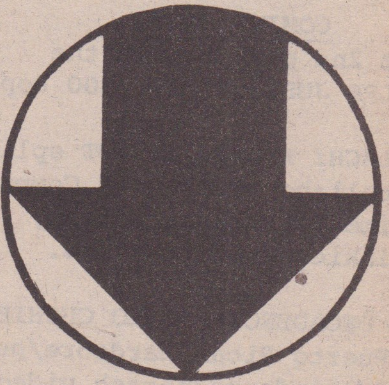

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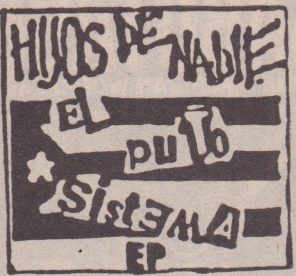

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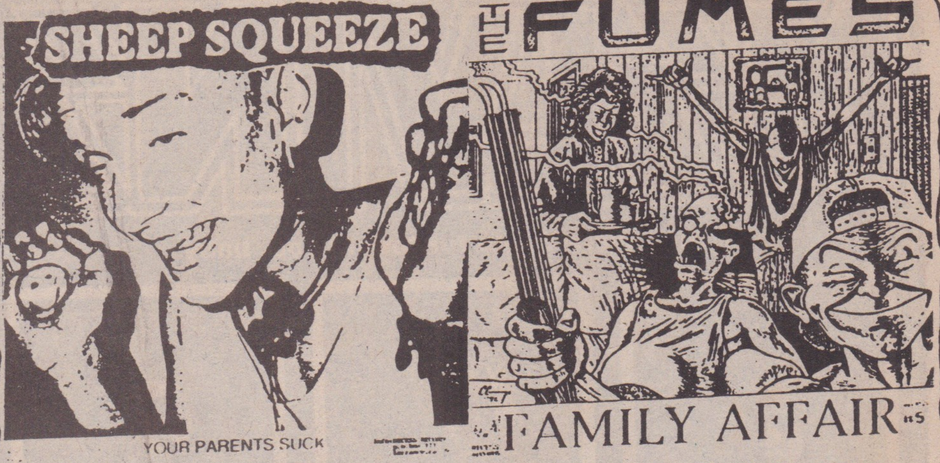

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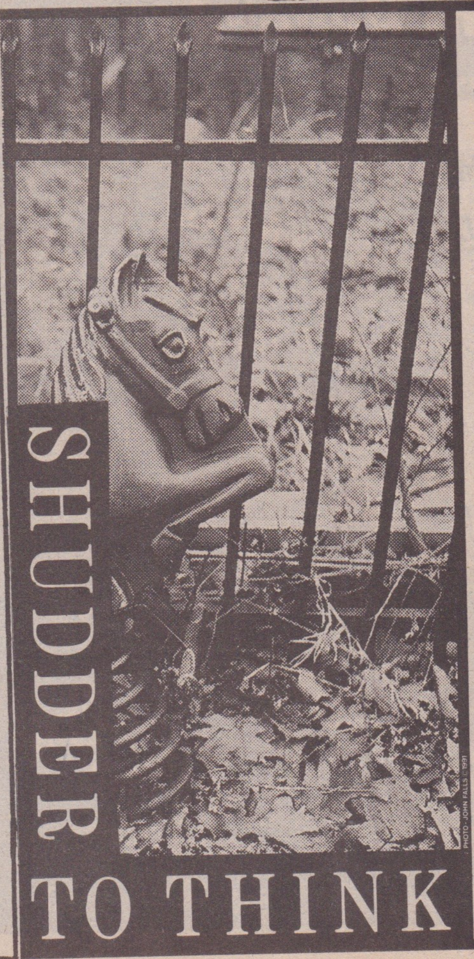

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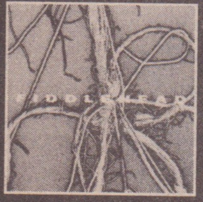

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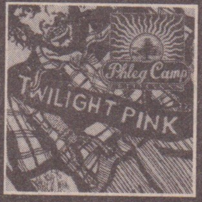

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2 new songs from this Toronto 3-piece finds a new sound yet retaining that unique groove.

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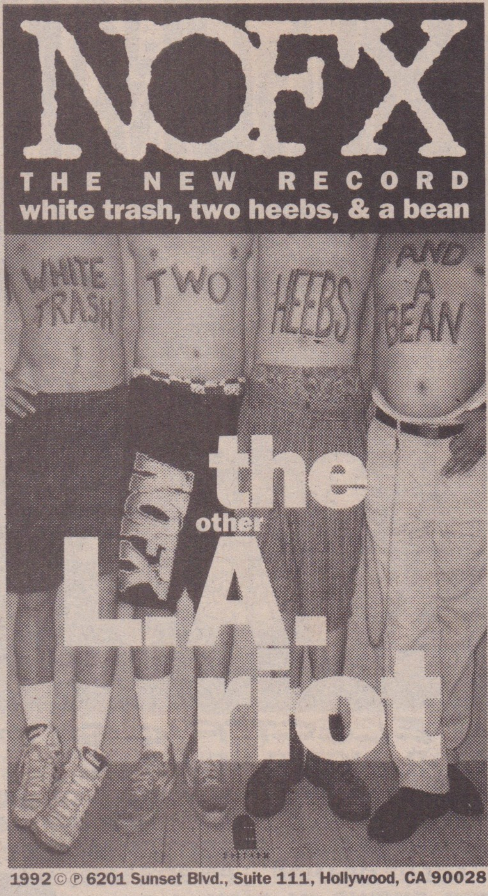

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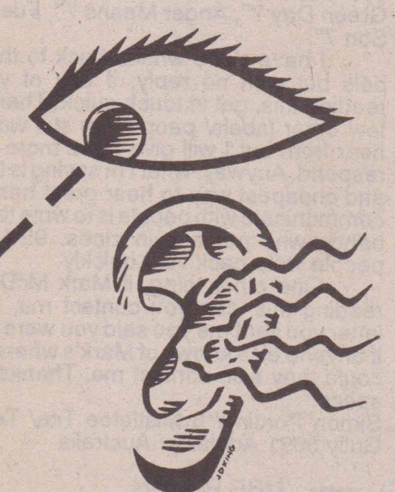

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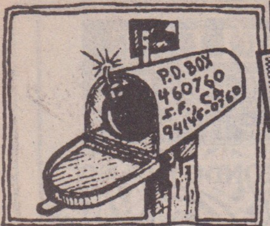


A

Dear Tim,

It was nice talking to you last week, but I've got to tell you that the more I think about it, the more I think the new ad policy sucks. If you are going to restrict ads by looking at the type of music, tell me how you are going to justify advertising records by Chumbawamba, who musically are not in the vein of most MRR stuff but are nonetheless highly influential and loveable. Or Martin Sprouse's books, which really have nothing to do with music at all, but are valuable for other reasons. Or what happens when a band changes styles? Their first record is advertisable, but the second isn't? What happens when the third comes out?

I hate to break it to you, but a lot of us think the ads in MRR are more important and informative than the scene reports. What better barometer of what is going in underground music is there than a look at ads in MRR? Hardcore, speedmetal, grunge, pop, industrial, or merengue—it's all out there. By limiting ads to certain types of music you are practicing MUSICAL APARTHEID (gasp!) Do your readers and advertisers a service and rethink this. Why not limit the number of ads, or limit ads to quarter pages, or use ad reservations, lotteries, whatever... Print this if you want. I'm sure you're gonna get a shitload of letters like it. Respectfully,

Michael Lerner/ Spartadisc/ MRR reader since issue #5!

B

Dear MRR,

In issue 113, you announced a policy change concerning reviews and ads and stated that music leaning towards metal, folk, or hard rock will no longer be reviewed and that ads concerning such bands will be eliminated entirely. Hmmmmm.

I thought your idea to eliminate half-page ads was just fine. It made more room for everyone (and still gets the point across). I supported that idea completely, but this new idea offers new problems.

Here are ten questions that you may wish to ask yourselves:

1. Who's the judge and jury?
2. Who's going to draw the line?
3. Where will you draw it?
4. Whose blood are you going to draw it in?
5. Is music black and white?
6. If you declare it to be so, wouldn't that be a form of discrimination?
7. Are you trying to achieve a form of musical purity?
8. Will this action create a positive change?
9. Did Reaganomics accomplish anything?
10. Will Neil Bush be accepted by your staff?

This whole issue gives me nightmare visions of a MAXIMUMPUNKROCKCLUB with monthly dues and official I.D. cards (make sure you all have the right records on your shelves, kids) How do I bribe the bouncers?

In all seriousness, it is your magazine and what you do with it is your business, but I strongly feel that the whole thing stinks of Republicanism. It draws an odd parallel to the abortion issue, but this is an issue where there is no vote.

When I peruse through the pages of MRR, I see a reasonably large portion of what's new in underground music. I compare ads and reviews; sound and style; ideas and philosophies. I analyze, evaluate and ingest your magazine's content and I enjoy what it has to offer.

Now you're telling me that you want to narrow my perspective and eliminate my peripheral vision? Why? Are your readers so shallow that they can't concentrate on more than one thing at once?

Look, Maximummotherfuckers, I like seeing the whole picture and I like knowing what's going on. I like having choices and life without choices is boring. Dig? So before you make a move that could destroy the very fabric of the so-called "punk ethic", you should open your eyes and stare at the thing in the mirror. If I could vote on this issue, you can bet your sorry-looking ass it would be pro-choice.

Jim Hogan/ Heat Blast Records/ PO Box 491/ Eatontown, NJ 07724

Dear Jim,

Does your label put out anything and everything that anybody wants you to? No? Well, then you discriminate, at least by the standards you've set up for MRR.

MRR can't be everything to everybody. We don't have the space, and really, we don't have the desire. We started as a punk zine, and while that definition has grown wider and wider, we've tried to cover most all of it. But we have discriminated along the way, and I can't remember hearing you complain about our lack of coverage for wimpy new wave, or crossover speedcore, or political metal, or major label bands, or nazi skin bands. Why not?

Jim, you still will have a fucking choice. You can read MRR (or not, as you choose), and you can read other periodicals that cover other alternative" (I hate that word!) music better. Fact is, small label punk and hardcore bands get precious little coverage in other so-called indie zines, and since that is our passion and priority, that comes first here. Then, if we have room, we will cover some of the more peripheral sub-genres.

In reality, though, I don't think this will be as drastic as I originally envisioned. My announcement last month was meant to fire a warning shot, was an attempt to begin a refocusing here within MRR (2 months behind in ads, 4 months behind in interviews!), and was done before we found a way to increase the amount of pages yet again. Our printer had said that 144 was the max, but now thinks he can up it to 176. If all goes well, we will be able to add another 32 pages each month, 10 of which will be for ads. That should take the pressure off a bit, and then we will go back to accepting peripheral ads, though we may not be reviewing some of the releases advertised. We will only do this if we can keep the cover price and subscription rates at what they are now. (See page 2 this issue for an update).

Bottom line for you, Jim, is take a good look at how many different ways you draw lines in what you're doing—what bands you'll not consider for your label, what zines you don't advertise in, what zines you don't purchase, what distributors you don't use or like. We all do it, and it's the only way to maintain some kind of focus and coherent approach.

Tim

C

Hello MRR,

First off, I'd like to say thanks to MRR for putting me in touch with some great people and having the chance to hear some shit hot records.

You see, every issue of MRR I always go through the ads and record reviews and send away for records I think I would like. I have received tons of great music over the years and the only way of hearing it has been to send away for it mail order. Anyway, the main reason for me writing is to hopefully receive some records from labels I have been waiting to hear from for a long time, even a reply would be good. Here are a few I want to have contact me.

On Sept. 24, 1990 I sent $5 cash to Circuit Records in NY for the Monster Magnet Lizard Johnny 7". On April 22, 1991 I sent $5 cash to Bloodfeast Records (Josh Blondell) in IL for the Rekd 7". On June 24, 1991 I sent $15 cash to Skene Records in MN for a Green Day 7", Anger Means 7", Fuel/Angry Son 7".

I have since written back to these labels but with no reply; if any of you are reading this, get in touch quick. There are a few other labels/ people I'm still waiting to hear from but I will give them more time to respond. Anyway, what I'm saying is the best and cheapest way to hear great bands and communicate with people is to write to labels/ bands who put ads in zines. 95% of the people write back very quickly.

One other thing, if Mark McDaniel is reading this, can you contact me, the last letter you sent me you said you were moving If anyone else knows of Mark's whereabouts could they also contact me. Thanks for the space.

Simon Ponting/ 6 Mistletoe Tce/ Tea Tree Gully 5091 Adelaide/ Australia

D

MRR Readers,

Attention touring bands who are planning to play in Memphis TN: Please contact us first. We will make sure a local band plays with you and that the show is promoted. Sorry to any bands who have come here and had low turnout or no turnout. Our local club owner is nice but rarely promotes all ages shows.

To the Underdog Collective in Chicago, thanks for putting us up that night. Sorry for the inconvenience. Anytime any of you or your bands happen to pass through, feel free to stay with us. Also thanks to Kim in Chicago for the food and phone numbers.

William/ 2533 School Street/ Memphis, TN 38104

E

To MRR and readers:

The other day while listening to the local commercial crock n' crud radio station (I don't have a tape player in my car) you'll never guess what I heard (you may not be surprised but, you won't guess) on the "Big Countdown Show" of most requested songs, right in between warrant (doesn't deserve capitols) and the new Motorhead (gag, puke, choke, die) ballad, was the song "Pretend That We're Dead" off the new L7 release. It came in #6 most requested and they were being billed as "all female rockers L7". Now you know all the little Kurt Cobain inspired, flannel wearing, Metallica T-shirt buying, stadium concert going, teenie bopping, junior high school trendies are running to the local (gag, puke, choke, die) Strawberries or, Tower Records to pick up their very own *Bricks Are Heavy* CD. What does all this mean to you and me? It means that the next time we go to the local (gag, puke, choke, die) 7-11 to buy a strawberry Yoo-Hoo or chocolate milk we won't be able to escape the sounds of former new kids on the block (they don't deserve

capitols) fans humming songs from the latest L7 album.(oops CD) sick, absolutely SICK.

I must admit that I am still a fan of L7's, Helmet's and,even Nirvana's music but, I gotta say that I've lost all fucking respect for these bands and, will not be buying the next big release from any of them. I'm sure that doesn't bother any of them in the least but fuck I gotta do something to make myself feel better.

I can also understand the "they gotta eat" side of all this but, I'm sure there's gotta be other ways of doing it, I mean I'm sure there are some punk bands out there who are making enough to live without bowing to the (gag, puke, choke, die) corporate gods. The Dead Kennedys are on an indie and I have never heard them on the radio and, even though they are now defunct, I'm sure in their time they made plenty of money. So maybe the afore-mentioned bands are greedy or, need an ego boost or, maybe they used us ever so willing and trusting punk fans as a stepping stone to bigger and "better" things.

What I want to know is what's gonna happen when the big alternative rush wears off (and it will) and all these bands get dropped, will us adoring punk fans take them under our wings? I won't. I hope you won't either

Completely chipper, Zorro the rusty blade

P.S. I like the Melvins, and fuck Kurt Cobain for exploiting them.

Zorro,

Now that the Melvins have signed to Capitol Records, do you still like them?
Sgt Garcia

Dear Punk Rocks,

The letter by the Portland, OR band Mule sounds somewhat familiar. We are Loveslug from Amsterdam, operative since May 1987. It has come to our attention that some MD group using our moniker has been advertising their records in your publication for some while, despite us having taken the trouble to inform them of the fact that we already have several releases out, and had done extensive touring on the European continent, when their demo was first reviewed in MRR, years ago. Apparently, they also failed to heed our main man Mike Lavella's on the ball comments, when he reviewed their material. There is yet another, third "Loveslug" in England, whose dismal 7" record has caused some more confusion among distributors and record store employees throughtout Europe, not to mention grave disappointment to the rock'n'roll fans who bought it, mistaking it for one of our releases. Then there are a bunch of iron-bangers in SoCal called Slug, a Slugfest in Australia, and we discovered a Slugdick record ad and a Slughog record review in the very same issue of MRR which revealed the existance of Slug & Lettuce fanzine to us! What is going on here? Did we incite the latest new thing in punk rock or something? L& have since transmogrified slugmania by writing a "Loveslug" song for some reason, after they played a show with us. Let it be known that the fair town of Amsterdam is where the undisputed kings of slugrock call home (they don't call us the Hashball City Hairballs for nothing). We should not be confused with any of these other "Slug" groups, and no, we did not name our band after an l& song. The origin of the band name is explained in a little tune called "Speed Sweat" (go figure). Other inquisitve minds may find hints in Chapter 11 of Charles Bukowski's classic novel "Women." By the way, the long awaited record/CD thing should finally be out soon, after all, however, only on Glitterhouse in Europe. Despite previous announcements, Rave Records will not release it in the US. And unless we've been "kicked out of the scene" by Larry Snivelbore in the meantime, we will tour again, and rock just about any club, bar or barn, in any godforsaken German dipshit rube town that will still have us, when the record is out. No matter if all the Fugazis and Bad Religions of the world are touring Europe again at the same time.

Jeff Bale's Goon Squad/ Loveslug/ Amsterdam/ Holland

Dear MRR,

Very funny to see in MRR 110 pt. 1 (punks over 30 issue) a classified by the so-called positive kids, Positive Aggression, who needed a bass player *under 17*!!! What the fuck if he's 17, 22, or 55?

Ange Grilli/ 10 Bd de Louvain/ 13008 Marseille/ France

P.S. Twelve punk points to Doggie Grime for his alternative review of Screeching Weasel's *Pervo Devo* EP. Ben u suck *hard.*

Maximum Reviewing Staff: re: The Oversight review.

Well you've actually done it. I could usually decipher any little expression or metaphor in your reviews, but you've done it, you have thrown us for a curve. First off, let me introduce myself. My name is Dave Palmer, I play guitar in Oversight, I also run Upstate Records, but that's beside the point. What I'd like to know, is what does "sleeveless flannel" mean? I don't have the issue in question, but a friend of mine read me the review, and I get so many different stories on what this could mean. I've heard everything from "Like Nirvana" (which, honestly doesn't apply to our music) to "tough guy" which doesn't apply either. So, it would be cool if could explain this to us stupid east coast kids who don't know shit. Don't get me wrong, we appreciate the review, and the exposure you gave us, it's just that this review I think could use some clarification.

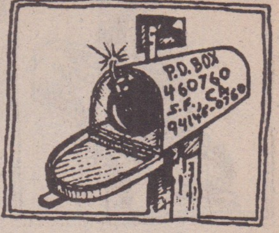
To let everyone know, Oversight changed the line-up around and changed the name to Taken Away (tentative name) and changed musical styles somewhat. Well this sleeveless flannel person has to go to bed now, so see you in the next issue. Good night.

Dave Palmer/ Oversight/ 283 Betsinger Rd./ Sherrill, NY 13461-1208

Dave,

I'm certainly glad I threw you a curve! Most bands just shrug it off, then become part of the mindless sheep in the hard corn pastures! First off, MRR gives reviews/writers a chance to be creative and challenging at the same time! I'd like to refect my personality into my reviews instead of being a mindless follower. MRR has spawned many writers and artists that have inspired me, I only hope to return the same to others!

So to the issue at hand. Let me clue you in on some of my slang! My friends who are in Grotus and I worked together at the slaughter house "term for warehouse". We would sit there mindlessly loading crates of useless junk you would buy at a Pier 1. Since we all love music and play in bands, it was always the topic of the day everyday, generally laughting and passing time. We came up with our own lingo slang, this is how it goes:



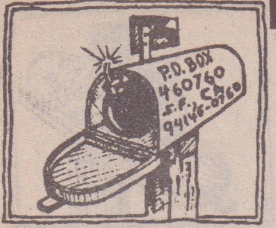
1. Slab of Meat - killer punk vinyl
2. Thick Neck - tough guy rock, i.e. Henry Rollins
3. Frat Core - brotherhood, togetherness punk, east coast lyrics
4. Old School - Gilman Street punk, traditional punk
5. Deeter - lame o techno, no interest in guitar
6. Sprocket - club to see deeter bands, definately not an all ages venue
7. Hobit - mood musci, i.e. Jethro Tull, vision music, bands with flutes
8. Troll - sub group of hobit, but darker and more pissed off, i.e. Neurosis
9. Trog - anonymous long hair guy in a dark dingy club
10. Flannel - collage rock, i.e. Firehose, Replacements, REM
11. Sleeveless Flannel - almost flannel, but has rough edges such as vocals or rough guitars, i.e. Steel Pole Bath Tub or Descendents

So you see Dave, I wasn't calling you tough guy or comparing you to any sellout motherfucker. I was just being myself and having fun. I am so glad someone has finally called me on my slang, it's been over a year now! I was beginning to believe that most punks were gullible little trogs.
Smelly

To those of you who follow the continuing soap opera that is FactSheet Five:

First let me get a couple of things off of my scrawny chest. Obrec calls *FactSheet Five-Electric* "a masturbatory function." Besides whining, moaning and giving people shit for the heinous crime of failure, what has Obrec done to *help*? Has Obrec published, and made freely available, listings of a thousand zines? I thought not. As for our jism producing qualities, we've had over 3,000 people receive *F5-E*, requested from such diverse sites as Australia, Brazil, Sweden, Germany, Czechoslovakia (or whatever the name is of the nation-state of which Prague is the capital), Italy, the US Air Force, IBM and NASA. 3,000 subscribers, as it were, is a little more than a third of the highest press-run of the printed version of *FactSheet Five*. While, by my sampling, 90% of zines published do not list (and so, presumably, do not have) an email address or some other form of Net access (which is something beyond vanilla access to a computer); at least some 35% of the *consumers* of zines who depend upon something like *F5* have Internet access. Now that *FactSheet Five-Electric* has been downloaded by people running Fido nodes and independent BBS's, I would guess and hope that that percentage will quickly increase.

Next I'd like to address the practice of the few greedy vultures who wished to participate in the Zine Exchange without sending in some zines for review and to exchange with others. I'll give you the benefit of the doubt and just presume that you're frightfully stupid (especially the jerk who sent me the lovely hate postcard). In words of one syllable: To get zines you must send zines. If you do not send zines, you do not get zines. If you send a note, and just a note, you get a note back, and you waste all those stamps just to



get a note. If you send ads and junk you get ads and junk. You get stuff like the stuff you send. I cannot use ads. The way I do things makes it hard to use your ads. I must throw your ads in the trash, or send your ads and junk to boys and girls who do the same thing that you did. I hope you get it now.

The greatest zine in the world is *Answer Me!* ($2.50 at Tower Records or $4.50 to Goad to Hell Enterprises/ 6520 Selma Avenue #171/ Hollywood, CA 90028.) No ads, no bullshit. 100 pages of why people are so fucking stupid: mass murderers; 12-Step addicts; hit-and-run drivers; Anton LaVey, David Duke and the Geto Boys. Try to prove them wrong by following a few simple instructions, OK?

Grrrrrrrrrrrrrrr.

Hey, I'm not the only one running a zine exchange. Gary Pattillo and some other folk have started the Zine Exchange Network. Send them zines and an envelope and get some zines. Gary is at 5920 Victor St./ Dallas, TX 75214.

Now, what else is up in the zine scene? A lot. The news that you'll all want to read about is that we are seriously looking into what it would take to bring back the print version of *FactSheet Five*. Now don't get too excited as this may not fly. Large press-run zines are full-time jobs, plus *F5* has its own problems. Yes, there is now a severe credibility problem. Yes, there are outstanding subscriptions that we will *try* to fulfill. Yes, there are outstanding debts that will have to be paid. Yes, there are more problems I don't want to go into right now. *If* we do this, we'll be reviewing zines, books, music, calendars and some (but not all) artifacts. We *won't* be reviewing catalogs, software, mail art (although we are looking for someone to write about mail art) What we do and how we'll do it aren't secret. Every other Monday night at 7:00 p.m. a bunch of us (known as the San Francisco Zine Collective since a high and noble name for a group of zine nerds seemed appropriate) get together at the Café Picaro to gossip, trade zines, slack off in a café and discuss what we should do with *F5*. Call Lawrence Roberts at (415)-668-6977 for info on the next meeting.

For information about the status of the printed version of *FactSheet Five* write to Seth Friedman/ PO Box 170099/ San Francisco, CA 94117-0099. You can also send zines and stuff to that address, if the zines aren't bigger than the standard 8 1/2 x 11 or A4, and you want Seth to review them. Seth likes personal zines, zines about food, zines about health matters and comix. That will be our address for subscriptions, donations and such. Send everything else in the way of zines, or zines and stuff that won't fit into a PO Box without being destroyed, or stuff you just have to send UPS or FedEx, or zines to go to the zine exchange to *FactSheet Five*/ 1800 Market St/ San Francisco, CA 94102.

On the electronic frontier (quick, find a computer nerd to translate!), a Usenet newsgroup has been started for zines. If you have access to a Usenet Newsfeed, do check out alt.zines. Also we have one ftp site in North America. That site is nigel.msen.com (IP address 148.59.1.8) and the files are in /pub/newsletters/F5-E. nigel allows anonymous as a login with your return address as a password. We now have an ftp site in Europe, it's src.doc.ic.ac.uk and the files are in /literary/newsletters/factsheet-five. The sysop for the UK ftp site is Lee M J McLoughlin. Sorry, I don't have his userid, try to finger him. Please, anybody interested in reviewing European zines (neither the zines nor the reviews have to be in English) email me or Lee. We need to get reviews of zines in other languages. We'll keep Eurozine reviews at all three sites, with the UK site as the primary. We also have a WAIS service. Questions about the ftp sites and WAIS should be directed to emv@msen.com; that's Edward Vielmetti who set up the ftp site and the newsgroup and should be considered for sainthood for all the work he's done. I'm working on the FAQ file, as so many people Frequently Ask the same goddam Questions. I'll post it to alt.zines, along with detailed reviews of really good zines like *Answer Me!* and *Logo.motive.*

If you have a computer, but not Net access, you can still get *F5-Electric.* Just send a couple of 3.5 inch diskettes to the Market St. address in *a self-addressed, stamp-laden disk mailer.* Disks I receive without a SASLDM will be considered donations to our backup procedures. I cannot use 5.25 inch diskettes, OK? Specify either DOS or Mac formats, as I do both. For DOS I can take disks up to 1.44 megabytes, for Mac I'm stuck with the old 800 kilobyte format. I can zip DOS files or stuff Mac files or you can send me four or five disks.

And please send us your reviews! Even if it is just one zine. If you want to hype your own zine, post something to alt.zines.

That's it for now. Keep reading.

Jerod Pore
jerod23@well.sf.ca.us

Hello-

In reference to your decision to move to Thailand due to the "new concept of rape" being pushed by "huckster psychologists" -GO !

While the *New York Times* is giving too much credit to therapists' by saying that they are guiding women to know that they were raped, those of us who are capable of reading beyond the printed ~ word realize that it means that the reporter in all likelihood spoke to women contacted through their therapists. Therefore, they are the most likely to attribute their new found self esteem to the therapist.

That is what brought these women to say that they were raped: a new belief in the strength they possess. It's not that they were questioning the horror of what happened, or that they felt violated. But they had difficulty putting the label of "rape" on their experience. We've been taught that rape is something that happens in dark alleys, perpetrated by men with ski masks and big...knives. Having your boyfriend ram his dick down your throat while you struggle to push him off is "miscommunication" or "just a game", even though the same sense of powerlessness and invasion is felt.

You knew this part was coming...I was raped over four years ago by my boyfriend, but was just able to put that label on it in the past six months (No therapists, just supportive friends). Before that, the experience was just something he did when he was wired on coke. An experience that I knew I hated and resented him for, but felt that I was somehow to blame. As a result, I was scared shitless of wrapping my lips around any hard dicks for three and a half years, desiring to perform oral sex with my lover but scared that it could happen to me again.

I couldn't call what that asshole did to me "rape" because 1) he was my boyfriend 2) I'm not "pretty"/"sexy" enough to be raped 3) my experience wasn't as bad as somebody else's-I feared that people would question the validity of my feelings.

Yeah...therapists/psychiatrists are given too much power. They know that the people coming to them are already fucked up because of the nasty power games that have already been going on in their lives, but they also know that they can get more money out of the sorry asshole that feels as if he "needs" the therapist and keeps coming back. You and I have no argument there. But don't knock those of us who have just "figured out" that we have been raped down so hard and so fast. Whether or not we got our renewed self esteem from therapists or from something/somebody else, we've got it.

Bye.

Alison Fields/ PO Box 159 Hampshire College/ Amherst, MA 01002-5001

Dear Max R-n-R:

Hello. My name is Marty Williams, and I am writing you from the Danville Correctional Center, located here in Danville, Illinois—about 100 miles from nowhere. I am (was) an avid reader—before my conviction—being involved in the Chicago HC punk scene. I sorta considered myself a self-styled "independent anti-racist skinhead/activist" who was able to bear witness to hate rise and eventual decline of anti-fascist organization among the underground music scene. Before the Great Schism of 1990, we had a large number of anti-nazi "crews," meeting regularly, exchanging ideas, organizing conferences, publishing zines, etc. It was a great time to be involved. Later, due to petty power struggles, conflict of organizational tactics, and outright political opportunism, many groups were disbanded, or reduced to drunken street thugs. Political gangbanging was the trend. Spot a Nazi on the street—or anyone who you thought might be a sympathizer, and smash them on sight. A lotta people got hurt, and this did little to raise the collective consciousness of the scene. Soon, all anti-Nazi skins were being denounced as being as violence-oriented as the fascists whom we opposed. Even those progressive individuals who were really committed to making a change were eventually disillusioned and disgusted.

You may ask yourself, why is this guy talking about events and people from two years ago? Let the past go—its history. The truth is, being here in prison lets you reflect on what was, and what could have been. Personally, the scene was more than a fashion statement or a social clique to me, it was a true musical and political alternative with the potential still unrealized.

Here in Danville Correctional—as well as 60% of all US prisons—prisoners are predominantly Black, although we're only 17% of the country's population. I see more Black men here than I ever saw in college. Us young brothers got it bad. Bein Black is one thing, but bein Black and involved in an underground, alternative scene is literally unheard of. Hardcore gangs run these places—it is a study in concentrated hate. There are no alternative media, ideas, politics or music here. Despite the struggle to stay sane, the spirit of hope still lives. My question is, both to the worker and readers of MaxRock-

NRoll: Does the alternative still exist? Is there any organized resistance to racism in the scene? Whatever happened to ARA-Chicago? Where are the Minneapolis Baldies? Cincinatti SHARP, where are you? Are there any Brew City Skins, Mid-American Patriots? Does anyone out there give a damn anymore?

I am deeply hoping that Maximum Rock-N-Roll will print this letter, with the intent that someone—anyone who still longs for a true alternative—will respond. I wish I could send some money or something, since I have none. We are utterly dependent upon the State for everything. Could you possibly donate an old back issue? I desperately need to communicate, share ideas, re-establish old contacts, develop new ones.

I'd like to thank you Max Rock-N-Roll for being a true alternative!

Marty Williams #B-32041/ Danville Correctional Center/ PO Box 4002/ Danville, IL 61834

Dear Maximum,

I've been an avid reader of your punk magazine since 1988 and one thing I've noticed is that if I ever felt strongly about an issue, I could always write the letter section of MRR and unload some of my burden. This is the case here.

I've been into punk now for about 6 years, and managed to keep my free lifestyle in sync with my Christian background. To me, being a Christian punk is a unique experience. I will not go into great detail, but will get to the point. Last week I saw the most despicable act of obscenity perhaps I will ever see. I went to Bakersfield, CA to see the famous Vandals at a club there. There were four opening bands that night. Plaid Retina was one of these bands, along with a band from my hometown of Fresno, called Sharon Tate.

Overall it was a fully great show, but Sharon Tate really disturbed me. Musically they play gothic HC stuff which was consistently tight. They did demonstrate some strange stage antics. The last song they played featured a bloody Bible which Nate (bass player) hacked to pieces with an X-Acto knife, at which point what appeared to be beef intestines spewed out of the sides of the Bible. He then threw the mess on the ground and torched it with a Zippo lighter.

I questioned Nate on the matter later, and he replied, "Man, there is no such thing as a Christian punk," saying that his blasphemous show was all art. He struck me as a somewhat intelligent boy, although holding quite a high opinion of himself. I borrowed a copy of a Sharon Tate record from a friend of mine and read the lyrics. Sure enough, the lyrics were along the same lines as their bloody live show. Sharon Tate says that Jesus Christ is nothing more than "a rotten corpse" and that His teachings are "a syphillic whoreship of lies and quartertruths".

What offended me the most is that not only has Nate slandered perhaps the most gentle human being that the history of humanity has ever known—Jesus—but that he has no basis for this slander. Instead of formulating his own religious ideas, he decides to knock those of others.

I hold my Crucified records like you hold your Dead Kennedys records. They have been just as important to me as "Holiday in Cambodia" was to you.

I ask the world of MRR out there—is there such a thing as a Christian punk rocker, or am I wasting my time? Will you let self proclaimed artists like Sharon Tate tell you what is God?

Thank You. God Bless You For This Space.

Carl Mallard/Fresno, CA

Dear Carl,

Thanks for writing. As a recently converted punk and former Christian, I see some of your points on both subjects, but I can't help thinking that there's a lot of misunderstanding going on here.

To answer your first question: is there such a think as a Christian punk? Sure. Jesus was something of a punk himself. Not that he would have accepted such a prefab title, but his lifestyle and teachings were very similar to some of today's punks. Instead of settling into a job and getting married, he chose to travel all over the country, staying in people's houses and spreading his message. He rejected his society's religion and accepted morals, spending much of his time with former criminals, prostitutes and other of society's undesirables. He led a life largely consistent with his teachings, and encouraged others to do the same. Sound familiar?

Attacking the Bible is not the same as attacking Jesus. The Bible is a document, one which throughout history has been used to defend misogyny, sexual repression, the Crusades, colonialism and censorship. Some of us ex-Christians feel that the Old Testament in particular promotes a blind acceptance of existing ignorance and injustice by advocating one moral code from one tiny country (Israel) at one point in its history. Jesus attacked such dogmatic hypocrites in his day; in 1992, why shouldn't a few punks do the same?

Your references to "self-proclaimed artists" and "obscenity" seem to reflect this sort of narrow focus. I would think that a Christian punk, of all people, should know how shitty it is to be told that his ideas don't fit someone else's idea of appropriate thinking—i.e. "there's no such thing as..." Unless Jesus comes back to straighten us all out, we're all gonna have to make up our own minds on this God thing. If we back off for fear of offending people, then we run the risk of being just like the Pharisees.

Thanks and keep thinking, Judge

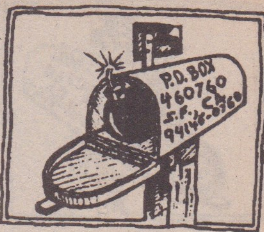
Dear MRR,

To those who care: My zine, *Girl Fiend*, got reviewed in issue 113, but the price got listed as one dollar per issue but it's really only one stamp. So if that stopped anyone from ordering, please reconsider. Number three is out now too for 2 stamps cuz it's bigger and thicker. For those of you who are too lazy to reread the review in 113, my zine's just a short personal thing about coming out and other stuff, but mostly that. Unlike most queer zines it's not about sex or name dropping.

Christina/ PO Box 960/ Hampshire College/ Amherst, MA 01002

Everybody,

Hi! This is Rob from the 404 collective in Detroit. Many apologies to anyone who has tried to contact either Sam or myself over the past two months. We both seem to have terrible strains of bad luck at the same time-our phones were disconnected, I was evicted, etc.. But fortunately we now have a new place to live and a phone to call people on!! So for bookings or just to chat you can reach us at: 313-558-5647. The new address is: 27513 Parkview Blvd./ Apt. 1202/ Warren, Mi./ 48092-2928. You can also call Jeff at: 313-241-0416.



Big hugs and kisses to everyone who visited the 404 this past summer! Thanks, Rob.

P.S. Aaron Ayers, please don't hate me. P.P.S. Christopher at Epicenter really does love everyone!!

Dear MRR,

Thanks a great deal for the review of our zine, *Shoelace*, in the October issue. There was a typo: our zip code is 08628. A mention of the correct address would be greatly appreciated. Thanks,

Bob and Eric, Shoelace Zine/ PO Box 7952, West Trenton, NJ 08628

Hello People,

I would like to kick in my two cents about this ongoing Nirvana discussion. It seems that many of you are really upset that they signed to DGC and are now making mucho money. Why do you care? Who gives a shit? For every band that signs with a major there are 10 new bands in someone's garage cranking out their version of Punk Rock. Nevermind the big guns. If they want the brass ring they have as much right to it as the next guy. If they get screwed by big business, so be it. It's not the first time and it will not be the last. Use all that energy spent bitching about Nirvana to support an up and coming band. If the new band eventually sells out to the money machine, move on to the next. That's the way of the world. People can always be counted on to disappoint others.

I personally like Nirvana's music. It sounds good to me. I think some of their stage antics are pretty old and tired, but that's o.k. Sometimes the general populace needs to see what's going on in the underground. It is to their benefit to know that everything is not just pop, metal and rap. Thanks for your time.

Eric Fortner/ 3876 Oakes Dr/ Hayward, Ca 94542

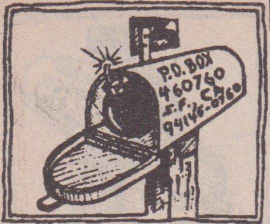
P.S. Does anyone have a copy of Missing Persons live at Magic Mountain recorded back in Summer 1982? I desperately need a copy of this. Please write if you can help.xxx

MRR Letters Editor:

Did everybody catch the classified ad from the yuppie and Lear's magazine in issue #113? I have a sneaking suspicion that he's writing an article about punks, but since he doesn't know any, he's advertising for responses to help him with his research.

It was the most obnoxious crap I've read in a while. "Wayne" spews off this list of shit he has: a wife, a CD player, a backyard, a subscription to MRR, then he asks if he can still be punk. A punk with a job on Madison Avenue, as if we couldn't have gathered that from the return address he gave.

Maybe it's a joke. But even if he is sincere, the joke's on him. He defeated himself with the way he worded his own ad. He asked if he could have all that, yet still be a



punk. I realize that yuppies and social climbing assholes all over the world measure their worth and judge each other by what they own. Does this moron think he's going to get anywhere with punks by bragging about what he has? Does he think we regard each other the same way? Wrong!

He didn't even bother to tell us anything about who he is, what he's into, who he listens to, or why he wants his punk membership card. He simply rattled off this list of things he has, like it matters. Like we should be impressed.

That's what enrages me about all these mainstream sheep who just discovered punk. They want in, but they don't even realize we have a different mindset, different ideals. They're blind to everything that makes us "punk."

I wonder how this Wayne character thinks he's going to relay punk to his socialite, pseudo-intellectual magazine. And I cringe to think of how he'll twist or lose its meaning in his interpretations and translation. I can already guess he sees it on a basic, shallow, simplistic level, much like Spin and Rolling Stone, in their lame attempts to expose the underground to the mainstream world.

Anyway, he asked for insights from anyone else in a "similar dilemma". I'm sure there are many punks all over who have cool jobs, but I don't believe we see having a great job as a reason for being or a badge of honor, like this guy obviously does.

How did this jerk discover MRR anyway?

Beth Johnston/ Okinawa, Japan

R To Whomever it may concern,

During the past year, I've read more and more complaints about the rising popularity of "alternative" music (especially Nirvana). Some people are pissed (like myself). Others take it a little more passively and say that this "trend" will go away.

It hasn't been all bad. Though, I've seen firsthand the repercussions of jocks and bubbly preppie girls hanging out at the places I do. It's been good in the way that a lot of the younger kids who don't fit in anywhere now realize that there is an underground community of people they can probably relate to. They are the folks we ought to be encouraging to check us out. The rest, with their heads up their asses, we don't need. Personally, I wouldn't mind punk/alternative going mainstream, if only the mainstream became punk/alternative first! I think the masses just aren't ready for it. I doubt if they ever will be.

What do we do? Well, I don't think the "trend" will just go away. I think we should use the culprit that popularized it to end it. MTV! I don't believe any of this would've happened without music videos. The radio stations often loop up to it to letch onto these trends, whoever MTV gives blowjobs to. Imagine if just a fraction of the punk community requested rap videos all day. I don't know if the number of MTV's request line is the same outside of North America, but here, it's 1-800-DIAL-MTV. You'll have to be persistent if you try. Cos it's always busy.

To make your calls effective, request videos in the Top 10 that are a notch below Pearl Jam's, Nirvana's, or whoever's you want outta there. MTV only accepts requests for "current" videos (whatever that means). So, Top 10 videos are a sure thing.

Also, if a commercial station nearby you claims to have gone to an all "alternative" format (like 89X, here. They play 80's pop bands like Duran Duran and El Debarge, way alternative dude!) and play shitty stuff, you might want to do the same to them. I'm not telling you what to do (though, yeah it sure sounds it). But, this has really gotten out of hand and I'd like some help. Thanks,

Mike

S Dear Smelly Mustafa (whom ever you may be) and MRR,

I would like to thank you for the kind words you said about our record in issue 110; I appreciate it greatly, and I am glad you liked it. We put a lot of work into it. I spent quite a bit of time designing the layout and silk-screening the patches and posters. After reading your review, it made all the effort worth while.

I've never been one to involve myself in scene squabbles and politics. There always seem to be more pressing and important things going on in the larger world outside, rather than paying close attention to who is talking about whom. Well, I'm going to do some shit talking of my own. Right now I am totally disillusioned and disgusted by hardcore. A few years ago when we started playing I had quite a different view. I was naive and idealistic to assume that other people and bands are involved for the same reasons that I am, i.e. the love of the message, the music and the energy. I believed that we were here to support each other and the underground scene, to share our challenging ideas, our experiences, and our discoveries as far and wide as possible. Now I feel foolish for believing in hardcore. It is nothing it claims to be. It's a petty, competitive, fame game, that I lost, even though I was never playing. Maybe I should have invented a scandal, or cooked up some confrontation with a group or individual to attain some press time. To attract and arouse all the scene spectators, using your forum to do so, as some of my dear neighbors have done. Stage a fight and place myself and my band in the shoes of the underdog defending all that is right and just. The do-it-yourselfer fighting the evil corporate Goliath. As humorous as such schemes may appear, they are a devious manipulation of people's emotions, and a cheap way to gain notoriety. It is obvious that some peoples' involvement in hardcore is for conflicting reasons, and maybe the macho, talentless, knuckledraggers should be pointed out and exposed to reveal their shallowness. When we seek to change the face of the hardcore convention (which is great, it's about time to throw the old icons out) what are we going to replace it with? Another clique? Sometimes I feel I live in the shadow of the new breed of local bands here in New York. The cliques are so strong and tight, I frequently feel isolated. Last spring and into the summer a "friend" (at least I considered her one, I guess the feeling wasn't mutual) was setting up shows in Boston. I asked if she would put us on a bill, and she replied that we would not draw any people so her answer was no. How can we draw if we are never given the chance to play? We draw well in Providence, less than an hour away. Bands that had little to nothing released on vinyl, that have been in existence for far shorter a time than ourselves, were given shows. It soon became apparent that we just were not "in" with the right crowd, on the basis of the other bands that were booked. This may sound like a sour grapes type story, but I am not asking for acceptance. I have a life outside of hardcore. I am trying to explain my current frustration.

Another thing that has fueled my resentment towards "the scene" is what goes on at shows. We have played countless times for free because out of state bands needed the money. We have cut our set short to allow enough time for all the bands, and gone on first to start the show so all the bands can play. I don't mind doing these things, and really don't care when we do; but for some reason I expect equal treatment. Is that so outrageous? I guess so because the respect and courtesy is never returned.

Recently we were to play a show in D.C. Upon our arrival we were told that we (Iconoclast and ourselves) may not be allowed to play because of a time constraint. We then proceeded to discuss this situation with all the bands present and they agreed to shorten their sets. Well I guess in all the excitement of being on stage they forgot about what they had agreed to; for nobody cut short their set except Iconoclast, whom we came with. Even the local band couldn't find it in themselves to share some of their time, even though they had a show the next week, probably in front of the same crowd, probably playing the same set. So we got shafted. This has happened many times before, it's pathetic, each time I get more and more resentful. Sure sometimes it is the club owners who have no commitment to supporting our music and scene, who only want some cash and are inflexible to time limits. More often it is the bands who want their forty minutes of attention and could care less about anyone else. How hypocritical.

Well we won't be scumbagged again, because I doubt we will ever play again. I am so disheartened and sickened by the pettiness in the hardcore scene I can feel my back turning on it. So much for the movement, the rebellion, the revolution and all the hoopla it claims to be. Phooey. It is the same as the corporate world that it despises; it's all about whom you know not what you say, how well you say it, or how well you play your instruments.

I will, however, try to remember the ideals I once believed it stood for as I enter into the adult world. But at the same time it will be hard to forget the crapola I have encountered. We never made it into the right cliques, or said the right flamboyant things. I realize now my friends in hardcore are few and far between, it's their loss; but I feel at a loss too.

Zack Judson/ Puzzlehead/ 1907 Ditmas Ave./ Brooklyn, NY 11226

T MRR Letters Editor:

Jeff Bale drew several conclusions in recent columns, and I'd like to add further discussion. In his September column, he questioned today's "neopunks", by saying that the ways we define punk and what it stands for run opposite to the hedonism, offensiveness, and raw anger that characterized punk in the beginning. That goes along with his previous declaration that Guns n Roses (Goons and Losers to me) have more impact than 100 punk bands.

Obviously, Bale likes hard-driven music. Not every punk band makes hard, fast, or loud music, and it's unfair to assume that

punk should only be judged by that one criterion. There is a spectrum of interpretations of punk now, probably because there are countless means of expression. Bale says there's more of a display of punk at a GnR stadium show, because the band's energy gets the fans on their feet, shaking their raised fists in unison. But he forgot one thing. The metal crowds may shake their fists, but that's as far as it goes with them. The energy stops when the show ends. They do it to be cool; nothing more. You don't see them acting on the "defiance" their music pretends to preach, do you? Would they support those ridiculously high ticket prices and go to arena shows, if they did? It's all just a game or party to the metal crowd, and it's just a money-making endeavor to those bands. Punks take their music and its messages quite seriously. There's anger and energy in punk today, but also more than that. There's an ethic here that exists in no other music form or culture. I guess it seems like it has more rules, because the people involved have higher standards and expectations.

Punk is also, to a large degree, a reflection of society. The original punk movement was in reaction to the over-studioed sound production that was common in the 1970's. But it also mirrored the destructive, promiscuous social attitudes of that same time. That offensive "get drunk and fuck shit up" attitude took social climates and pushed them to the extreme. That may have been possible 10-15 years ago, but in the age of AIDS, there are limits on hedonism. It's senseless and destructive, anyway.

Punk rock simply grew up. Bale may lament the passing of the mindlessness and free-for-all-offensiveness, but it had to happen. Punk would have stalled and burned out in the early 80's if anger was all it could produce. But times progressed and so did punk. Punks no longer just get angry; they act on that emotion and intensity, these days. There's some serious thinking going on, probably more now than ever before. Just look at how many individuals put out 'zines each month. Not only do they offer commentary to the music, but most talk about values and ideas and call for action in a variance of ways. They all aren't punk icons. They're ordinary people who believe so strongly in punk that they turn out all this work and effort solely as their personal contributions to the scene and/or lifestyle. That's pretty damned admirable and radical. All this could not and did not happen back in the good old days. Punk is heady stuff and we take it very seriously. Who says serious can't be fun and worthwhile?

Punk seems to be grounded more in reality now. Nearly gone are the liberty spikes and bondage gear from the early days. The clothes even reflect the more realistic attitude today. Punks also take more active responsibility in keeping the scenes alive. Think about it, could there have been a Gilman or Epicenter in the scenes of the early 80's? No. Back then, people took more interest in trashing clubs than working for free to keep them open.

Bale concluded that punk is too dogmatic and rigidly altruistic, compared to its hedonistic beginnings. I don't believe dogmatic and rigid are fair comparisons. Sure, some factions went off on rigid tangents of their own. You can't judge punk by one small section's practices. I think it shows a certain maturity in the punk culture when its constituents take responsibility for their actions and words. Offending behavior and shock value aren't inherently punk. Offensive and mindless behavior is so boring and one-dimensional. Punk proved that it's possible for a counter culture to move beyond that. I wholeheartedly applaud that transition.

I'm sorry Bale doesn't believe punk these days is as 'real' and exciting as it once was. Maybe if he loosens his rigid definition of what punk is supposed to stand for, he could appreciate the range with which punk now manifests itself. Punk has evolved into a culture and lifestyle to which people can subscribe for a lifetime, not just for a few fleeting angry teenage years.

Beth Johnston/ Okinawa, Japan

U Dear MRR,

Having just recently started reading MRR, I felt I had to reply to Rockin Jeff Bale's column. He attacks the 'bubble gum' pop 'punk' bands for not being 'punk' enough. Who are you to derfine the word 'punk", heh?

Over the years, 'punk' has evolved and mutated into many various forms and I've come to the conclusion that the word 'punk' has become obsolete.

Why do you strive to label and file bands into nice neat little categories? "Oh, they're too poppy, grungy, or noisy" etc.

Us lot in the UK don't seem to have your hang-up. We don't regard Green Day, Mr T, Ramones, Funbug, Pseudo Hippies, Parasites, etc, as 'punk'. Just tuneful guitar music. We don't go "Aw shit! I can't listen to that, it's too poppy, that ain't punk!" We just dig the music for what it is.

So Jeff, if you think these bands are giving 'punk' a bad name, then maybe they aren't 'punk' at all, and maybe there's no such thing as 'punk' anymore? Just a scattered corpse.

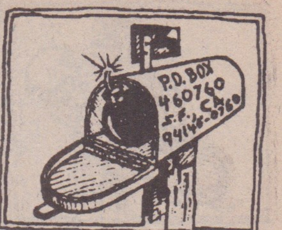
Kris/ London/ England

P.S. Green Day, get your arses over here real quick, ok? Dr Frank, did you get the video? Write back! Check out Funbug and Pseudo Hippies, the best UK 'popcore' bands.

V Dear MRR,

Who the fuck does Jerod Pore think he is defending Hudson Luce? Luce's failures with Factsheet Five have to be looked at in perspective. First of all, he did take on a massive task in trying to publish Factsheet Five. But nobody asked him to do it. He walked into it with his eyes open, knowing upfront what the situation was. The fact that he fucked it up cannot be rationalized away. And the fact that he continued to accept review copies and money for subscriptions (what'd you do Hudson, use the money to finance your moving costs?) for a publication that did not exist beyond one issue should require accountibility. While I admire Jerod's efforts to put reviews into an online format, this is not a solution. Most of the people in small and medium sized presses do not have access to computer systems, and this strategy serves more of a masturbatory function than resolving the conflict. The real issue here is Hudson Luce. If he was not going to continue publishing Factsheet Five he should have returned all of the materials sent to him. His passing the materials on to somebody who is going to toss reviews into an online system is inexcusible. Also, Luce's failure to refund subscriptions and to explain to subscribers what the status of Factsheet Five was is proof that he didn't have the balls to take on the job, or to admit he couldn't handle the responsibility. Making up excuses for Luce doesn't excuse his actions. His publishing a new magazine (yeah, right, let's trust Luce on this one too!, quick, where's my checkbook, I got to be part of this...) while failing to resolve the status of the last one is typical of people who can't follow through on projects. Luce, you owe us an explanation, and you owe subscribers money. Isn't it time you started answering all these questions? Isn't it time you had the guts to tell us what really happened? Isn't it time you accepted the responsibility of being a publisher and finishing what you started? Tell us, Luce, what is going on....

Oberc 739 W. Belmont #210 Chicago IL 60657



W Dear MRR:

Mykel Board is *just plain flat wrong* in his attack on anti-nuclear activists (MRR No. 113).

The Three Mile Island accident on March 28, 1979 in Middletown, Pennsylvania near the state capitol of Harrisburg, was only 60 minutes away from its partial meltdown turning into a full meltdown. Had that not been stopped from happened in the nick of time, a China Syndrome would have occurred, with the super hot radioactive core melting right down through the reactor floor, and right through the ground, jokingly on it's way to China. But it's no joke. What would really happen is that the radioactive material would reach ground water and turn it into steam, which would then burst through the surface as radioactive geysers, which according to government studies would contaminate an area the size of Pennsylvania.

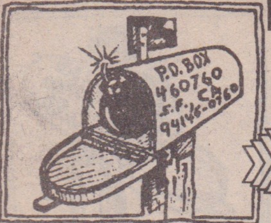
The TMI accident was caused by both equipment failure and human error. It can and probably will happen again, and the next time, we may not be able to stop it in time from becoming a meltdown and turning into a China Syndrome. Is that what it will take before people realize that this technology is just too inherently dangerous, and that there are better ways to generate energy, such as solar power, that don't threaten life?

Besides design faults and human error which were also involved in the 1986 Chernohyl accident which has so far killed 31 people and irradiated thousands who may later on die of cancer because of it, we have several nuclear reactors built near earthquake fault lines in California. Diablo Canyon is a case in point. Another is the San Onofre plant near the San Clemente and San Andreas faults, the latter being the one which caused the earthquake that destroyed San Francisco in 1906. It is a virtual certainty that one day California will have another giant earthquake, and could conceivably crack open these reactors and contaminate the entire region. Do you really want to risk this?

Also, given that radioactive wastes will be dangerous to life for thousands upon thousands of years longer than all of recorded human history, do you really want to leave future generations with the mess that we made just because we were too stupid or greedy to develop safe alternative sources of energy? Blame greedy corporations and stupid governments for this nuclear nightmare, and let's build an ecology movement to stop them and save the planet and ourselves.

Sincerely,

Don Busky/ 7393 Rugby Street/ Philadel-



phia, PA 19138-1236

MRR,
Myself and 5 other Memphis Hardliners have been arrested in connection with a series of attacks carried out against local fur shops. We are facing charges of 8 counts of felony vandalism and the police are investigating every hit against an animal use business that has gone on in the last couple of years. We've asked for help from several groups because we are going to have some steep legal bills. We've received kind words and a little bit of money. We certainly appreciate that support. The thing that depresses me, however, is what happened when we asked Joel at Profane Existance for his help.

Before I tell the story, let me explain 2 things. First of all, no one is obligated to help us. The thing is that he would have helped us if we didn't have opposing political views or other issues. Second of all, we will welcome people as allies to win the most important battles (animal lib., environmental lib., etc.) even if they don't live up to the standards we live by. I'd sab a hunt with a homosexual or a drug user even though I oppose both. I wouldn't hide the fact that I opposed such behavior by any means. It's just that I have my priorities.

Anyway, Joel from P.E. made it quite obvious that he wouldn't work with a Hardliner because we are anti-gay. Now, he may have political differences with Leonard Peltier or another political prisoner but still work with them. He even put out an Earth First! benefit comp. at the time when Dave Foreman was their big figurehead. Mr. Foreman is quite right wing and very nationalist but Joel still worked with his group. But Oh No, he can't work with a Hardliner. Not even when the issue involved is animal rights, and nothing else.

Listen people, quit living by your stupid, liberal handbook and actually think things out. Our situation revolves around A.L.F. activism and nothing more. I didn't even bring Hardline up, he did. I didn't care to argue that day as 3 of my friends were in jail. The next day, 3 more of us were picked up and P.E.'s help could have/would help. All we ask for is attention as this will bring support. The thing to remember is that there will be no animal liberation when all of the liberators are in jail.
JP of Memphis Hardline/ PO Box 241532/ Memphis, TN 38124

Dear MRR,
A few days ago I got the new issue of the MRR (#112) with the letter of Zee responding on Ben Weasel's column in issue #112 pt. 2. I think it's better to correct some of the statements of Ben and Zee. And maybe, as a German, I'm able to give a more correct statement on what has happened around here the last weeks.

Well, Zee isn't right when he says that most of the cases happened in southern Germany. Instead, about 90 percent happened in the eastern parts of the country, formerly known as the German Democratic Republic. I think there are many causes why the people over there are frustrated, the unemployement rate is getting higher and higher, and it seems like it needs a long time until they get the prosperity people have here in the western parts. German history (and I'm sure the history of other countries too) shows that foreigners always have been blamed when economy was in recession. And today peopole believe in right-wing politicians again. Years ago they argued that we have two million unemployed while nearly as many foreigners (from Turkey, Italy, etc) are working. So forcing them to leave could solve all the problems. It's dumb but people believed. Today it's nearly the same. People in the eastern parts (and many here in the west too) believe that there are just too many foreigners looking for asylum who came in just for the money. It's wrong: Most of the people coming in the last months came from Yugoslavia running away from the war. And most want to go back when peace is back.

The situation is very frustrating today, seeing all the violence over there. And all the politicians (even the Social Democrats) are babbling nearly the same arguments as the public, asking themselves how they could stop the so-called "flood" of foreigners. So, sometimes you really get frightened about what could happen next... But Ben Weasel isn't right to judge. I believe there are problems with racism in all industrial countries. Just take a look to France (Le Pen), Great Britain or your own country, Ben!

And, as Zee has written, there are many people who were shocked about the development in Germany. And many Germans try to do something against racism. As well, as in the USA. But, Ben, it's dumb to believe in what you see on TV. Just two examples before ending the letter. It has been reported that journalists from France and the USA gave money to some kids for making the "Hitler-Gruss" and shouting "Sieg Heil", so they could show it on TV and in the newspapers back home. Sounds like you don't always get the truth. Another one: Days ago, I saw a short report on CNN telling about the things happened in Rostock the week before. They told everything about the attacks against foreigners, but they forgot that there has been a peaceful demonstration against racism at the weekend. So that's it. I'm sorry about all the mistakes I sure I have made, but I thought the issue is just too important not to answer because of language problems.
Dietmar Stork/ Thünen 29 W4712 Werne/ Germany

Mr Livermore,
If you vote for Bill Clinton (MRR 112) you are encouraging the election of a man who wants to force (via taxation) the American people to spend 1.36 trillion dollars to continue to build up the American war machine over the next five years. That's only five percent less than what Bush proposes. I need a little more breathing room.
Billy Blizzard

P.S. I love you, your writing is among the best I have ever read.

Dear MRR,
I thought your readers might be interested in knowing what's been happening lately in LA in relation to the recent rebellion. On September 12th there was a counter-protest at the Simi Valley courthouse against Richard Barrett, a fascist from the Nationalist Party, who defended the police beating of Rodney King and basically anything else the LAPD does. There were about 500 people there to show him that we won't let creeping fascism organize without a resistance.

I'd like to talk about the demonstration because it is a drastic change in the LA political scene since the riots. If you went to a demonstration in SoCal before the rebellion, the majority of people there would have been white liberals, usually of some Marxist group or other who were satisfied with only marching in a quaint, non-threatening circle around city hall, begging the governmentt to stop whatever it was you were protesting about and rejoicing in the fact that they were non-violent. Anyone that was arrested planned it and took a class in it before they went through with it. Police brutality wasn't an issue at most of these demonstrations because the people were so sedate that the cops just laughed it off. Now, the police are no longer afraid to show their brutality in front of cameras as much as they used to since they know they can get away with it and have a National Guard escort to boot.

Also, young people are becoming conscious to the fact that the system holds no promises for them. It doesn't matter what color you are or what economic background you're from. If you're young in Amerika, you're fucked.

The younger people were more militant than before, when you'd have 10 or 20 angry people yelling and pissed off while the rest marched in circles. At the Simi Valley protest, more than half of the crowd was angry and pissed off, not only at Richard Barrett and his racist shit but at the 200 riot police brought out to control us. They had cops on horses, police dogs and even pigs on rooftops filming everyone. At one point in the demo, a kid threw a rock at a cop. Immediately, the "organizers" of the demonstration told everyone the demonstration was over and to go back to the boring speeches. As soon as about 150 of the crowd had left, the cops charged the crowd. They kept charging us off and on for about an hour. At one point a pig set a dog loose on some kid. The dog knocked him down as two cops bashed his face into the ground, cuffing him. Everyone surrounded the pigs and started spitting on them and throwing rocks. Pigs started kicking and hitting people randomly. A dog tore a woman's leg open. Of course, the liberals didn't see this because they had gone back to their speeches.

No wonder these people had never seen police brutality until 1990 when Rodney King was beaten. Every time it comes up they run back to their cars or suburbs. Out of sight, out of mind is their philosophy. People have been getting fucked over for years by cops and the government. Why is it now that they notice? Why is it that white yuppie liberals control all the politics and movements in this country? This is fucking classist and racist. The dinosaurs of the left better move out of the way. The democraps won't solve shit and neither will voting. Better wake up!

On another note, we are starting a SoCal anarchist Web Collective. If you are interested in being on our mailing list or helping out, we'd really appreciate it. We're going to be putting out a zine and hopefully organize anarchists from LA to San Diego. Things have got to change. If it doesn't we will be next (ooh, scary, huh?)
Skot M. Steppenwolf c/o Publik Enema / PO Box 4472 / Long Beach, CA 90804-0472

PS - Send $1.50 cash for a copy of Publik Enema.

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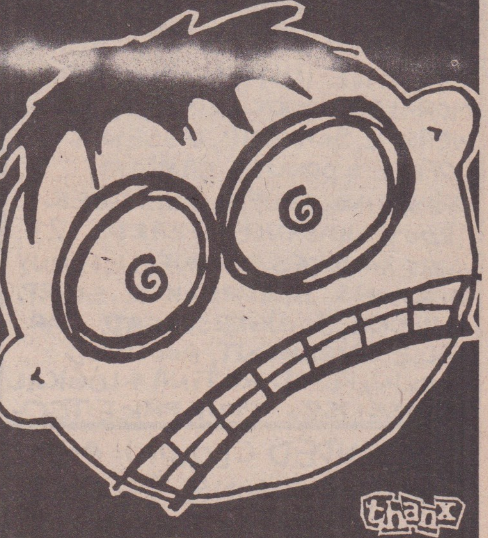

Howdy! Here's the latest batch of rad NO IDEA records, zines, and stuff:

NO IDEA #9
This Puppy comes free with any order. In fact, we'll even send extras for your friends too, just let us know how many you want. (overseas folks should include extra $$ for multiples, though. (Includes FUEL, 15, etc.)

BOMBSHELL --7"
New G'ville band with a slighly off kilter sound some liken to a blender full of Samiam, Sonic Youth, and a dash of Rapeman, among other things. Contains ex- People's Court, That Guy Ray, and myself (so there goes my objectivity, huh?)

RADON --7"
Now on the third pressing, This features two rockin songs with Brent (ex- Stabilizer) on vox, and two insanely catchy songs with Dave (ex- Minimum Wage) on vox. MRR, Flipside, & Cometbus are down with this, so check if out or be forever doomed. (new songs on comps and a 7" on the way...)

SPOKE "Celebrated"--7"
Full-on buzz-bitting, emo-melodic inspiration rolls off this burgundy saucer. Three pasta-core kids trade off on the vocals, each with a different approach (there's even a catchy power-pop tune and a tense instumental.) (New songs (comps & 7") out from various labels soon.)

NO IDEA #10
A blow-out issue featuring two 7"'s for the price of one: Jawbreaker/ Samiam & Spoke/ Radon/ Gruel/ Bombshell. Will have interviews & stuff... I'm grumpy: it was supposed to be out already, humpf! (out August).

NO IDEA #8
Stabilizer/ Bim Skala Bim 7". Int's: Plaid Retina, Green Day, Babes in Toyland, Dissent, Pirate Corp$ comix, etc... (um, white vinyl too.)

WORDSWORTH 7"
Not only will it be a neat record, but it'll be out soon on G'ville's new Lumilar records. Watch for it.

STRONGBOX 7"
On the Bullethead label. Some liken to Jesus Lizzard, but that's pigeon-holing it a bit much.

CRANKSHAFT "Shankcraft" 7"
200 left & that's all she rot. Funk, punk, ska, hc... way low budget and fun. 8 songs. Only $1, if you order something else too.

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$3 PP (w/in USA) for first 7" or Zine/7". Canada: $4/$3, World Surface: $5/$4. ← $2 EACH ADDIT.
If you want a buncha copies to sell, then they're $1.50 each, plus postage. Give us a call/ write for specifics: (904) 375-9041. Adios!!

No Idea P.O.Box 14636 / Gainesville, FL 32604-4636

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SLEEP "VOLUME ONE" 8 SONG
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(C) CASSETTE
(E) CD

(D) 23 MORE MINUTES AND LOGICAL NONSENSE 19 SONG SPLIT LP

(F) "VERY SMALL WORLD" 28 BAND DOUBLE LP

(D) PLAID RETINA "MIND TRACING THE GOING DOWN" 10 SONG LP

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(A) JAWBREAKER "WHACK AND BLITE" 3 SONG 7"

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MEREL ONE TO ONE--UK Straight Edge P-1-9: Look Again--Raw New York 'Core
PLATYPUS SCOURGE: Life Is Colder SAWHORSE--DOWNCAST meets VERBAL ASSAULT
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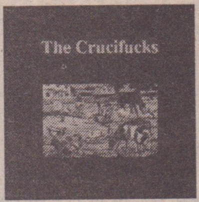

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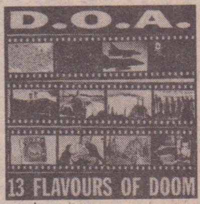

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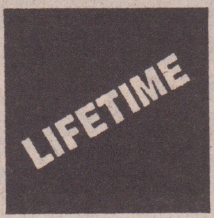

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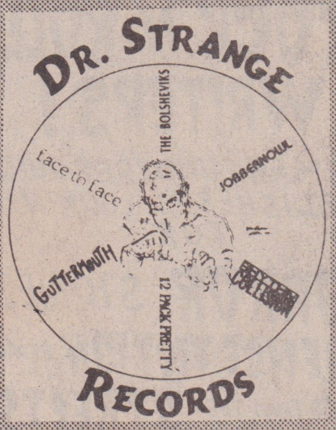

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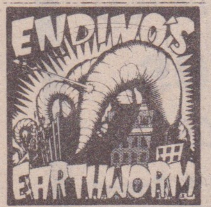
MORE ON CRUZ



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MYKEL BOARD SAYS

YOU'RE WRONG!

This being the December issue, I thought I'd do something Christmassy. Here's a letter I'll share with you. It comes from Virginia Vorhaut in Bloomington Indiana.

Dear Mykel,

It took me a long time to get up the nerve to write to you. I've been a fan of yours since your hernia in Japan. I'm only twelve years old, but I read a lot and die my hair green. I think you're a funny and smart guy, so maybe you can help me. I'm kind of embarrassed, so I don't discuss it with my friends.

You once wrote about questions that we're afraid to ask. Your question was whether girls piss in the shower. (I do.) My question is this: Is there a Santa Clause?

I know it sounds stupid. I know most of my friends say there's no such thing. Yet, I don't know. I see these guys ringing bells on the street. I see fat men in beards in department stores. I see jolly guys in red pajamas on TV. If they're not Santa Clause, who are they?

Please answer my letter. I don't care if you print it. My friends read Sassy not MRR. They won't see it. But I need an answer.

Love, Ginny V.

Dear Virginia,

Thanks for your letter. You've asked a good question. It's one that a whole lot of people should ask, but don't. It'll take some time to answer it, though. Have a seat. Loosen your pleated skirt. Put your feet up on mom's couch and read on.

Santa Claus tells you it's bad to play with your body. He wants to sew up your cunt and your mouth. Then he makes you thank him for doing it. Santa wants you to think that people who make you feel good are bad people. Teachers, parents, school monitors, cops, anarcho-rule makers... people who make you feel bad, says Santa, are good people.

Santa warps the truth of little kids discovering their sexuality— and enjoying it. Once they experience the pleasure, they can't get enough of it. This natural desire, Santa calls "abuse sexualization". To Santa, the desire for sex is proof that it's bad. It doesn't make sense, you say. What? Don't you believe in Santa? Everybody does!

Santa is the feminists who trust murderer Ted Bundy when he says pornography drove him to kill. Three thousand miles north, murderer Mark Lepin says it was feminists who drove *him* to kill. Santa says Mark's a liar.

Let me tell you some more about Santa. He tells you you're a victim. What you do is never your own fault. You have no control over your actions. You're a helpless waif being pushed back and forth by genes, male dominated society, or an ever-increasing plethora of diseases.

If you drink, gamble, work, even love— those aren't your choices, says Santa. You're sick. You've got a disease. You can't be cured, but you can recover. Before you recover, you have to admit you're helpless. You have no control. You're a leaf in the wind.

Depressed or guilty? It's not your fault. You haven't done anything wrong. THEY made you feel this way. Men, white people, heteros. THEY're the cause of your problems. You had nothing to do with it.

Santa wants to take your body away from you. He tells you that cell growth inside your body is "a baby". You have no right to get rid of it. It's NOT your body, he says. Want to expose yourself? Be naked? Have sex? You can't do it in public. You can't do it in a photo, in a magazine. It's NOT your body, say the femino-Santas. It's OUR body— for OURSELVES— and you have no right to it.

Did you drink too much last night? Did you get up this morning, roll over in bed and look at the guy next to you? Did you think, "Oh shit, I can't believed I fucked that geek?" Santa says it's no problem.

It's DATE RAPE. Sure, Virginia, just scream. You didn't want to do it. He got you drunk. You didn't have the choice. He raped you. You could never screw a nerd like that. Send him to jail. Off with his head. Santa said so.

Are you frigid? Your parents abused you. Homo? A small penal gland. Shy? A neglected childhood. It isn't your fault. It never is. Just ask Santa.

Want to see how *really* evil is this Santa-lie? He takes all your control, all your power. Then, when you're helpless, he drops it in your mouth. America has a higher percentage of non-smokers than any other Western country— and most Asian countries. It has more tea-totalers than any non-Moslem country. It also has the highest cancer rate and second highest heart attack rate IN THE WORLD. It's obvious that something besides smoking and drinking is killing us. What does Santa say?

Santa says if you get sick IT'S YOUR FAULT. Santa says you smoke and you drink. If you get cancer or a heart attack, YOU DID IT. It doesn't matter that we have more food additives and preservatives than other countries. It doesn't matter that the air and water is dripping with chemicals that take the paint off your walls. Nosireebob! If you get sick, it's cigarettes or booze! Doesn't make sense, you say. Come on, Virginia, it's Santa Clause, you GOTTA believe.

See, Santa twists and turns the truth. Then he puts the pretzel back and says it's a straight line. You believe him, Virginia. We all do. Can you imagine a system where two sets of rich folks buy TV commercials? Each says the other is lying. Otherwise, they don't say very much. One day a year, they let you mark down which one you would less hate to have making your decisions for you. After insulting you with meaningless nonsense and asking you for money, they then tell you it's your duty to choose between them. Your duty, Virginia. If you don't vote, you don't count, Virginia. You want to count, don't you?

Want to know more, Virginia? Imagine a place where some people pay other people to dig holes. Nobody likes digging holes, but they have to. If they don't dig, they can't eat. Make it worse: not only do people dig holes, but their shovels are coated with poison. As they dig, they poison the dirt they're digging in. The dirt they take out of the holes, splashes the diggers and the surrounding ground, poisoning that too.

A new group of people come and say, there's too much poison. They suggest paying other people, using other poisoned shovels, to take the dirt that was dug out of the holes and use it to fill them up again. Does that make sense, Virginia?

Ask Santa! He'll explain. He'll tell you it's good. He'll tell you that digging holes is good. (He calls it *work* or *having a job.*) It's better to dig holes than to sit at home and read books. He'll tell you that it doesn't matter how much poison dirt gets spread around. (He calls it *pollution.*) Because, he can always pay people to put some of that dirt back in the holes. (*Recycling*) Instead of not digging the holes in the first place, Santa makes you believe it's better to dig them and then fill them up.

How much air pollution comes from trucks picking up and delivering recycling materials? How much ozone and sulfur dioxide is generated by plants re-processing used tuna cans and VCRs? How much mercury is dumped in the water during the bleaching of used boxes for old Pet Rocks? Santa never asks these questions. He won't answer them. Work is good, he tells you. Recycling is the cure for the damage that work does, he says. And you believe him.

Yes Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. But he's not the fat guy with the white beard. He is the collective lies and perversions of The West. Santa Claus exists because you see him. He exists because the church, your parents, the PCers, feminists, TV commercials and news commentators say he exists. He's the lie that becomes the truth because it's repeated so often. He's what everybody believes because *that's the way things are*—without questioning, without thinking.

Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus— and he wants to hurt you. If you're smart, you'll keep as far away as possible. If you're brave, you'll climb on his lap. You'll take out that carving knife. You'll let the tip slide in, just over his navel. You'll jerk it up, hard, in nice fast little motions until it gets caught on the breast bone. Then you'll pull the skin apart and reach into the warm entrails to pull out his still beating heart. You'll hold it high and proclaim the END of Santa Clause. And you'll start living your own life.

ENDNOTES:

—> A big ARTLESS wet kiss to THE FALSE PROPHETS who got us on the bill at THE CONTINENTAL, lent us their equipment, let us go on second (instead of the last (death) slot), and put up with our complaints. And Stephen, I LIKE the props.

—> *Logic of the month dept:* PROJECT NATIONAL SECURITY (1020 N. Fairfax St. Ste 402, Alexandria VA 22314) is asking for money to help defend some Iran-Contra folks. They say it's all right to keep information from Congress because "if you're told something CAN'T BE DIVULGED even to Congress— you know that the order could have come all the way from the president himself." As usual, be sure to write these guys for information— and always return that business reply envelope.

—> This girl comes up to me in a falafel place after our DC show. She says she videotaped ARTLESS and told me if I wanted a copy I should write her. In typical senile-Board fashion (see the letters section 2 months ago for details), I lost it. PLEASE send me the tape. As usual, it's: PO Box 137, Prince St. Sta, NYC 10012.

—> *Note to all Interneters*: I finally got myself an Internet account. If you want to contact me that way, my address is MQB8130@acfcluster.nyu.edu. If you send GIF files, via uuencode, make sure they're BLACK AND WHITE. If you don't understand this, ask Santa for a computer & college education for Chanukah.
—> Irwin Chusid is a pal, a WFMU DJ and a former enemy. He returned my first record—in pieces! Recently, he gave me the July '92 issue of *Impris* (c/o Hillsdale College, Hillsdale MI 49242). It's got a great article concerning academic freedom vs PCitude. Writer Charles Sykes reports on how being "sensitive" to others has taken the place of rigorous inquiry and truth-seeking. My favorite section is the report that the University Of Connecticut "has banned *inappropriately directed laughter*" and Duke University has "appointed a watchdog committee to search out *disrespectful facial expressions or body language aimed at black students*." The scary part was the comments of a Harvard professor who said, "the pain that racial insensitivity can create is more important than a professor's academic freedom." What about the students'?
—> *Wrong Person To Send This To Dept:* I got an anonymous note in with a record somebody sent me to review. In typical cowardly fashion, the authors of this note make accusations without taking responsibility. The note is promoting a boycott of everything produced by the bands: **GUTTERMOUTH, H.F.L. (HARD FAST AND LOUD), H.I.V. POSITIVE, JEFFERY DOMHERS REVENGE,** and **POWER ASSAULT.** They claim the bands are racist/white power. Any bands cool enough to inspire a cowardly attack like this are cool enough to get my attention. If anyone from these bands reads this, please send me records, CDs or tapes for review. I'll put you on top of the pile. (My address is somewhere above.)
—> *Scam Dept:* Andy Good from Ephrata PA wrote to me about using an X-acto knife to cut out extra holes in those record store *frequent buyer* cards. He says that, with a little practice, you can make 'em all look alike. I don't need that one—I got my own zine. As Timmy knows, that's the BEST way to scam records.
—> G.K.M.S. sent me his zine "Media Blitz." (PO Box 20420, New York NY 10011) It's Situationist-ish, with a perceptive article comparing the LA riots of the 90s to those of the sixties. There's also something about vivisection. My favorite is an article about school where the editor writes: "I have observed that when parents come to school functions they talk while people are talking, don't raise their hand to speak, and walk out of meetings they find boring." G.K.M.S. is fifteen, you see.
—> *More scum department:* F.A.I.R. (1666 Connecticut Ave NW (400), Washington DC 20009) is a group that blames everything from the US deficit to the social security mess on illegal aliens. They want to make it so everybody has little identity cards with magnetic strips. They say that'll prevent the foreigners from taking our jobs. Sure, that's why they want those cards. It's for our own protection. These guys'll send you an expensive press kit and a business reply envelope if you write 'em. Don't forget to return that envelope!!
—> Another one from jail. This time from 22 year old Paul Kellwood (86048, PO Box 4000, Arizona State Prison, Florence AZ 85232.) He needs some zines and other stuff to stave off the boredom. He says he's really lonely for female companionship. Quite understandable, I'd say. So girls, write to the guy. Guys, send him a zine. Be friendly, or erotic or something. Imagine spending *your* days cooped up with bars on the windows.
—> If the folks from VAGINAL JESUS have any more records, I need another copy. Mine got stolen!! If you see a review of it in MRR (I bet you didn't send 'em one) you'll know that it came from the vacant spot in my collection!! (Not that I'm accusing anyone...)
—> *Annoying, but useful dept:* I got a letter from the *1993 March on Washington* Committee. (PO Box 34753, Washington DC 20043). It's about a march in the capital scheduled for April 25, 1993. Officially, it's the *Lesbian, Gay and Bi Equal Rights And Liberation March.* That's a mouthful, but most homos are used to mouthfuls. The letter is black and lavender on white, and sponsored by enough PC organizations to gag a truckload of GG Allins. I hate the "Bi" tacked on at the end. As if *Bi's* were another poor downtrodden group that need to have special laws for them. It makes me want to go bi-bashing.

When are the bi-folks gonna realize they're NOT a minority. They (we) are EVERYONE. Bi's should not be marching for their freedom. They should be marching for the freedom of the sexually repressed—homo and hetero—who refuse to admit their polymorphism.

Still, you'll see me there. Why, if I don't believe in this stuff, would I go to a march where there will be a lot of attractive people of all genders, anxious to express their sexuality? I bet you can figure it out.

OH HELL, OH SMELL, IT'S KATY ODELL !!!

I don't have any big theme to write about this month, no topic that I feel like pounding senseless with a clumsy, pretentious diatribe about life or whatever.

I *could* do that, if I wanted to to. I mean, if I felt up to that sort of thing, there are always ideas like "Men are no longer even a necessary evil and as soon as we've perfected *in vitro* fertilization, they should be eliminated." But; I want to be popular, I want to be a good sport, I want Tim to let me write another column.

So instead, we're gonna have some trivial fun. We can do that here - this is *Maximum RocknRoll*, not *Love and Rage*. What I've done is compile some fun things I've read recently - things that should make you feel all warm and fuzzy.

Let's start off with some goodies from one of my favorite books: Chuck Shepherd's *News of the Weird*. It's a collection of weird anecdotes gleaned from the news. The following has been copied verbatim.

A stroke victim in a Berkeley, California, hospital who was able to communicate only "yes" or "no" by blinking his eyes received a Christmas gift enabling him to "talk." The Holiday Project Mid-Peninsula Committee raised $4000 to buy the patient a special computer with a video screen bearing selected basic sentences, such as "I'm thirsty," that can be activated with a light touch of a button on the keyboard. The patient's first message to his benefactors was, "Leave me alone."

A female stripper was arrested in East Hartford, Connecticut in 1984 and charged with animal cruelty and sexual assault for using a monkey in her act to help pull down the top of her dress to expose her breasts.

A former bank manager admitted administering spankings to more than fifty customers of a Pittsburgh bank in the late 1970's as punishment for falling behind on their loan payments. "I never had any trouble with them afterwards," he said.

A British army sergeant was accused of turning young recruits into a human xylophone by hitting them across the bare buttocks with a baseball bat as they knelt in a line. According to the prosecutor at the sergeant's court-martial, each recruit had to yell a musical note when he was hit, and the sergeant continued until he had played a tune.

In Carlsbad, New Mexico, a man shot the woman with whom he lived in the buttocks in 1986 because she served him green beans once too often. "Wouldn't you be mad," he asked police (who found blood and green beans strewn all over the kitchen), "if you had to eat green beans all the time?"

Two men in Manila were shot dead for arguing that the chicken came before the egg. Philippine newspapers reported four proponents for the egg took out their pistols and shot their opponents after one of the chicken-firsters, thinking his view had won, made an obscene gesture.

In 1984, 74-year-old Curtis B. Hodson of Chickasha, Oklahoma, got out of his car to toss some trash in a dumpster. He apparently left the car in reverse with the engine running and a door open. The car backed past him, and the open door knocked him to the ground. The car continued backward in a circle, running over Godson three times before a store manager stopped it.

A company trying to continue its five-year perfect safety record showed its workers a film aimed at encouraging the use of safety goggles on the job. According to Industrial Machinery News, the film's depiction of gory industrial accidents was so graphic that twenty-five workers suffered minor injuries in their rush to leave the screening room. Thirteen others fainted, and one man required seven stitches after he cut his head falling off a chair while watching the film.

A Silver Spring, Maryland, man contracted rabies after having sex with a raccoon. The man defended himself against animal cruelty charges by pointing out it was already dead when the affair was consummated.

Rev. Jim brown of Ironton, Ohio, told the First Church of Nazarene congregation in 1986 that the theme song to the old TV show, "Mr. Ed," played in reverse, contains satanic messages. According to Brown, "A horse is a horse, of course, of course," backwards, is "the source is Satan."

In 1978 a Paris grocer stabbed his wife to death with a wedge of Parmesan cheese.

In Birmingham, Alabama, a man was convicted of assault and battery after hitting his wife over the head repeatedly with their 1 1/2 - lb chihuahua during a domestic dispute.

The Chico, California, City Council enacted a ban on nuclear weapons, setting a $500 fine for anyone detonating one within

the city limits.

There now, wasn't that fun? I certainly thought so. The book (with hundreds more weird anecdotes) is available from Loompanics Books. As I'm sure many of you already know, Loompanics is an essential source of books you're not going to find anywhere else. (PO Box 1197, Port Townsend, WA 98368) Ask them for a catalog.

There's this cool new bookstore in Berkeley where I've already spent a couple hundred bucks this month. I can't explain what I like about it so damn much. I mean, it's just a big, commercial bookstore. For some reason, every time I go in there, I get stuck for hours and then leave with stacks of stuff I just gotta have. I was checking out their newsstand last week, trying to determine just how diversified the store really is. OK, aside from all the glossy shit like *Harpers*, *Architectual Digest*, and *Smithsonian*, there were also some zines such as *MotorBooty* and even *MRR*. Not bad. I thought I'd try for *Metal Mania* or *Metal Maniacs*. Only the very best of newsstands carry those. Well this store didn't, but I did find a new magazine called *Heaven Metal* all about, you guessed it, Christian heavy metal. Aside from the name, you wouldn't really be able to tell from a quick scan of it's pages that Christianity was the theme. All I could see were lots of pictures of what appeared to be death metal bands. The same hair, the same clothes, the same deathy-looking logos full of skulls and daggers. But make no mistake! A closer examination of the text reveals non-stop preaching. Some of it was pretty funny. There was a letters to the editors section that reminded me of our own, full of bickering over the PC (Proper Christian) way to do things. Several readers are offended by the censoring of cuss-words in interviews with asterisks (f**k, s**t, etc.) It's not the asterisks that upset readers, but rather the remaining two letters.

One reader, upon hearing that Doro Pesch has become a born-again Christian, wrote in to say that they were overjoyed to hear that their prayers for her soul had been answered. Well, let's all commence prayer for Jeff Bale immediately.

The crowning jewel of *Heaven Metal* was Pastor Bob's column. It's topic: Would Christ approve of mosh pits? It was so precious, I just had to buy the damn thing. Now kids, let it be clear that only with the intention of furthering the word of God do I give you the magazine's 24-hour toll-free ministry hotline: 1-800-548-5222. Those of you who feel compelled to verbally harass such institutions should call for some help and prayer right away.

I have about a billion different things on my mind, so pardon me if this column ends up being slightly disjointed.

Is there anybody out there who remembers a guy named Ben Hamper who did a community radio show in Michigan? Back when I was doing a label, we sent records to him and got his playlist monthly. He played a lot of the early Lookout stuff and a ton of other small indie releases. Anyway, I was watching the movie *Roger And Me* and there he is (he's the one who was canned from GM and was shooting baskets while talking to Michael Moore). He also wrote a book called *Rivethead*, about working on the line at GM. Anyway, if anybody knows if he still does the radio show, let me know. The first person who does, I'll send you something nice.

I got a great fanzine the other day from Dishwasher Pete, called *Dishwasher*. The front cover has a drawing of a dishwashing guy wearing a t-shirt that says, "Corporate Dishwashing Zines Still Suck". It's hilarious - one of the coolest mags I've seen in a couple of years. If you've ever washed dishes, you'll love it. It's probably a coupla bucks. (45 Mt Vernon St/ Dover NH/ 03820-3030).

Ok, these columns are getting harder to write. So here's a column in which I try to figure out why that is. I'm sure I'll stray and not figure out anything, but it seems like a good way to start.

My columns are a bit more directionless than when I started, but I'm also a better writer. For one, I don't use unnecessary commas quite as much. For another, I have a slightly better idea of where to start and end a paragraph. But that's not really what I mean, of course. I mean that I've become a little better at slapping my ideas down in a fairly short amount of space. I've also become a little bit better at defining which ridiculous tangents interest the reader and which ones interest only me.

My hate mail has decreased dramatically, which can be attributed to two factors: first, I think people are becoming more aware that writing a nasty letter to Board or myself is not going to do much more than provide us with some lighthearted amusement (when I started writing my column, Mykel used to drop me a postcard every month tallying up who "won" with hate mail in the letters section).

The other thing is, much of what I write now is not as inflammatory as what I was writing about a year or two ago. There is a much stronger contingent of anti-P.C. people out there now and so my rants seem less necessary. People like Bale are taking up the slack, as are some good fanzine editors and bands. In general, there seems to be more of an apolitical feeling in the punk scene. This is not to say that people have become apathetic in fact, those people who are not completely immersed in the bizarre, patternless, sheltered little world of mags like Profane Existence seem even more vocal than ever about things like verbal harassment of women, rampant homophobia, and even such seemingly small issues like the selling of the word "alternative" to the general public. But the dogma forced by the whitebread, armchair revolutionary punks is no longer taken seriously by anybody but a handful of maladjusted, rich suburban youths hellbent on changing a world they really know nothing about.

Naturally, this pleases me, and in a way, I feel like I've won some sort of victory or something; the more people I talk to (specifically people from out of town), the more I find that reason and thinking and intelligent debate are replacing the knee-jerk, spastic sort of crapola that has infected places like San Francisco and Minneapolis (actually, that's not really fair - Minneapolis has a lot going on that doesn't follow the Profane Existence party line).

Not that the people at Profane Existence aren't intelligent; they were smart enough to get past all the oppression they faced (I don't know anything about any P.E. staffers, but judging from the mag's content, I'd say that most of them must be dirt poor members of one minority or another), they were smart enough to get out of the ghettos they must have been raised in and teach themselves how to construct a proper sentence (because they obviously weren't raised in lily white suburbs and sent to beautiful schools that were meticulously quality controlled by middle class PTA members), and they were smart enough to figure out how to fight off our oppressive government all day and still find time to put together a magazine and distribution service.

But unfortunately, the people at P.E. choose not to use the intellectual capacities they obviously possess - maybe it's out of sheer laziness, or maybe it's just because to question the party line is a one way ticket out of the clique. Who knows?

See, there's a tangent right there, the two paragraphs you just read. It's kind of a personal thing, but it's also the sort of thing that almost anybody familiar with P.E. knows to be true. This gives it an appeal to people other than myself, which in turn means that it passes my rules for staying in the column. Let me continue on this tangent.

It used to be that MRR's detractors referred to Mykel Board as Tim's token rabblerouser. That excuse can't be used anymore - Jeff Bale, Suzanne, Lali and myself are just a few examples why. Those who think that MRR is the uptight, reactionary zine of the scene have obviously never seen P.E. See, Tim may not like it, I don't really know, but he can't change the fact that the punk scene is shifting away from the extreme left. He could deny it, and oppose it, but if he did, he'd have a readership roughly equal to that of P.E.'s, and would probably have to fold MRR.

So even if my column hasn't changed anyone's mind about anything (I'm not into that crapola about just "making people think". Making people think is easy. If somebody punches you in the nose, it'll make you think. That doesn't mean that the puncher has accomplished anything, it just means that they were able to cause a reaction. If I say Biafra's a dick, it doesn't cause anyone to think, it causes them to react. Thousands of left wing protesters don't cause anyone to think either; the protest either annoys people, or it excites them), I do feel that I am somehow a part of a shift in thinking to the more rational side of things.

It's ok now for someone to write a column ranting about the disgusting antics pulled by many male members of the Hispanic population when they see a woman walking down the street. It's ok for women to say they're scared of black men when they see graffiti in their neighborhoods saying "Rape White Bitch." It's ok to question U.S. policies in regards to financing the amoral crooks who run the Israeli government. It used to be that we guilty white liberals were not allowed to say such things without being called racist. Now we can, and the only people ignorant enough to see such things as racist are the ones dragging their stinky old safety-pinned bodies around the country to various silly political demonstrations like

third generation hippies.

The hippie elements in punk have always disgusted me. At first, I thought it was funny that the punks were going to stop bathing. Then, some of them visited my house. It isn't funny anymore, it's disgusting. I mean, jeez, it's one thing to not wear deoderant or makeup, it's quite another to avoid bathing to the point where you smell like a walking asshole. Of course, the stinkbugs all claim it's political or something. You and I know it's not. It's just the latest piss-off-your-parents-and-society trick. Fuck that silly hippie shit.

Jughead pointed something out to me recently. Out at this club in suburban Chicago, we're seeing a lot of kids who have run away from their rich parent's homes in places like Barrington. They hang out at punk gigs begging people like me for change. I don't even have to go into how stupid this is, it's obvious, but on the other hand, it got me to thinking about the changes I've gone through in the past ten years.

I used to run away from home a lot when I was a kid. The first time I did it was when I was fourteen. My parents had put me in an all-male Catholic highschool (affectionately referred to by outsiders as "Homo High") and I hated it. This was before I even knew what punk rock was. My friends and I listened to Judas Priest and Iron Maiden and Motorhead, and we smoked a lot of pot. In the public highschool, this was not such a big deal. At Homo High, I was in the minority. Out of the entire school, there were no more than 30 or 40 "burnouts." The rest of the school was filled with gung-ho jockos. It sucked, and me and my friend Steve decided to run away.

We left from school and hitchiked to Nashville (long story). After running into a various assortment of crazies and perverts, Steve decided to go home. I stayed, and met up with a kind-hearted born again Christian who fed me and convinced me to go home. I did, and when I returned, I was transferred to the public highschool. Steve had been transferred as well, and we continued pulling off little adventures on a regular basis, but we stayed closer to home. We slept in parks, people's cars, houses that were still in the process of being built, etc. I think it's safe to say I know what running away is about.

Like, I know now that even though it was kind of dumb, it was also fun. More importantly, it was a break from the day to day bullshit of being a 14 year old kid. But on the other hand, I never asked my friends for money. If we didn't have anything to eat, we'd shoplift, or steal big loaves of French bread from in front of restaurants in the morning. Panhandling was something we rarely did, and if we did, we only bugged adults - people who looked like they had money.

I don't think ten years has put me that out of touch with the fucked-upedness of being a pissed off suburban teenager, but I really don't understand the concept of asking punks like myself for money, especially when you come from a wealthy family. I don't come from a wealthy family but I still would have felt weird asking other people my age for money - I mean, I wasn't retarded. I could get by and if I was starving, I could always go back home. Maybe these poor little rich kids have such a terrible home life that they *can't* go home. You know, physical or sexual abuse or whatever. I doubt it though. People who have run away because they're being abused don't usually come up to you and arrogantly whine for a quarter like you owe it to them or something. If they were really being abused, would they be hanging around pestering people for money to get into punk gigs?

I don't have the time or space to go into lengthy detail about my youth, but there is a point I want to make.

I always got the talks about how I had so much potential, blah, blah, blah, and I had shrinks and teachers and cops telling me that I was burning my bridges and whatnot, and people asking me why I was so angry and cynical. And the thing was, I didn't care about potential and burning bridges because it didn't seem to me that there was anything worth doing once I became an adult. I never saw myself being able to go to college or getting a job and actually working. I mean, I was really worried about what would happen to me when I turned eighteen, because all the adults I knew had such desperate, boring lives. Even worse, I wasn't really able to articulate those things the way I'm able to now.

After being kicked out of public highschool and placed in a school for burnouts and fuckups, I decided I wasn't going to school anymore, and I didn't. When asked why, all I could tell them was because it was all stupid bullshit, and it didn't mean anything and it wasn't going to do anything for me.

I ended up being placed in a drug treatment/behavior modification center in the middle of the woods in Maine, and I was there for almost two years. When I came out, I was sort of like a model citizen. But only on the surface. I still had that kind of streak of hatred for normal life running through me. Naturally, I was attracted to punk rock.

And the funny thing is, I haven't thought about it in a long time, but all that time I was being placed here and analyzed there and kicked out of the other place, I was right. Oh, I was wrong about some things, most notably the idea that ANY type of work is pointless, but for the most part, I was right. And you know something else? I won. The reason I won is because right now it's 10:30 in the morning on a Tuesday and I'm sitting here at the computer instead of working some fucking job. I had my cake and now I'm eating it too.

I've worked to be able to get to the point where my band feeds me and pays my rent, and to tell the truth, I spend far more time working now than I would at any job. But I call the shots, and I make the decisions about where I'm going. Sure, it could all fall through at any given second, but that's part of what makes it so good. Most people wouldn't want to try to live on the amount of money I make. I don't have money for going out to bars or for records or seeing expensive gigs. On the other hand, I'm my own boss. And this is the happiest I've ever been in my life. Of course, being miserable goes along with being happy - it's kind of a half and half thing - but that's ok with me.

But while I sit here convincing myself that I'm not THAT out of touch with bored suburban runaway youths, I also realize that there are differences, primarily that I never had a political manifesto as a teenager. I was self-righteous alright, but not about stuff like abortion rights and whatnot. I mean, to tell the truth, I never even thought about that stuff, much less discussed it over a bong hit. I also didn't have the resources or information available for starting a band or a label or a fanzine. If I had, I probably wouldn't have done anything anyway.

But that aside, I think stuff is pretty much the same as it was ten years ago. Y'know, you start getting to that age where your parents realize that you're not going to be what they always wanted you to be, and you can tell that there's something "different" about you compared to other people your age. You can self-destruct or you can learn to channel your anger and frustration into something you like, and that makes you enough money to keep you separated from society at large. I could have been a greaseball pot dealer still living in suburban Chicago, working at a warehouse or something. Instead, I'm writing this silly column and singing in an even sillier punk band.

So I guess the thing that bothers me so much about those kids who beg for change or cigarettes or whatever, is that somehow they see me and people my age as being so much different like we have money to throw around, and that we don't know what it's like to have ignorant parents and to be forced into a school system that really doesn't have a place for you and to be carted around like a fucking animal to find out what's wrong with you. A lot of people my age really *don't* know what that's like - but that doesn't have anything to do with their age. Just like the fact that there are a lot of sixteen year old kids out there right now who don't really have a problem with the shit you have to go through in order to be a healthy and wealthy American. In fact, most of them will turn out exactly like their parents.

So maybe 24 seems old to a lot of these runaway punks, but I wonder where they'll be at 24. I hope they don't give up fighting against the bullshit that gets forced on them, and I hope they make it through with at least a few shreds of self respect and integrity, but you can't really tell; that's one decision that rests solely in their hands. But I really hope they at least remember what it was like to be sixteen when they hit 24, or 34, or whatever. If they don't, you can consider their book closed.

DAN O'MAHONY

TRIBUTE TO A BAD MAN

Six or seven years ago (around the first time I started college) I had quite a fascination with Malcolm X. I read the "Autobiography" three times in a two year period, I read "Malcolm X Speaks", "The Last Four Speeches of Malcolm X", "Malcolm X Speaks to Young People", I read the many Malcolm X related titles available from Pathfinder Press, I borrowed Martin Sprouse's "Malcolm X: A Message to the Grass Roots" LP and didn't return it for nearly a year. I even started to cut my hair in as similar a style as a white kid could to Malcolm's own patented fade. I was something of a fan.

Several years have passed and I've had a thousand other preoccupations since then but with all of the publicity which has come in anticipation of Spike Lee's "Malcolm X" film (as of yet unreleased at the time I write

this) my curiosity has been peaked. I've been forced to remember how Malcolm appealed to me as a symbol of constructive rage and anger well directed. I understood Jesse Jackson's reference to Malcolm as America's first truly public unintimidated, angry, and confrontational black figure. Jackson said that Malcolm X provided a visual example of a blackman unafraid to confront white society with it's crimes. I'd been excited to make a fourth run through his autobiography but this time around something's hitting me...

I'd always excused Malcolm's across the board indictments of we "blue eyed devils" as the short-sighted product of his pre-Mecca Nation of Islam days but only brought him progress in terms of race. What about gender?

As November 20th approaches and Malcolm X will likely experience a tremendous resurrection as a symbol of the oppressed and a heroic voice in the cause of revolution, I submit to you the following statements, all public, published, and verified as having been either dictated to Alex Haley during the last year of his life, or stated in public speech as reported by Benjamin Karim;

"All women , by their nature are fragile and weak, they are attracted to the male in whom they see strength."

"You can never fully trust any woman. Whatever else a woman is, I don't care who the woman is, it starts with her being vain."

(In reference to women's dress-)*"If you're walking down the street with a piece of fresh meat in your hand, you can't blame a dog for snatching the meat. If you're exposing the meat, you're either selling it or giving it away."*

"It seems that some women love to be exploited, when they are not exploited, they exploit the man."

"A woman should occasionally be babied enough to show her the man has affection but beyond that they should be treated firmly."

"A Negro with any brains could wrap these women around his finger."

"More wives could keep their husbands if they realized their greatest urge is to be 'men'."

"Women talked too much, to tell a woman not to talk too much was like telling Jesse James not to carry a gun or telling a hen not to cackle."

"While a man must at all times respect his woman, at the same time he needs to understand that he must control her if he expects to get her respect."

"Muhammad taught us that no marriage could succeed where the woman did not look up with respect to the man and that the man had to have something above and beyond the wife in order for her to be able to look to him for psychological security."

"...not able to figure out why Sammy didn't shut her up, I did, and from the corner of my eye I saw Sammy going for his gun.

Sammy's reaction that way to my hitting his woman- close as he and I were- was the only weak spot I'd ever glimpsed."

"The women and girls of Islam are taught how to keep homes, how to rear children, how to care for husbands, How to cook, sew, how to act at home and abroad, and other things that are important to being a good Muslim sister and mother and wife."

Oppression exists on many fronts, THE FUTURE OF ALL MEN AND WOMEN MUST BE SHARED EQUALLY or progress is for not.

BE YOUR OWN IDOL. (Fuck anyone and everyone who's ever been portrayed as a god.) Take Care.

LALI DONOVAN

ANGST. TORPOR. INERTIA.

I was on vacation at my parent's house in exciting Sarasota, Florida for all of September,, and while attempting to locate my swell roommate Suzanne at the palatial MRR estates, Tim suggested that I try to write a guest column. Not only would writing something alleviate some of my boredom he ventured, but would also contribute to raising my punk productivity level to a more acceptable state. (Which in case any of you are wondering what acceptable productivity level is; it is a state in which you sleep no more than five hours a night, or consume more then 950 calories a day. Most of those aforementioned calories coming exclusively from caffeinated beverages. "Tense? What do you mean I seem tense. Clenched teeth? My teeth aren't clenched. Get off my back! Argh! Fuck!") When I got off the phone with Tim I felt this total surge of adrenalin, I could only begin to imagine all of the things I could moan and groan about: sexism, classism, racism, elitism, capitalism, specieism, ageism, Diet Pepsi. It was an endless flood of topics to grippe about. Since whining and complaining are two natural states for me anyway, I was pleased as could be. Then, like an emo shot out of the dark, it hit me; why not actually write about something that actually makes me happy and enthused. Namely MRR. Plus while I was in Florida, people would ask what I do, and when MRR would come up it was always like "Oh well that's cool, but you know I don't like this and that about it." Seein' how it was generally the same this and that's, I thought I'd take the time to address a few of your complaints. So here it is: "Why After Nine Years I Still Like Maximum RocknRoll, or How I Spent My Summer Vacation by Lali Donovan Age 22 1/2"

Part 1: Things you always wanted to know about Maximum RocknRoll but were afraid to ask.

Reader Question #1: *Does Tim Yo really smoke as many of those nasty cigarettes as we've all heard?*

MRR Secret #1: Yes kiddies it's true, the omnipresent cigarette featured in a recent Flipside cartoon ("Book Your Own Lobotomy indeed. Tee hee hee.") is a sordid fact of life here at MRR World Domination Headquarters. Ironically Tim's health is better than many of the other non-smoking workers. Perhaps he knows something the rest of us don't. Go figure.

Typical Reader Opinion #2: *All MRR shitworkers are dour stick in the mud zealots who don't smoke, drink, do drugs, consume animal products, have sex, much less senses of humor, and only participate in serious discussions about the plight of the noble Portuguese Proletariat's plight in relation to Totalitarian Juntas which are made up of omnivorous leather wearers.*

MRR Get Real #2: Unlike the past where shitworkers were required to read *"The Smart Punx Guide to Acceptable Progressive Thought For Sensitive Liberals"* by Lawrence Livermore, Tim has lightened up considerably and no longer pesters us to join his band of merry band of commie minions. And if you believe that let me tell you about the swamp land I've got... Come on, we're like any other large group of people who work together. On a regular basis we are all diametrically opposed to each other's view points and opinions, not only that, but not all of us even like each other. For instance at our infrequent staff meetings there is the endless ad policy debate: "If we want to be true libertarians we should run ads which feature sexy, scantily clad, white supremacist porn stars who hunt endangered species with automatic weapons." vs. "I only want to carry ads of bands who wear clothes made of recycled wood pulp hand sewn on happy fruititarian collectives in Topeka." I love the strife, I love the bickering. After all anger is the fuel which feeds the fire.

If you've ever seen the movie "2001", you probably remember how at the beginning the apes are bickering amongst themselves. Well some days I half expect the obelisk to come crashing through the mail room reducing us all into smashed greasy spots on the carpet. Rather than bonking each other over the head with femurs, I say without a shadow of a doubt that pounding someone else over the head with a keyboard has crossed all our minds at least once. Believe me, there is no staff wide political or moral stand point. So kindly stop accusing us of trying to brain *eat more tofu* wash you. I mean we can't even decide if CDs are the devil's work much less tell you how you must *buy more SPOKE records* lead your life. Brainwashing indeed.

Dumb Reader Question #3: *How come the magazine always features the same things and is really, really boring?*

MRR Lecture #3: Well duh, probably for the same reason you're always whining about how much your scene sucks. You expect someone else to do all of the work for you, yet you still feel justified in taking it all in, but giving nothing back in return. Sure the mag gets stale and boring, you won't get an argument from me, most issues I read about half of the stuff in it. Personally I'm busy with work, Epicenter, Blacklist, and starting in January, school, that I don't have much free time to speak of. I spend 95% of my time doing one of those things I mentioned, and I still feel as if I'm not living up to my full potential or giving enough of myself. It's a lame excuse I know, but what's yours? Don't like what your reading, or want to see something in the mag that we aren't featuring. Get up off your lazy butts, and start contributing, stop assuming that we're going to do all the work for you. Put your time and energy where your mouth is and lend a hand rather then telling me what a piss poor job the rest of us are doing.

Paranoid Reader's Accusation #4: *MRR is a monolithic power hungry entity which wields too much power over The Kids. (whoever the hell they are...)*

MRR leans back and scratches it's head reflectively and ponders #4: Maybe we do, and maybe we don't. I don't think it should be held against us that MRR is one of the few zines which has come out on such a regular basis for such a long period of time. The mag does take a lot of work and if we're in the position of being the so-called "punk rock bible" it's because of the workaholic tendencies of one small grey man, and the hordes of workers who have come and gone over the years. Believe me, we all have better things

to do then sitting around hatching evil schemes to take away people's anarchy cards, thusly kicking people out of the scene. As an ex-teenager from the middle of nowhere, MRR was my guide to punk in add places like Tunisia, or telling me about some amazing HC band from Indiana who sounded just like ROACH MOTEL. The mag had an incredible impact on my life, and still to an extent does. Quite honestly I probably would have been even more of a basket case then I already am if MRR hadn't been around for me when I was 16 or 17. It gave me hope that I would someday escape Florida, and be a part of this thing we call punk.

On the topic of MRR's power, sometimes I resent the responsibility of knowing that one of my reviews could help or hurt a band. The only thing that I'm attempting to do in a review is to state my opinion of a record and how I feel about it. The same goes for my goofy and flippant replies to letters which piss me off. I may be a terrible smart ass, but I'm not a malicious person and it boggles my mind to realize just how many people may be reading the things I write. Damn it floors me even now as I think about it. It's actually scary, because one side of me feel that unless I have something truly worthwhile to say, I should just keep my yap shut. Of course the other half of me says to hell with this, it's my mag as much as the next person's, and if I want to print cheezy inside jokes or nudie pictures of my pets, then I should be able to do so. I could go around and around forever on this one, because the April Fool's issue proved beyond a shadow of a doubt just what Maximum can pull over on it's readers. I wish I had a solution, but I don't. Do we stop doing the zine? Do we only put it out when we can pull a Kinko's scam? Does flakiness equal punk?

I suppose what it comes down to, is the reason I still care so much about MRR, is because it can still manage to excite, irritate, and even bore me to death. I guess I just can't jump ship on the mag, because I feel it gave me a lot, and if I'm in the position to give some other kid a little hope about their future or what's going on now, I just have to do it. Maybe it's just some weird Catholic martyr guilt thing. Odd coming from a happy go lucky atheist, eh? All in MRR causes me to react and makes me think that there is still a little hope for punk, and that it allows me to give a little back to the scene which I feel has given me so much. Well this is getting kind of sticky and sensitive, I feel like I should cry or something. I like MRR, MRR likes me, and that's all she wrote.

PART II: My Vacation

"You Can Always Go Home Again, But If You're Really Smart, You Won't Bother"

'Hey did I just spot some paint peeling? Nope just a giant, flying la cucaracha. This was an excruciatingly uneventful trip but I thought I'd share a snippet or two from shows I went to.

I was bored, and I'd never seen them before, so I went to see The Monsters of Rock BAD RELIGION and ALL Tour. I had heard what at best were cheezy stories about both bands, so I thought I'd see what was up with it all. I spied Brett Gurewitz yakking' with the promoter, so I bounced over and said in my lamest "dumb girl voice," "Gosh I can't believe you guys signed with Piggly Wiggly. What's it like to be distributed by Mordam? Giggle. Twitter." Mr. Brett's eyebrows became knitted together and I was at the victim's end of a "get this doofus away from me glare." He patiently explained that the whole thing was just a dumb joke pulled by MRR, and that they are indeed perfectly happy at Epitaph. I started laughing and said "Boy did we pull one over on you. Offering to buy Al Flipside out, rather then allowing MRR to take over, plus you had hepatitis. Whoo! Did we get you all good." We sat and talked about punk business in relation to Epitaph, Blacklist, and Epicenter. All in all I was surprised, he was a quite bright and friendly guy. Although my ten minute soliloquy on their set was a trifle irksome. "Well you guys were really tight, maybe even too tight. Y'know? Maybe if you had broken a string or something." "You wanted me to break a string?" "Well not exactly, you guys just weren't sloppy enough for my taste, I just can't help it, I like sloppy bands. It was really good and all, but I dunno, maybe breaking a string would have worked, really I liked it...Really... I guess... but could you break a string next time..."

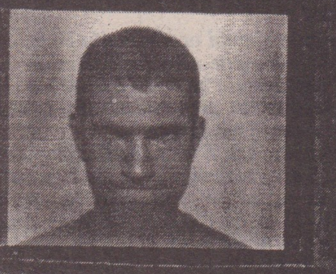
The high point of the evening came when a young man intent on doing the "I've got a scorpion in my undies flail - o - rama" kept pummeling me, Normally I can tolerate this to a point, but finally I had enough and elbowed him in the ribs. Hard. He yells something at me, I yell back at him. Next time he hits me even more forcefully, and with the subtlety of a rutting walrus. I'm really pissed off now, so I smack him one upside the back of the head. Not too hard, but enough to get my point across. He turns to me with a sneer on his face and informs me that "I'm a new school poseur bitch who needs to learn how to dance." By that point I'm laughing so hard I'm spitting and I give him a good swift,cheerful kick in the pants and tell him "That's how we did it in "77 pal!" and skip away before he can mash me. Punk Points =10. PC Sensitive Punk Points =-5. By the way in 1977 I was eight.

Quote of the night: "You write for MRR? Eeewww. How Come you guys don't like us? I know, it's because Tim's jealous of me, he was even back when I was in Black Flag, because we were more successful." Bill Stevenson. Uh yeah...

The moral of the evening: Kill all rock stars. Kill your idols. Fuckin' hell I hate punk rock.

I also went to see TAR and JESUS LIZARD in Ybor and after drinking the maximum number of beer's that I'm capable of consuming (two) I decide that I really have to pee. The closest bathroom is at the Burger King right off the highway into town. My three friends and I go in, and when I come out I hear this hokey wolf whistle from these two harmless enough looking guys. I'm thinking "Hey what can happen to me, I live in the Mission, and have to deal with scarier stuff everyday, what can these two frat geeks do?" So with a smug look on my face I reply with a cocky "Just shut the hell up you." I then hear "What Did she say? Did she tell us to shut up? Man I'm going to put a cap up her and her ugly friends asses!" "Uh oh..." My friends finally walk out, and I'm all by myself thinking "Oh god why was I born with such a big mouth? Why do I insist on always being such a schmuck?!? I'm going to die, splattered across a Burger King parking lot for Chrissake." The penis for brains start yelling at my friends who of course are clueless about what is going on, and I'm pounding on the door trying to get in. I jump into the car, lock the door and feebly try to convince myself that not only will I live, but more importantly I won't puke from my stomach being in such a knot. The whole scene is becoming more and more testy, when the driver of the car I was in starts yelling "Shut up you stupid motherfuckers!" As for myself, I start saying in a not - so - reasonable voice, "Shut the fuck up yourself and let's get the hell out of here NOW!" But no, she sits there like a lump of mashed potatoes completely upset that these guys said that she was ugly, then to make matters worse she decides to start yelling at them again. I'm growing more and more visibly upset so by now I'm becoming just a tad shrill; "Just shut up and start the car or I'm going to kill you myself." ***"WHAM!"*** One of the guys throws himself onto the window next to me, reaches into his jacket and starts pulling out something black, shiny, and vaguely gun shaped. ***"Fuck!"*** I throw myself onto the floor of the backseat screaming "Start the fucking car you idiot! Leave! Leave! Will you fuckin leave the goddamned parking lot!!!" By now my witless pal has an inkling that something possibly is wrong and slowly pulls out of the parking lot. No one other then myself really xhas a grasp on what has just gone down. I then find myself having to explain that when someone threatens to put a cap up your butt, it's no sort of sexual overture. She still thinks it's funny and I still want to puke. Joke of the night: Q: "What do you get when you stick a knife into a baby?" A:"An erection." - David Yow. Ai yai yai...

Well we're having weather, and lot's of it. Nothing but weather. I'm home now glad to be back to see my friends, my records, and a decent vegetarian burrito. Until next time mousekateers.



Mike BS.

COMING TO TERMS

I had never been to a concentration camp before Nevengamme. Not much is left of the place, unlike others where no stone, no artifact, no hair has been turned in the last 47 years. The buildings that remain at Nevengamme are under repair, being too unstable to walk through. There's a two-story museum-cube and a mammoth memorial stone. Most of the area is grass and trees. If you don't think about it it's not unlike a park. If you don't think...

There's a small stone commemorating the homosexual victims of the Nazis. It's red granite, maybe two feet cubed. It was paid for and installed by a homosexual group in 1985. We document our own history, or we have none. My 5 years in a Jewish private school taught me much about the holocaust, but not the holocaust of gays. When all was said and done, our victory was smaller, for after the "liberation" of the camps we went back into the prisons. Paragraph 175, the anti-homosexual statute of the Nazis stood behind is still part of the German legal code. I guess we all have our crosses to bear. Or our triangles. Or our stars.

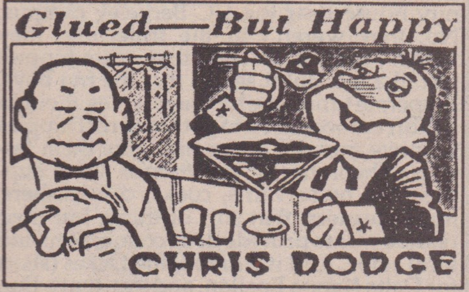
Much has occurred in Rosock and many

other German cities in the last few weeks. Fascists demonstrating and burning the houses of asylum-seekers and foreigners, anti-Fascists counter-demonstrating. It's 1930. Sit back and have some w¨urst und bier, mit pommes.

I drove to Rostock with some people who were armed to the teeth against Nazis. The intellectual side of me found fault with this, since violence solves nothing, and education and discourse are the only productive answers. My other side, the homosexual side, the Jewish side, the caring side, applauded them. It demanded the base instinct: an eye for any eye. I was drawn and repelled by both and that mental indecision was and is maddening. What can I allow myself to feel?

It's been raining here almost every day. Grey, gloomy, depressing. But by Nevengamme it's unnervingly peaceful, surrounded by farms & animals & fascinating old architecture. I'm both appalled that it is beautiful there, that it allows itself to be, and happy to see such a beautiful place where there was once so much pain. Never forgive; never forget. Never. But plant a flower where there was before only misery and something has truly been accomplished.

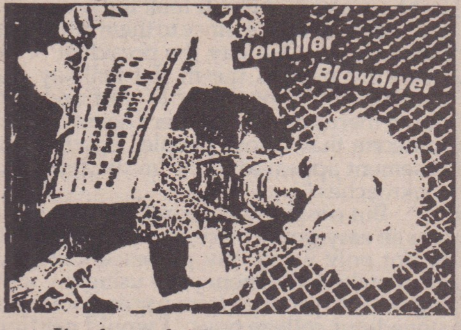
Take care y'all
Mike



I got into a wreck. Neither the deer nor my car survived.

I forgot to send a birthday greeting to Linda Lavin (Oct. 15th).

I've seen better days.



I've been doing a semi-regular music column for a couple of papers in New York, Night Howl and Downtown, which is one reason I haven't done a column lately. Another reason is that I got pissed off at Maximum RocknRoll, not all at once, but gradually. That "say what you REALLY think about the other columnists and MRR issue irritated me, because I'm not interested in that kind of thing. All it meant was that I was overtactful, and got to read w\that Timmy doesn't think I'm always "all that grounded." Well, sure, I'm a fucking neurotic mess, I spent years erratically having abortions, getting high, not getting high but having bad relationships, and building up the sizable debt of $25,000, which I now owe to Citibank and the California Government. We ALL KNOW I'm not that grounded. The unusual thing is that I did anything at all.

Then, there was that April Fools issue. Me and Katey got each others columns to satirize, and she got a chance to sneak a look at mine on the MRR computer before she handed her's in. It turned out that she had some actual irritation over what she saw as my involvement in and statements on the sex industry. I'd rather not bring it up as a coy way of defending myself, because then the whole thing could go on and on. When I called her on the phone about it we talked in circles, it was hard to get anything straight. She thought I was mean because I had her falling asleep in the middle of her own column in my satire. I didn't feel like the whole satire issue thing cleared the air of bullshit or anything, it actually confused things.

I called a straight edge poet/singer, who said reassuringly simple things about how his goal was to just spew more bile than anyone else, and mentioned various types of weaponry. This calmed me down. It's better to call people who will give mildly hallucinatory advice when you're rattled. It seems like just a couple of years ago that I was more stable and he was in a homicidal state of panic. That's what's great about young people, they change.

Katey and I don't really know each other, we only met once or twice, and here I was getting upset. Speaking for myself (it's all you can ultimately do) I know that I'm not that thick skinned, occasionally have a vicious tongue, and usually avoid even (especially) playful confrontational situations. Mykel and Mr. Weasel can handle it, although I don't think it was that great to joke about child molestation, but it's better for me to stay away from a "let's all tear each other down" situation, which is what I should've done/ I was also worried because the types of people who read my column are not, um, the most socially well adjusted types you'll find, I've never met a group (so it's a small group) of people that were less like jocks, and I didn't know if they'd follow the whole gag issue -subsequent explanation thing. I dreaded writing a self-referential (remember when we were all pretending to be each other, and then I felt this way about it, and. . . .) explanation column, so I just didn't write one.

Mostly, though, my music column was driving me crazy. There were all these rock bands in New York that just sounded like other rock bands, and they had managers, and they were all perfectly innocuous specimens of human beings, but it was sad and boring to cover. I felt guilty about the fact that I really didn't care what most of those people were doing, when here I was supposed to be a music columnist, so I would troop off to some desperate pay-for-play gig and just endure it for a few minutes, then write some benign, vague, acknowledgement out of a bizarre sense of obligation. I've always hated big clubs, I grew up in a nice small personal dump of a nightclub, and meeting the managers of these places, again in the role of writer, was pretty pointless.

The thing is, there are some fun bands in Manhattan, like the Thundering Lizards, Billy Syndrome, and Nutjob, but you can't just write about the same people all the time. The lefty who owns the papers I write for didn't even want me to lie or write about what I didn't really like, the problem was that I wanted the general club scene to be less deeply pathetic than it is, and didn't want to hurt anybody's feelings.

Right now I'm doing my Lawrence Livermore imitation at a secluded writer's colony in upstate New York. It's free for a month, I get food, a room, and a studio, and there is no easy way to get phone calls. Any visual artists or writers interested can probably send for an application from:

The Millay Colony For The Arts, Inc.
Steepletop Post Office Box 3
Austerlitz, NY 12017-0003

It really is good to take a break from humanity.

GRUDGE 2:

White Trash Debutantes (it's a band) was my idea, I came up with it talking to Ginger Coyote, the idea that there needed to be a new kind of Debutante, and she got the musicians together: Drummer Michael (formerly of the Housecoat Project, with singer Mary Housecoat), who wanted to play with me anyway, guitarist Jay from Bomb (he's with them again), Billy from Faith No More on bass (her contact), a singer called Cynthia who has since found Jesus, Dean who had been in a band called Levi and the Rockettes and is now doing spoken word, and Roy Wonder, a fun acid casualty turned, uh, independent tradesperson, turned recluse who used to live at a club called "The Farm."

I wrote a press release that she sent to newspapers "Their families came over on the Mayflower, but we had to come here on the M13 bus, which is a hell of a lot more of accomplishment" etc. I also picked out about 7 songs for us to cover, and we did at least one of my originals. It was one of the first goofy party bands in S.F., which is now littered with them, and we did all right. Ginger was a much better hustler than me, but I'd worked in bands before and knew how to arrange songs a little. Things got emotionally dicey, X was supposed to be mad at Y, and I left for New York to go to school, figuring I didn't want to stick around for all the inevitable pushing and pulling that would go on. Tellingly, I copyrighted the name, and Ginger subsequently went off and copywrote it in some other way, and when things get down to that, papers and ownership, it's gonna be awful.

When I got back to California one time none of the original musicians were in the band, Jay told me he'd been "fired," none of the new people had been told I'd been there at the beginning, and G. seemed to resent me - we had a wild gig where we were all jostling each other out of the way for control of the mike, another empty bar gig where Cynthia, who used to sleep with Ray from the Dead Kennedys (we all have, for some reason) mutinously M.C.'d (And After You're "Under The Boardwalk," you're "In The SUN!" was one brilliantly improvised segueway, leading into a "Summer In The City" cover) and I pulled out of town and the project, even though we never say anything.

The White Trash Debutantes is still gigging, I think with Eddy and Emilio from "Bad Posture," it's totally different and with different people. Ginger's still a better hustler than me, and they get good gigs sometimes. I was really close with Ginger for years, she even sort of took care of me when I was a naive hysterical little brat who constantly needed free drugs, booze, and sandwiches, and I pretty much let it go. Neither of us wanted to fight, because we both used to practice team-character assassination as a constant hobby and knew how scary it would get, but when I hear that Alternative Tenta-

cles was putting out a 7" I got upset.

I talked to Biafra, who was sort of patient and said "This is the first *I've* heard of this," and shared some of his own experience of being ripped off. Last Gasp did a dopey unauthorized biography of him and I do business with Last Gasp, so I guess I can't complain too much, but I was a little irrationally hurt anyway. I didn't feel like anybody really knew my side of the story but oldtimers like Diet and Remix, from the zine Tantrum, and the club Klubstitute, and Deke from Three Dollar Bill, but Deke always has some kind of simmering grudge against MRR, and . . . . .

Anyway, if I would've done that theme issue on getting older, I would've said that when you get older you learn how much fucking trouble gossip is. Even alternative havens like party bands, smut, punk 'zines, and treading-water independent record companies can hurt sometimes. The thing is probably to find your own mountain top, even if it's in your head, and just be grateful that they're there at all. It's not that easy.

I thought some of you might be interested in how I became a writer. As opposed, for example, to a punk rock star, who gets to act out his fantasies on stage in front of thousands of screaming girls and boys who respond instantly and rapturously to his every insight and revelation, while I huddle in some dank cavern that twentieth century civilization passes off as human habitation, dredging the last shards of perception out of a systematically bludgeoned consciousness and finger-tapping them into a mysterious electronic force field that a month from now will have transmuted into a quickly yellowing sheet of tatty newsprint that a few thousand of you will carefully, or more likely, casually peruse before moving on to the record reviews and advertisements.

The simple answer is that I turned out to be better at writing than at music, just as I turned out to be better at philosophizing than acting, better at giving advice than following it, better at seeing than being. As a matter of fact, I took up writing and music at the same time, when I was about nine years old. That's when I took my first piano lesson, and also when I started writing my first book. I only had ten lessons, and the book never made it past the beginning of chapter two, but it was a start. From then on I persisted in annoying my family by spending hours figuring out the most unbelievably sappy songs on a hopelessly out of tune piano. More privately, I started writing down my thoughts or lack thereof in any format that presented itself.

By the time I was 12, I had launched my first publishing venture, a satire of my seventh grade class newspaper. This was long before the days of xerox machines, so I "printed" it by hand, using sheets of carbon paper to produce three or four copies, which would then get passed around, hopefully when the teacher wasn't looking.

The kids loved it, my parents hated it. "Why don't you use your talent for something constructive?" she said. She couldn't understand why I would want to put my effort into an amateurish, juvenile, and anti-social underground publication when I could have been gaining respect and better grades by working on the official class newspaper. This is an ongoing communication problem, by the way; she can't understand why I write for this rag instead of the *New York Times* either.

At any rate, it was more important to me that I had found some way to impress the other kids, who up till then had thought of me as a tongue-tied dweeb who was no good at sports and didn't have cool clothes either. But that early episode in my career was short-lived, with the marginal degree of emotional stability it required soon running head-on into the buzzsaw of puberty. I spent the next six or seven years hanging out with morons and thugs under the mistaken impression that I was helping to destroy society.

It wasn't till my second or third attempt at college, when I fell under the spell of various wooly-minded professors, one of whom spent half the semester telling us about the cosmic experience he'd had at a Timothy Leary lecture, that I again put pen to paper for anything other than schoolwork. Most of my new writings took the form so endemic to late adolescence, i.e., bad poetry.

One of the downsides of psychedelic drugs is that they have the ability to make almost anything seem not only meaningful, but profound. This goes double for poetry. Fortunately, there's also a self-limiting effect, in that would-be bad poets are hindered by being unable to find a piece of paper or to figure out which end of the pen the ink comes out of. They also tend to pass inordinate amounts of time wondering whether writing makes words appear on a page or if it really involves erasing just the right part of the paper to make visible the words that are already there.

Besides, people under the influence of marijuana and LSD are likely to dispel most of their energy in thinking up great thoughts that explain everything from the underpinnings of the universe to why zippers zip up instead of down, only to find that when they try and shape those thoughts into a form understandable by other human beings they're liable to come up with something like, "Whoa dude, that's really...uh....."

So we were spared having to listen to all the excesses of the 1960s in long-winded poetical form, though if you seriously need to hammer your brain into limp kielbasa, there are always grandiloquent musical epics like Iron Butterfly's 26-minute opus "Inna Gadda Da Vida." Contrast this with the 1950s, when sallow-eyed subterraneans with scraggly goatees didn't hesitate to unreel fifty pages of unsettling if not thoroughly opaque imagery at a single cheap red wine and amphetamine fueled session.

But I digress, of course; if I stuck to the point, this column would be over already and you guys would be deeply engrossed in the Tierra del Fuego scene report. (By the way, I was able to persuade Pat, if only briefly, that Tierra del Fuego, meaning "land of fire," got that name because, being the southernmost point of land on earth, it was so hot, since as we all know, the farther south we go, the hotter it gets. That wouldn't be so remarkable if Pat were a typical product of the American public school system, but as it happens, he's an electrical engineering student at one of the world's great universities. And of course he'll deny this whole story, claiming he was just fucking with my head, but even if he was, there are zillions of engineers and scientists who know everything there is to know about squeezing quarks out of an ionized proton field but haven't read a book since they memorized their first Nintendo manual.)

Speaking of digression, my real aim was not so much to tell you about my evolution as a writer as to make a point about class and status in American society, but I'll get to that in a minute or two. First let me zip past that embarrassing couple of years in which I regularly produced pieces of self-indulgent dreck that I proudly proclaimed to be "poems" and forced any friends, lovers, housemates, or strangers within reach to listen to my dramatic readings of. The young are more patient than the middle-aged, apparently, because somehow I was able to maintain a number of friendships throughout this period. Some people even took me seriously as a poet, but remember, this is 1970, and there were all those drugs...

During that same time, I got one of my first paying gigs as a writer. Some friends of mine were living in the basement of a fraternity house near the UC Berkeley campus. No, they weren't in the fraternity, they weren't even in college; they were hippies just like me. But it seems that the frat boys, desperate to become hip themselves, thought a short cut would be to get some real hippies to move into the house and give them lessons. Theoretically my friends were supposed to be servants, cooks, dishwashers, housecleaners, that sort of thing, but their real job was to provide drug connections and local color. And it worked; the Dekes (short for Delta Kappa Epsilon, and yes, that's Dan Quayle's fraternity, as well as that of several US presidents) soon had a reputation as the stylinest frat in town.

I had become homeless, so my friends invited me to move into the basement of the frat house with them. It took the frat boys a few weeks to notice, since to them all hippies looked alike. One day the president of the fraternity nabbed me in the hallway and demanded, "How many of you are there down there anyway?" Later I heard him tell someone that "those people" down in the basement appeared to be "multiplying like cockroaches."

But despite those kind of attitudes, it was an easy-going place, and I was soon able to not only justify my presence there, but even make some money, by using my writing skills to produce term papers for lazy or stoned-out college boys. I would get from $10 to $25 for each paper (you youngsters can multiply that by about three to get an idea of what it would buy in today's dollars). Things went along pretty well until spring break. With school out, nobody had any term papers for me to write, and soon I found myself without either food or money.

Fortunately, or so it seemed at the time, the president of the frat came back from vacation early because he had some paper that was past due and had to be handed in on the day school started up again. He offered me $10 to do it, knowing that I was in no position to bargain, and I whipped through it in record time one Sunday afternoon, the whole time looking forward to the food I was going to buy as soon as I was done.

I brought the paper into his room and

asked for my ten bucks. He hemmed and hawed, saying he'd rather wait until he got his paper graded. (I offered a money-back guarantee of an A or B on all papers I wrote, and hadn't failed yet). That wouldn't be for a week or two, at least.

I got the impression that he wasn't worried about his grade so much as he enjoyed fucking with me. $10 was almost nothing to him. His parents gave him a monthly allowance of $300 to spend on beer, pot, movies, or whatever else rich college students did for entertainment (remember, multiply by three; most people I knew had less than that to live on).

"I don't think you understand," I told him. "I'm hungry right now. I can't wait a week or two to eat."

"Oh, you're always so dramatic about everything," he said. "It's only $10. What's the big deal?"

"The big deal is that it's the only $10 I have in the whole world. The big deal is that if I don't have that $10, I can't buy food and I can't eat."

He smirked at me. It was becoming obvious that I wasn't going to get any money out of him because he was getting too much pleasure out of watching me beg and plead. I was practically crying. I couldn't believe anyone could be that heartless.

He took advantage of the frustration and rage that had reduced me to near-speechlessness to lecture me about my fucked-up attitude. "You worry too much about money," he said. "You shouldn't make such a big thing out of it. Like me, when my allowance runs out before the end of the month, you don't hear me whining. I just do without. If you always worry about money, you're setting yourself up to always be poor."

Did I mention that he, like virtually every other member of the fraternity, was a millionaire, or would be when he inherited his family's money? That was probably the time in my life when I came closest to commiting premeditated murder for monetary gain, but weighing the odds, I decided to take my chances shoplifting at the neighborhood store instead.

But the experience left me scarred and bitter long afterward, and made it difficult for me to get along with kids who'd come from a more privileged background than I had. In fact over the next couple years, me and my scruffy hippie friends routinely augmented our incomes by ripping off what we could from frat houses and other upscale college housing. It was many years before I was finally able to understand how that guy could have been so brutally insensitive and downright greedy.

The thing was, in some respects he wasn't that bad of a person. On other occasions I saw him be very generous to people, myself included. I finally realized that he genuinely couldn't understand why that $10 was so important to me because never in his entire life had he been in a situation where a relatively small amount of money meant the difference between eating or not eating. When he and his friends complained about being "broke," they meant that they temporarily had to do without some luxuries. The idea that someone could seriously go hungry or lose their home simply didn't make sense to them. If worse came to worst, they could always call up their parents and ask for an advance on next month's allowance.

In America, we like to pretend that there's no such thing as a class system, that we're all "middle class," and that our place in society depends mainly on how hard we work and how well we educate ourselves. In England, on the other hand, they're well aware, perhaps too aware of class. Where you were born, the kind of school you attend, the kind of work your parents and grandparents did, even the way your pronounce your syllables, all combine to establish your position in society, and changing that position is no easy matter.

The advantage of such a system is that people at least know where they stand. Working class people are less likely to confuse their interests with those of stockbrokers or the idle rich. The disadvantage is a lack of social mobility.

In America we've got plenty of mobility, but often no idea where we're going. We also have very little ability to work together, to make common cause with people whose interests we share. Worse still, we have a very hard time comprehending the root causes of problems, whether they're our own or those of others. If we're poor, or unemployed, or homeless, we tend to think it's our own fault, and if we're rich and successful, we assume it's all a result of our own hard work and brilliance. After all, we all have an equal opportunity here in America, aren't we?

I don't have any desire to promote class warfare. Though I spent much of my life hating the rich, it finally sunk into my skull that in the eyes of much of the world, including those of many Americans, *I'm* rich, just by virtue of having food and a place to live. There's no easy way of drawing a line between the rich and poor, between the ruling class and the working class. That doesn't mean those divisions don't exist, nor that we shouldn't be conscious of them. It does mean that traditional ways of measuring them don't work. Next time some punk anarchist tells you to "eat the rich," make him tell you exactly who he means. How much money do they have to have to be "rich?" $50,000? $100,000? $1,000,000? What if someone has only $99,999? Does he get out of becoming dinner?

I started out somewhere on the borderline between lower middle class and working class, and went downhill from there, living a number of years just a step or two ahead of the street. In terms of income I still haven't made it into the lower middle class, while my educational level defines me as upper middle class, and my social values are all over the map, ranging from those of the common criminal to a full-fledged aristocrat. (Those of you who've studied sociology will be aware that it's often remarked how much the upper and lower classes have in common when it comes to behavior.)

So that should make me as rootless and schizophrenic as any good American. It also, by bringing me into contact with a wide variety of people, has given me lots of material as a writer. The next question is, what do I do with that material? It's the same question any of you can ask about whatever advantages you were born with or acquired. Whether it's money, artistic talent, good looks, a sense of humor (if you got stuck without any of the former, the latter is a big help), what you choose to do with your abilities says way more about you than the amount of wealth, education, or "good breeding" you've been blessed or cursed with. If you want to judge me by my writing, feel free, but bear in mind that I don't do this because I want to. Nor do I have any great purpose in mind, though I'd like to think that I'm contributing in some way to the expansion of human awareness.

Most of all, though, I write because I have to, because I don't have any choice. Some people just naturally make girls swoon and strong men get weak in the knees; I just naturally find myself perched precariously in front of an unforgiving keyboard vaguely hoping that something I say or do will, when it's finished reverberating around the universe, come back to me bearing a little more sense or meaning or compassion than it left here with.

This time around I want to touch upon a few interesting points raised by others in response to some of my previous columns. Let's begin with the letter from John Luther. I'm flattered that aspects of the Bay Area punk scene with which I've been associated exerted a big influence on his attitudes, and genuinely touched that he cared enough to write, critique my ideas, and appeal to my more idealistic past sentiments. I do feel, however, that some clarifications are necessary. First, I didn't mean to imply that **MRR**'s sometimes hamfisted efforts to politicize the punk scene were **alone** responsible for the subsequent increase in its polarization or divisiveness. I quite agree with Mr. Luther's point that these developments were a natural outgrowth of the scene's increasing size and complexity, in addition to other sociological factors over which **MRR** had no control. Similar developmental patterns afflict virtually all subcultures. Nevertheless, I think that **MRR** helped to exacerbate those tendencies and thereby increase the overall level of intolerance within the scene, something I certainly don't view as positive. I'm not suggesting that the obvious differences between individual punks should have been overlooked or artificially glossed over in some stupid effort to portray the whole scene as unified or homogenous, but since one of the main appeals of the original punk scene was precisely its extreme heterogeneity, I think it was a horrible mistake to later encourage the type of political polarization which helped make it impossible for very different people to happily comingle. The **only** people I don't feel I can coexist with at punk gigs are truly violent assholes. As long as people aren't tangibly violating (or threatening to violate) someone else's rights at a gig, I personally couldn't care less what their underlying political and social attitudes are. They have a right to believe and say whatever they want to, and those who disagree have the same right to express their disagreement—again, as long as neither party resorts to violence or tries to censor or suppress the other. It is only when they cross that behavioral line—like certain

groups of Nazi skins and their **doppelganger** in A.R.A. have all too often done—that such personal differences become irreconcilable. Otherwise there's no reason why people who largely disagree about other things can't come together to enjoy the same kind of music. The only common denominator between all genuine punks is a noticeable degree of alienation from the status quo, which by no means ensures that they have anything else in common. Nor is there any particular reason why they should. Unfortunately, somewhere along the line certain imbeciles felt that the "righteousness" of their political views gave them a license to enforce ideological conformity and turn the punk scene into a mini-totalitarian society where everyone marched in step to the sound of their particular drummer. If they ever manage to succeed in this endeavor, I for one will be the first person to kiss off the "new punk order".

This brings me to my second point. Mr. Luther quite rightly emphasized that distrust of authority, individualism, and some sort of do-it-yourself ethic were key characteristics of punk, and that these very characteristics prevented punks from organizing themselves and accepting the type of authority and discipline which would have enabled punk to become a serious movement capable of transforming society. He seems to be expressing considerable regret about this, but my view is quite different. I couldn't be happier that individualism and distrust of authority played so much of a role in the punk experience. Had it been otherwise, I would never have become a punk in the first place, much less made it so much a part of my life for all these years. Imagine how depressing it would have been if punks **had** accepted discipline and authority and thence created yet another sectarian political grouplet (as in fact all too many "punks" seem to desire these days). And it would have been even worse if punk had developed into a real mass-based movement, operating under the direction of established leaders and acting in accordance with a particular agenda. Frankly, I can't imagine being led by **anyone** that I've met in the punk scene during the last fifteen years, even though I've met more than a few interesting punks. Can you honestly think of any particular punk that **you** would like to nominate as a your "leader"? The whole idea makes me cringe. Even back in the late 1970s and early 1980s, when I was most idealistic about the potentialities of punk, I never envisioned it as a centrally directed social or political movement with some sort of clearcut program, but rather as a spontaneous sociocultural phenomenon that had the potential to appeal to congeries of alienated, anti-authoritarian individuals all over the world. If the natural rebelliousness and creativity of enough individuals could be fueled by the aggressive music and the exciting subculture with which it was associated, I felt that punk could create little pockets of genuine freedom that might, under the right conditions, affect the host societies. My concept of how this might happen was never really clear, and in the end the whole notion proved to be nothing more than wishful thinking.

In any event, Mr. Luther is quite right to warn people not to become so embittered by life's disappointments that they lose all hope and idealism. Unfortunately, what little remains of my idealism has been submerged under dense layers of cynicism, not to say realism. They say that cynics are shattered idealists, and I would certainly not argue the point. The fact is, however, that I've always been a very cynical, negative person, even during my most "idealistic" periods. Many newer readers of this magazine—and even a few oldsters—may have gotten the impression lately that I've become some sort of cantankerous old fart who spends all my time criticizing younger punks and wishes I could return to the halcyon days of 1977. In actual fact, I've **always** been critical of the bulk of my peers in the punk scene and, before that, the hippie scene. From 1967 to 1972 I incessantly criticized other hippies and aspects of the hippie counterculture that I thought were stupid, this at a time when it was totally "uncool" to be negative. (That phony nicey-nicey crap was ironically one of things I hated most about the hippie scene!) In 1977 or, say, 1982, nothing had changed—I constantly criticized various punks and aspects of punk that pissed me off. I've always believed that most punks were idiots, and I feel the same way about most of the neo-punks. So don't make the mistake of thinking I'm an "ageist", that I'm singling you out for special abuse, or that there's anything new under the sun. Don't flatter yourselves. Being negative and hypercritical is a fundamental aspect of my personality. Even in Italy—a country notorious for its omnipresent grippers and complainers—the girl with whom I stayed in Bologna nicknamed me "**criticone**" ("big critic") because I turned my overly jaundiced eye on everything.

Moving on, I'd like to respond briefly to a couple of points which one of my illustrious fellow columnists made in **MRR** #114. Firstly, it's simply not true that I think the "rules" of 1977 punk are fixed in stone. Every form of cultural expression evolves over time, and punk is no exception. In general I have no problem with this, and in certain ways sought to influence the course of punk's evolution myself in the early 1980s. But I'm unalterably opposed to the eradication of those features of the phenomenon which I consider central to its character. One of these is its offensiveness or obnoxiousness, which often takes the form of exaggerating reactionary or stupid sentiments, either purely for effect or in order to drive home an important point. Another is its underlying anger and rebelliousness. Punk has always had a fundamentally negationist, anti-social thrust. It is simply not designed to generate "sweetness" and "good vibes", although it may sometimes inadvertently do so. Still another is its bitter, sardonic sense of humor. The compulsive desire to laugh at and satirize our absurd world, even its most horrible manifestations, is everpresent. Last but not least are, within the above parameters, its "non-rules". Although there have always been people inside and outside the punk scene who have wanted to channel or restrict free expression, most punks, being highly individualistic, don't pay any attention to them and continue to do exactly what they want. The point here is that punk rock, like any other phenomenon, ceases to signify anything at all once its fundamental characteristics "develop" or "evolve" to the point where they are transformed beyond recognition into something else.

Secondly, adopting currently fashionable P.C. attitudes critical of racism, sexism, and homophobia—whether real or imagined—is not necessarily a sign of sensitivity, much less intelligence. Rather, it is increasingly a sign of either a) the uncritical groupthink of the semi-educated, or b) the nauseatingly patronizing need to express guilt and self-loathing, which is the exclusive province of the overprivileged. As the absurd accusations levelled against Columbus have recently demonstrated, a little knowledge is indeed a dangerous (and embarrassing) thing. One has only to read large numbers of political punk fanzines to realize that most of them are anything but intelligent, unless you think that spouting off a bunch of kneejerk rhetoric is a sign of intelligence. The majority that I've seen do little more than mindlessly regurgitate a series of half-baked slogans and half-formed ideas. Moreover, just as employing political rhetoric is not necessarily a sign of intelligence, making use of offensive, superficially "dumb" lyrics is not necessarily a sign of stupidity and ignorance. If you ask me, humorous obnoxio-punk bands typically display a good deal more intelligence and imagination than overtly political punk bands. In any event, "intelligence" has to do with one's quality of thought and level of creativity, not one's specific social or political views. I've read several European neo-fascist publications which are vastly more sophisticated, from a theoretical or analytical point of view, than any "anarchist" or feminist punkzine I've seen.

Thirdly, as a matter of fact I **was** listening to music ten or more years older—British Invasion, 60s punk, early psychedelia, even some rockabilly stuff—when I first got into punk in the summer of 1976. And I have continued to do so up until the present, albeit with less frequency during certain periods. My feeling is that great primitive rock n'roll music is timeless, so it pains me to see younger punks ignore the antecedents of the very music they claim to like. I dunno, maybe I'm just expecting others to be as obsessive and enthusiastic about rock n'roll music as I myself am. Fat chance.

Finally, although I think Bush and his backers are truly despicable characters with a barely hidden anti-democratic agenda, they are anything **but** fascists. The term "fascism" is nowadays used so often as an epithet for political objects one doesn't like that it has been drained of almost all its substantive meaning as a political concept. My advice is to consider all the uses of the term "fascism" or "fascist" in this magazine as incorrect, imprecise, emotion-laden insults, because 99% of the time that is precisely what they are. In the meantime, those who are interested in the real nature of fascism should begin by reading Eugen Weber, **Varieties of Fascism** (New York: Nostrand, 1962), and the article on "Fascist Ideology" by Zeev Sternhell in **Fascism: A Reader's Guide**, ed. by Walter Laqueur (Berkeley & Los Angeles: University of California, 1972). The shocking truth is that genuine fascists are revolutionaries, not conservatives. As for Bush and company, they are better viewed as our homegrown versions of "Stalinists" (as Vic Bondi rightly emphasized in his insightful interview last issue)—unprincipled hardliners who cannot adjust to changing times and will resort to any and all means, however ruthless, to maintain

their power and privileges. Isn't that bad enough?

FOR THOSE ABOUT TO PUNK OUT, I SALUTE YOU

Boy, that Empty label just keeps crankin' out the hits. I mentioned the SINISTER SIX 45 last time, and now I just got ahold of the PUTTERS EP, which is a real killer. All three songs have memorable hooks, belligerent vocals, and that heavy crunch in the guitars that I've been addicted to for as long as I can remember, but the best track is probably the enormously catchy "Drink". Now there's a subject I can relate to. And speaking of killers, there's a four-song EP out by a French band called the REAL COOL KILLERS. This one's worth getting for one song alone—"Something's Wrong"—a driving guitar thumper with haunting backup vocals. This one's been going through my head for days, and I've only heard it about four times. To this they add decent DEAD KENNEDYS and STOOGES covers, but the other original is a lame track with horns that makes me suspect that an entire album would not be up to the impossibly high standard set by "Something's Wrong". Another one of my current faves is an older single by JOHNNY AND THE JUMPER CABLES, a band that includes the one and only Ken Highland from the immortal GIZMOS. Both songs here are minor garage punk classics, one slower with real snotty vocals ("Total Depravity"), the other faster with an instantly memorable chorus ("I Get Nervous"). Damn good songs which would sound even better if one was inebriated at a bar. While I'm on the subject of bars, I might as well talk up the MONO MEN's "Wrecker" LP, which is chock full of guitar-heavy garage punkers influenced by the best of 60s, 70s, and 80s drunk rock. As it emphasizes on the record jacket, this album was recorded using real drums, real guitars, and loud amps, without fuckin' fuzzboxes. My personal pick hits are "Testify", "I'm Hangin'", and "Took That Thing", all of which have a nicely updated 60s sound, rowdy in-your-face vocals, and monstrously thick guitars. It's definitely partytime. Another eminently worthwhile album is the SUPERSUCKERS' "The Smoke of Hell". At first I was a little disappointed with it, perhaps because their 7"ers set such a high standard that equalling it would be hard for anyone. But after listening to this sucker a few more times, I find it impossible to get some of the songs out of my brain. Not only do I love the chunky mid-tempo numbers (like the truly great "Coattail Rider"), there's even a couple of thrashers that I'm blown away by. I haven't been into thrash for years, so it takes a really catchy blast to grab me by the shirt collar and sling me around, and both "I Say Fuck" and "Sweet n'Sour Jesus" definitely have what it takes. Sometimes I think the wah-wah is a bit overdone, and there's a couple of less worthy tracks, but overall this is prime stuff. Finally, I recently received a couple of 45s by DOG, a band from Ohio State country. Being a big Michigan gridiron fan, that hardly recommends them to me, but one of the guys in the band looks kinda like Frankie from CRIME, so that counts for something. Seriously though, I like the A-side on one of these singles ("Circus") because it's a primitive garage punker. But on the other songs they try to get too musically clever or eccentric and just end up ruining everything, at least for me. In this age of awful art bands turning up their amps and trying to pass for punks, someone needs to put their foot down and sing paeans to the undeniable charms of simple song structures, a rockin' beat, and a crude sound.

I left my boss high and dry at work recently, and it felt good. I walked out the door as he scratched his head and worried over a past-due report that he can't complete. For the past several months, he's been coasting along, passing my work off as his own. I guess I could have lived with that. I'm not a glory-hound. But when he denied me a small pay raise, I decided to turn the tables on him.

I'd like to think I'm getting even. I didn't invite this exploitation. But I'm certainly not going to go along with it, since there's nothing in it for me. I used to be a good employee, coming in early, staying late, working on my days off, accepting requests for extra work. But I've found out the hard way that I'll get paid the same amount, whether I do a great job or a mediocre one. So why put out the additional effort?

Don't get me wrong. I'm doing the work I was hired to do. Plus, I'm doing much more. Until I got this last work performance evaluation, I didn't even mind all the extra work he saddles me with. But when he told me that I'd have to prove that my getting a pay raise would bring in business and/or profit to the company,~drew the line. Since he ignored all my extra work, and acted like I was asking too much by expecting to be paid accordingly, I feel it's time to take matters into my own hands.

So he denies me a raise of even a crummy quarter an hour? Fine, I take all the pens, paper, envelopes, stamps, and other office supplies I need. When he calls me in early, or makes me stay late to cover other employees' shifts, I eat for free. So do my friends. I'll probably never pay for another soda or snack for as long as I work. I haven't had to buy paper towels, napkins, or even toilet tissue for my house in months. I'll take whatever I need, and do everything I think I can get away with. I'm determined to make sure that denying me even a minimal raise will cost the company much more in the long run. And I wonder if any of the big-wigs will be able to determine why supplies costs and operational expenses keep increasing.

It's bad to admit, but I don't feel guilty when I sabotage my boss's reports and correspondence. Since I can't march in and cuss him out without losing my job, I try to weaken his credibility and competence with his superiors. I've stopped correcting his atrocious grammar and spelling errors in his reports and memos. He's got everyone believing he types his own work; I hope he looks incredibly ignorant.

Anytime I mention my sorry work predicament to anyone, they all are quick to hand out the most absurd advice. Everybody suggests "quit", like that's any kind of solution. That's not even realistic. I don't owe any money; my bills are few. But I couldn't even pay my rent, utilities, or food bills without some sort of income. It's not easy getting another job, these days. It took me three months to get this one. The tight economy has put employers in a position to be very selective, even concerning the lowest of jobs. It's getting worse each year. Just having some bullshit job is better than nothing.

Why should I have to quit, anyway? I do my job. In fact, I do more than I was hired to do. If all I want is the pay increase that I was promised each time he gave me more work to do, why should I have to quit as a protest? That puts me back on square one every time it happens. The company or the manager gets off scotfree. I do all this work for nothing, then when I get pissed off and quit, the next fool to take my place gets treated just as bad and probably paid even less. The companies ultimately win. They get more work and pay less and less for it.

Maybe I'm particularly bitter because this happens to me so damned often. I know I resent it because I was raised to hold my Dad's beliefs on work. He lives by the principle that hard work and inititave gets rewarded. He's a living testament to that achievement. So is my brother. But not me. I've been stiffed on pay raises and promotions on nearly every job I've ever had. I tried to approach work like a real go-getter, but I guess this was too intimidating. Since I've been betrayed so often, I have to wonder if I'm too strong and assertive for my male bosses, or if this subtle manipulation and blatant exploitation is built into the capitalist work system.

I pipe dream often of how I'd do things if I owned or ran a business. After having been taken advantage of so many times, I've got dozens of ideas of how to balance the demands of the buying public with the needs of the employees. I firmly believe that if an employer takes care of his employees, those same employees will take care of his business. I can't believe more companies don't live by this practice. I would. But it's highly unlikely I'll own or manage or do anything more than work as an average employee.

I'm not proud of what I do to get even. I'd rather not have to do it at all. I'd rather get paid for all the extra work they shove off on me. I'd rather be able to refuse it, without getting reprimanded or fired. I'd prefer to work in a situation in which I do an honest day's work for an honest day's pay. I didn't ask to be treated this way. My time is worth something. My time is just as valuable to me as my boss's is to him. Yet, he's the one collecting the thousand dollar bonuses and regular pay increases twice a year.

Of course, I'm not naive enough to think this happens only to me. I'm sure a hefty percentage of average-Joe laborers have had it with low pay and/or paltry raises. Most just accept their bullshit jobs and meager pay as part of life's inevitability, like there's no use in fighting a prohibitive system. I'm sorry; I can't do that. It's a give and take situation. We need jobs to survive, just as companies need our work and our buying power to survive. It just seems like they want our time for a premium price and our money like there's an endless supply. Sooner or later, something has got to give. I'm tired of doing all the compromising and giving, while getting nothing in return.

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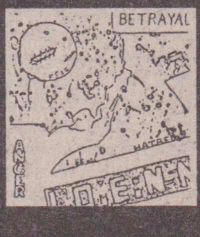

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2. 719 John St W, Listowel, Ont N4W 1B6, Canada
3. Don't phone, write please!
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1. **Ceasefire Productions**
2. Calgary office: Box 51, 1405-17 Avenue SW/ Calgary, AB, Canada T2T 0C6. Edmonton office: Box 29, 10024-82 Avenue/ Edmonton, AB/ Canada T6E 1Z3.
3. Calgary: Rusty (403)245-6822. Edmonton: Gigi (403)432-1094 or Todd (403)426-4210.
4. Halls, clubs, or restaurants between 150-300 capacity.
5. Food and accomodations 9 times outta 10.
6. Generally small guarantee (under $250) versus percentage. Radio and flyers.

1. **Wooden Shoe**
2. 122 S 20th St, Philadelphia, PA 19103
3. Cale: Monday (215)569-2477; elsewise 474-6459
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5. Mostly shows will be benefits for anarchist projects in Philly area, so $ will need to be worked out on a case by case basis.
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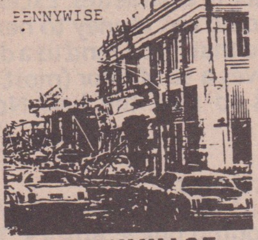

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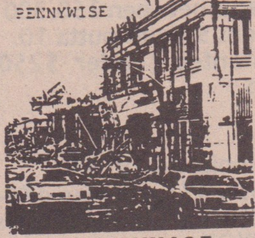

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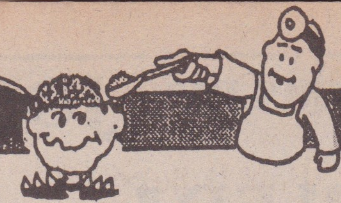
WHATS THE SCOOP?

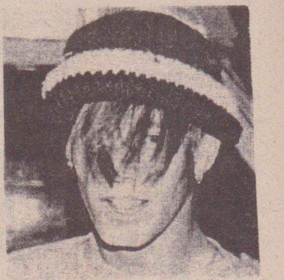


By: Michelle Belacic

This month's question:

What's the best dream you ever had?

Jason, 18, Sacramento
The best dream I ever had was going on a date with Phyllis from Raooul.



Mark, 20, Oakland
I was driving to Seattle and I met the guy from Nirvana, what's that guy's name? Kurt Cobain! and he said, "Let's go over in the bushes here and have a homosexual interlude" and I said, "O.K." and then I was in seventh heaven.

Heather, 20, Berkeley
I was in Hello Kitty Land and I couldn't get out. That's the best dream that I can remember. I've had dreams about Ritchie Bucher being married to Jane Fonda, but nobody want s to hear about that!

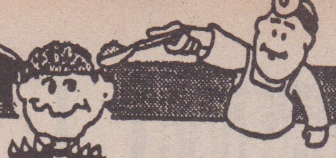
Lali, 23, San Francisco
I can't remember the best dream I've ever had. The weirdest dream I ever had, I had two nights ago and I was pregnant and I gave birth to puppies. I kid you not! Next thing I know everyone was leaving the maternity ward and going out to a football stadium with all these puppies, fuckin' everyone was having puppies. They were all little labradors and it was in technicolor, it was kinda cool.

Kyle, 16, Walnut Creek
I was driving in a car with these guys that used to be my friends. As we were driving down this street where I used to live this song came on the radio and on the side of the road there were these divers and they were swimming, and one of the streets had all these divers about to swim and the two people in the front seat bent over, turned around and got into diving position and that was the end of the dream.

Kara, 18, Oakland
I can't remember the best dream that I had, but I can tell you my worst dream. My friend Jeff is paralyzed and he was in this dream with me. In this dream I called him and I was going over there and when I walked in the door he was dead and they thought that I killed him.

Sean, 20, Rodeo
I had this dream when I was a little kid. I remember I walked out of my house and there was this big brick, stone thing and I ran and I jumped off and I started flying and I was flapping my wings, or my arms, and when I would start to fall and I would flap them again and I'd just go higher.

WHATS THE SCOOP?

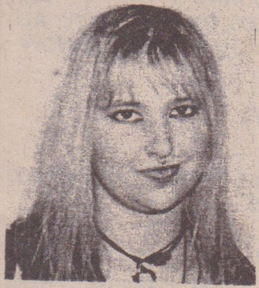


Neil, 19, Hercules
I can't remember the best dream that I ever had, but this is my worst dream. I have this collection of shower heads that are the facial expressions of ex-presidents and I had a dream that they were stolen and that's like the worst thing that could ever happen to me in my life, that someone would steal my collection of ex-president shower heads.

Luke Cypress, 19, Santa Rosa
I'm skating down the street and first I pull three ollie impossibles in a row, backwards, upsidedown, then I find a whole sheet of acid and eat it and don't freak out, then I find a whole pound of marijuana, but I burn it because I don't like marijuana anymore, then Sylvester Stallone keeps me as a kept man and I woke up.

Jessica, 14, Booneville
I was in this field with my friend Danielle and it had just rained, so there were all these puddles of water. In this one puddle there was this orange and black snake and it was really pretty, then there was this pelican flying over my head and it kept circling me and suddenly it said, "Je t'ame, je t'ame" and then it dove down and nipped me on my ear.

Danielle, 15, Santa Rosa
There was this guy that called us a while ago and he knew what my address was, and and he knew all this stuff and he was threatening to kill me, so I had this dream that he called up and said, "You fucked up bitch and now I'm coming over" and so this van arrived at my door and these guys hop out and they had guns and so they walked in and I was with my dad and he grabbed this butcher knife from the kitchen and he runs up to them and stabs one of the guys and then the other guy came around the corner and I hit him with this pan and he fell over and died and I was really stoked because it started out as one of those dreams where you're running in place and can't get anywhere, but then I turned around and I was powerful and I got rid of them.



Ayn, 22, Philadelphia
I had a dream that I was walking down the street and I saw Charles Bukowski passed out with a brown bottle of booze and he looked up at me and gave me writing inspiration and told me I was going to be a great writer.

Neil, 21, Oakland
I had a dream that I got a free ticket to Minneapolis for Christmas.

Sarah, 20, Oakland
I remember when I was younger, there was a period of time that I didn't see my dad for a few years and I didn't really know where he was and I had a dream that I ran into him again and I remember in the dream I was really happy and was just giving him a big hug and I remember being able to feel the buttons on his shirt and the way he smelled and everything and I was really happy to see him again.

THREE LEGGED DOG

THREE LEGGED DOG - "Loaded" LP

Believe me, THREE LEGGED DOG (now based in Seattle?) was always an asset to Columbia, Missouri's punk scene. It's great to finally hear a full album by them. These 13 songs hit from all different directions, with old punk-style influences, some rockin' stuff, even a SubPop groove. No Insert? (KG)

THREE LEGGED DOG - "Sniff This" EP

Taking their nod from ROKY ERICKSON, only one of these three tunes (recorded three years ago) has that kind of psychotic garage feel. Another is a really good midwest punk rager, and the last is a funkly little number. Hope they still maintain this approach. (TY)

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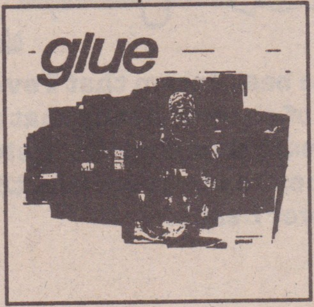

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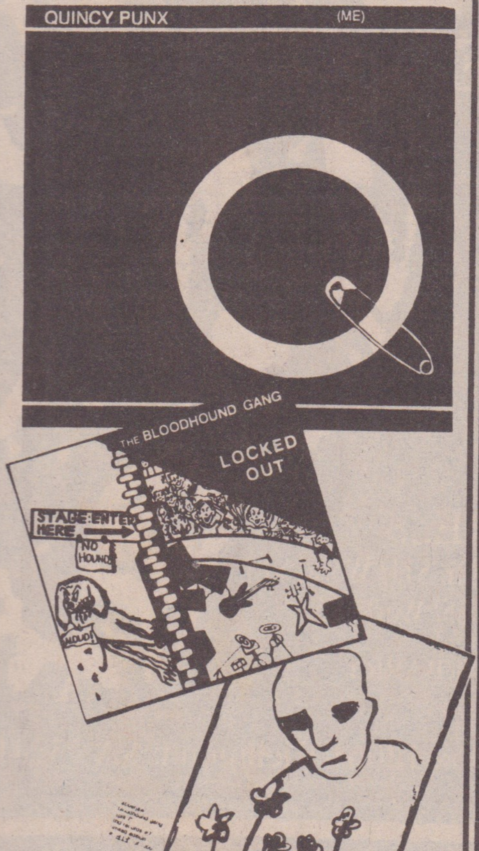

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Random Conflict would like to thank: Darcy Ann Williams, Voicebox Dave, the Sit-Com (sorry about the mess), Matt, the Cherry Lounge, Gather Round Productions (Chuck, Gail and Shannon), the End Zone, Ed and the Contamin Mortalis crew, Zee, Frankie's Deli, Tip Top Cafe, all the bands we played with and the cities of Bloomington (IN), Indianapolis (IN), Rockford (IL), St. Louis (MO), Tuscaloosa (AL), Birmingham (AL), and Huntsville (AL) and anyone who help us on our August 1991 tour. (DAVE HATE, glad you're out of jail) Call Bill for booking info (205)-764-5163.

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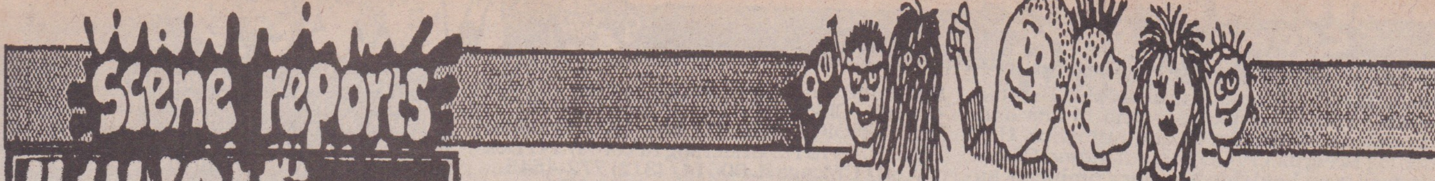


To begin, much thanks to the people who wrote me in sympathy about the loneliness of "my box." It appears as if I was able to guilt trip some of you local people into sending some info and photos for the scene report. To date, I haven't heard anyone griping that these reports are too centered on the stuff I'm involved in. Good — that means that everyone understands "the way" of the scene reports; if you send me stuff (photos, letters, flyers) I'll mention it, if you don't, and I don't know about it, and obviously, I won't write about it. However, I did receive one phone call from the enraged manager of a band I mentioned last report who didn't like what I wrote. Although I appreciated the call, I suggested that the person should have written to MRR & aired their beef in open forum, so the rest of you could learn from it. This person suggested I not write about certain things. Oh well, I will anyway.

I was going to write a little blurb about how pissed I was that McGregor's in Elmhurst almost got shut down again because some bozo(s) had to drink in the club parking lot. I wanted to make the point that weekly, cheap all-ages shows are more important than being too lazy to walk 200 yards to pound a brew, but someone mailed this next bit to me recently, and does it for me (thanx Paul!):

Out in one of the blandest of the bland suburbs of Chicago in a little strip mall next to the La-Z-Boy shop is a stupid sports bar called McGregor's. Twice a week it becomes the punkest place in the Chicago area. At least *musically*. It's the place we in this decaying city travel to to hear all the hella rad bands we read about in MRR- Spitboy, Paxston Quiggly, Green Day, and Nuisance. We also get to see the excellent local bands who seldom play at the corporate beer halls in the city- GAUGE, 8 BARK, THE VINDICTIVES, even Da Band themselves, PEGBOY.

The crew that runs these shows does good job, but the spark plug behind the whole thing is a guy named Matt Nelson. You can hear a lot of opinions about him, but in this column I'll offer mine; he's the punkest guy I know, he loves the music, he cares about the kids at the shows, he is not a snob, he loves what he is doing- he makes the shows happen.

It's not like he's not critical about things, it's just that he loves all this stuff, as different as Voodoo Glow Skulls and Poison Idea are, he can enjoy them all. So many of the scenesters always have something bad to say about some band or another, but Matt can describe a month with maybe 32 different bands like a surfer talking about a month of perfect waves. No whining, just excitement. This is how it should be!

I had the pleasure of talking with him on what might have been the last night of all-ages shows at McGregor's. He was telling me about the bands he had lined up for September, and he was so stoked about it, it was contagious. Then I got to see his heart stomped on twenty minutes later when he heard that the police were outside arresting someone in the parking lot, and that they might get shut down for good.

The police out in Elmhurst have been trying to shut the all-ages shows down for some time. They did shut down the place for about eight months last year. It seems that when the bar has their 21 and over Cheap Trick tribute shows, or when the Bud Draft Bimbettes are appearing, there is no problem with alcohol. I guess because it is served by the people in the bar. But on all-ages nights, if some kid sucks a six pack in his car nearby and gets caught, they shut down the show for those of us inside, who aren't drinking.

Listen, this ain't Gilman Street. It's 83 and North Ave. The walls have stupid sexist posters (ask Spitboy) and they play TVs during the shows. But there are "hipper" and "cooler" and ostensibly more "punk" places around that don't do nearly the variety and consistency of Matt's shows, and few of them have the same quality of sound gear. The fact that he can pull off this thing in such a stupid place is a miracle of almost biblical proportion. If you could figure out a more unlikely place to do shows this cool, I wouldn't want to imagine it.

8 BARK

When his shows were shut down, a lot of bands just didn't play Chicago. Nobody else was able to do what he did -the local guys just- as Ben Weasel put it "cried in their beer". A lot of cool DIY promoters have popped up since then, but they might find it hard to handle 700 people, like McGregor's did for Green Day.

On the night they almost got shut down, every band playing, from LA, Detroit, Cleveland, and Chicago all agreed- we had a very special thing going with the all-ages shows at McGregor's, something that is dying out all over the country. The main reason that it was happening was Matt Nelson. It is sadly ironic that on his birthday, they were almost shut down for good.

The threat of being closed has passed for now- Matt had to go to court for some reason to assure the city fathers that all was well, and now he's talking about how excited he is because Jawbreaker might come, and because the kids at the All You Can Eat show are *having fun*. I've been going to a lot of shows for a long time, and I haven't met many promoters who get this excited because *people are having fun*. But that's the way he is. A rare guy in an unlikely place doing the impossible.

Band Shit: GAUGE returned from a successful tour of the Midwest this summer, and have gotten tighter and more popular all over. They have a full-length release in their future plans. 8 BARK just returned from a canceled 2 1/2 week tour to CA. Instead of CA, 8B spent 2 1/2 weeks waiting for the van to get fixed in Columbia, MO. They're going west again in December, so write if you want to help set up a show. ESKIMO NATION has taken the summer off, with members going separate ways, but are back together for the fall and beyond, with plans for more recording. PROPHETS OF RAGE from Evanston have been playing around lately, and recently played a show at Tony Victory's loft/club Club Blitz with SNAPCASE, TRANSCEND and SILENCE. The VINDICTIVES have been doing very well selling their 7"s, and are even planing another as I write this. SCREECHING WEASEL will release a new album on Lookout Records this Nov 1st. Other than that, SW is laying low until early next spring when they plan on doing a U.S. tour, possibly with NY's The Queers, and then maybe Europe... SLUDGEWORTH have just recorded 6 songs to be used as a demo for a new LP, and they're shopping for a label to put it out. NOT REBECCA have been working on getting some recordings out and have been playing around lately. Naperviller's GRASS are a new band that has a *free* 3 song demo tape out, so write 'em for it. CAP'N JAZZ have been working on many out of town shows, and despite having shitty equipment and that everybody spells their name wrong, are still optimistic about punk rock. wow.

Club/Venue Shit: Great news! There are once again shows going on at the Too Far West Cafe. An organization called Collective Chaos has revived the Saturday afternoon all-ages show thing there. Shows are almost every week, are small, and cheap. There is still a lack of suburban people coming down to them, however, probably due to unfamiliarity with the neighborhood. If that's all that's holding you back, you're afraid for nothing. The area it's in is safe & cool, just call them for directions (see info below). Tony Victory has begun doing shows again at his big loft in Chicago, and calls it Club Blitz (again). It is located at 1035 W. Lake St. in Chicago, and can hold quite a few people for good sized shows. Call Victory Records for booking and info. An organization called Further Beyond Productions has started doing tons of cool stuff recently out of suburban Downers Grove, and already are behind many diverse projects. Basil of FBP has organized two very successful shows at a V.F.W. hall in Lombard (an amazing feat for the conservative, oppressive west 'burbs). FBP is now looking to start doing shows at the College of DuPage.

Label Shit: Further Beyond Prod. is a label too! They have just released two 7"EPs, by HEEL and TRIGWATER. More releases are planned, including a SILENCE 7" and an LP comp too. Basil has also begun maintaining an Illinois "the list," called the Illinois Show Listing (duh). It comes out twice monthly, and features show dates, venue locations, and band listings. It has recently added an ad

Scene reports

book/resource center feature as well. Bands/ labels/ clubs/ people can send in ads and classifieds. Write him to find out more. Underdog Records LP/CD comp *Achtung Chicago Zwei* is on hold due to money problems as of this writing, but hopefully by this printing it will be underway again. U-Dog's 1st full-length release in a long time just came out Aug 1st, the 8 BARK LP/CD *Structurally Sound*. It is also the first CD release ever for U-Dog. U-Dog is hoping that this release will help the label get back into good financial straights. Johann's Face records is putting out a new NO EMPATHY 7" that includes a tune called "Weasel Doesn't Like It" which features some vocals by Ben Weasel. It was recorded at Attica Studios, which is a very cool little demo studio here in Wicker Park, and engineered by Chuck Uchida, of DEFOLIANTS and NO EMPATHY fame. Attica's been churning out quite a few comp. tracks and 7"s of local bands. In fact, the BOLLWEEVILS will be releasing an "Attica" 7" on Underdog Records soon, their second. Victory Records has put out the ICEBURN LP/CD/CS and a WORLDS COLLIDE 7" a few months ago, and it is doing well.

Zine Shit: Rich of C. S. Productions has put out another issue of *The Struggle* recently, and is working on #3 for October. Rich really wants *The Struggle* to become an all inclusive zine, and he encourages anyone who wants a bit of their (Chicago area) towns scene to be represented, to write C. S. Prod with a mini scene report. Underdog Records *Underdog Zine* has been doing well, and has mostly kept to their quarterly release schedule. #2 is out and is 92 pages long, and #3, still on the layout board, looks even bigger already. The *Wind Chill Factor* zine #8 is out and looks better and better each issue. It always gets rave reviews so what more can I say but anarchy, vandalism, squatting, and it's free (+ postage!). *Damaged Zine* #3 is out, and has proven to be a great scene oriented mag - good work. Out of Downers Grove, it is even larger this time with more stories and the like.

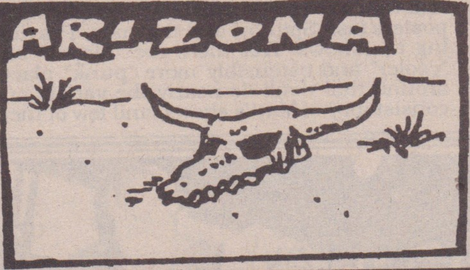
Events And Stuff Shit: The Underdog Records Roach Market #1 took off with a bang this past July 25th, and it will keep going the last Saturday of every month, noon to 6pm at the U-Dog loft 2047 W. North Ave. This is a free swap fest, multi-media show, hang out, coffee house thing open to anyone interested. Please show up and sell/swap your zines, jewelry, records, food, clothing, whatever. Call U-Dog for more info. C. S. Productions is also getting "Hardcore Against Hunger II" off the ground. This happened last year, and was a 12 band benefit to collect food for the needy. This year it will happen December 19th, and any band is welcome to participate, just call C. S. Prod. about it. Also, every Thursday night starting Sept 3rd, the Thinking Faction will show a movie at the Underdog Records loft at 2047 W. North, Chicago. The idea is to show a cool, interesting movie for free (donations are requested) and then spout off about why it sucked, why it pissed you off, why it made you fell good, etc. Call the *Wind Chill Factor* for more info. I have also just heard that there are people getting ready to organize a Chicago Anti Racist Action group. More info on that next time.

There has been a whole slew of new activity in Rockford, IL as of late, and I am working on getting more info. I have heard of and seen flyers for lots of cool shows, so call James Arroy, who probably has a hand in most of them. Rockford is about 1 hour west of Chicago, and could turn into a great "companion" scene if things keep going out there.

Did I forget anything? If I did, sorry, but let me know for next time. That's it. Write/ Call; Doug Ward/ 8 BARK/ PO Box 476847/ Chicago IL, 60647-6847/ (312) 772-4545.

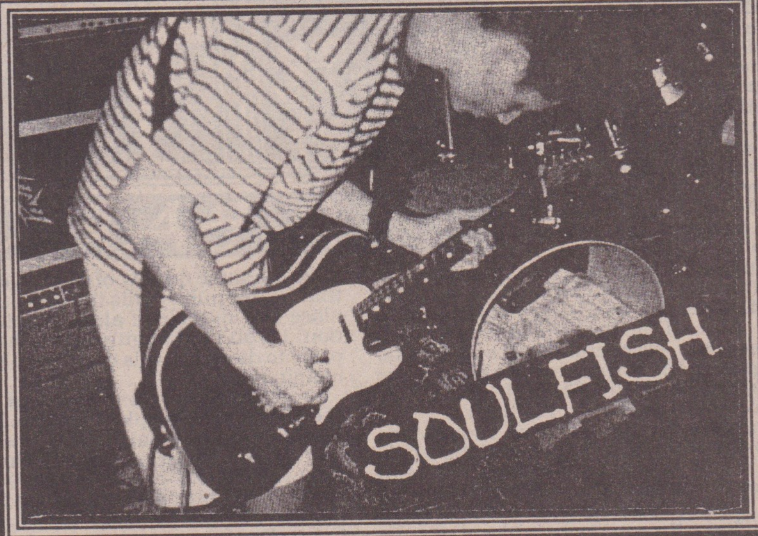
Some numbers/addresses:

Further Beyond Productions, Basil Shadid/ 1210 Gregory Place/ Downers Grove, IL 60515... Richard Zupkus, C.S. Productions/ 3755 W. 67th Pl./ Chicago, IL 60629/ (312) 581-3480... Johann's Face Records/ PO Box 479164/ Chicago, IL 60647/ (312) 226-0957... THE VINDICTIVES/ PO Box 183/ Franklin Park, IL 60131... Underdog Records/ PO Box 14182/ Chicago IL 60614/ (312) 772-4545... Shakefork Records/ PO Box 9711/ Downers Grove, IL 60515/ (708) 852-7795... Victory Records/ PO Box 146546/ Chicago, IL 60614/ (312) 404-6214... Matt Nelson/ Out of Control Prod/ 2434 N. Albany 2nd Fl./ Chicago, IL 60647/ (312) 342-7859... WZRD/ 5500 N. St. Louis/ Chicago, IL 60625/ (312) 794-2861/live on-the-air call Glen (312) 478-3855... BOLLWEEVILS/ 2649 W. Bryn Mawr/ Chicago, IL 60659/ (312) 784-6708... Wind Chill Factor/ PO Box 81961/ Chicago, IL 60681... Collective Chaos Prod./ (312) 276-0539... James Arroy/ Rockford, IL/ (815) 962-6601... Damaged Zine/ PO Box 9631/ Downers Grove, IL 60515... GRASS/ 1326 Fredrick Lane/ Naperville, IL 60565... Ebb Fanzine/ 8546 N. Karlov Ave./ Skokie, IL 60076. Any other numbers that you'd like but aren't listed here, just write me and I'll see what I can dig up.



I've not seen a good Tucson scene report in many an age, which is too bad, since we have such a ripping scene here. There is a lot happening here for those who will search out the oportunities where they lie.

I'll start with venues. The main one is the Downtown Performance Center. DPC, as it's called, is an all-ages venue run by a really cool guy named Steve. He treats bands well and is a good guy. The DPC adress is 530 B N. Stone Ave. but I don't know the zip. Call 1 (602) 628-1650 for more info. Bands that have recently played the DPC include Monsula, Naked Aggression, 411, and Crash Worship. Most of those bands will attest that Tucson crowds are energetic and responsive to the music. A hint: if you book a show at DPC, try to get on a bill with a big local band like MALIGNUS YOUTH, GROUNDWORK, FUSE, or DAVE'S BIG DELUXE. Local bands draw good crowds. There aren't many other venues around... Club Congress does over 21 shows (602)622-8848, and a new club, The Rock has recently hosted Struggle and Holy Rollers among others (602)629-9211. House parties once abounded, but it definitely seems that they've gone the way of the dinosaurs in recent months.



There are two worthwhile record stores in town: Toxic Record Ranch on the corner of 4th Ave. & 6th St. is big and punk but they charge a lot, and Wrex records at 6th and, like, Park caters to the alternative/industrial crowd, though it carries some indie, and of course MRR. We need new record stores here.

Tucson now has a few very decent zines being produced. Tim D'Avis and Ryan Green do a thing called *Roessiger* or something like that. It's goofy and fun and cheap from 1E5 Desert Sky Rd/ Tucson, AZ 85737. Tim's brother, Greg, is a part of a hardcore/political zine called *The Bottom Line*, and it's available from the above address for a buck. It's a very nice zine. My zine, *Hanley News*, is all purpose and might I say pretty cool. The new issue has a Comb 7" on orange/white vinyl. $3 ppd from 7781 N Avenida de Carlotta/ Tucson, AZ 85704. Me and Tim will soon be doing an info zine called *Anthem* from above address. A zine from Phoenix called *Buzz Kill* is pretty entertaining in a self righteous and pretentious sort of way. Write them at PO Box 43950/ Phoenix, AZ 85080. A few other zines include *Hate Wagon* and *Unit 33*, but I don't know the addresses off hand so write to me for that.

Record labels include Ghost Town (Groundwork, Soulfish)/ PO Box 36622/ Tucson, AZ 85740; Youth Ink (Malignus Youth, G-39)/ 125 Carl Hayden Dr/ Sierra Vista, AZ 85635; Toxic Shock (lotsa stuff) and Utility (Comb)/ 7781 N. Ave De Carlotta/ Tucson, AZ 85704. A few other labels exist in the context that they put out their own band's stuff. Write to Cathy c/o DPC for more info on that.

Skating is dying off around here. Only two shops remain: Itchy Foot Moe's on Broadway, and Van's California Daze in the Tucson Mall. Try Moe's first.

Places to stay (i.e. motels) are cheapest along Miracle Mile and South Stone Ave. They are in the $16 to $20 a night range. If you can spring for it, stay at Hotel Congress in the heart of the downtown Arts District. Chow places are abundant, from the Mexican poo at Two Pesos on University west of Park; good coffee at Coffee Etc. on Campbell & Glenn; Bentley's House Of Coffee And Tea on Speedway west of Campbell, or on Congress street downtown; Cafe Quebec and Cafe Magritte on Broadway near 4th; Magpie Pizza, Snack Shack, and Rusty Lantern on South 4th Ave; Time Market at 4th Ave. & University; and of course there's Denny's at Oracle and Orange Grove, Oracle and River, or off the freeway near Grant exit where there's also a Waffle House. These are just my personal recommendations as good chow places.

Good things to do if you're stuck in Tucson: go to an artsy fartsy film at the Loft Theater. Go to a cool play at AKA Theater on Congress St. Laugh at silly goth rockers at Club X (The Fine Line). Go to Downtown Saturday Night every 1st and 3rd Saturday of

the month—during this event all the art galleries are open and street vendors are in abundance—very cool. Walk up and down 4th Avenue where there's lots of cheap clothes, neat shops, and extra tasty food. And go to shows at the DPC on Friday and Saturday night. If you're lucky you might run into local scene gods like Dave Cunningham (G-39), Daron Hollowell (Ghost Town), (Soulfish), Lana (Sierra Vista), Brendan Dave Thayer or Britt (Groundwork), or hey, maybe even me! Ha ha ha! Tucson a good place. Good

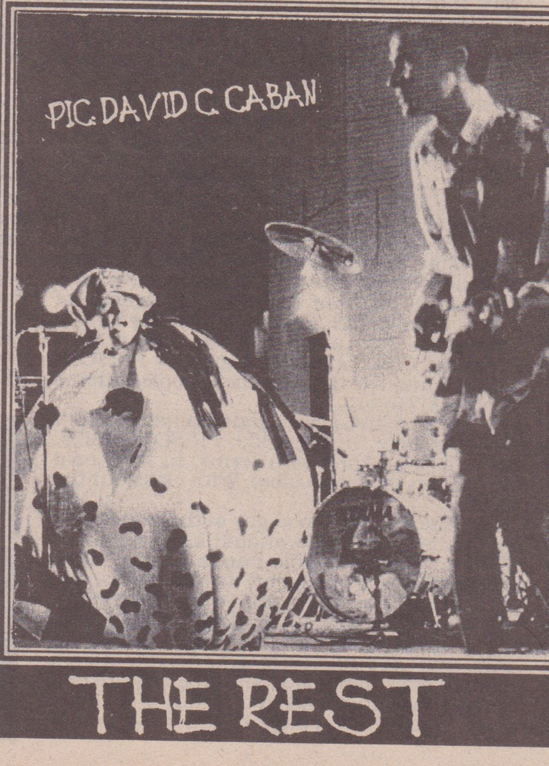
Hey, I don't care where you're from, read this! Read this! Read this! Read this!.....Hello Mom. Hello Dad. Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck. (Have a sense of humor please.) I've been waiting my whole life to start a piece that way.

Stupid intro? Yeah, so start your own column and write something you think states things better - that's kind of what punk is (or was) all about. I won't so much as smirk, let alone laugh unless you're as profoundly, and intentionally as humorous as SOCKEYE (King of the 7" and split 7") or HOSTILE AMISH (*Quilted In Fascism* cass., etc.) Seriously funny bands. Since this first column is gonna spill over the page like a loose bowel movement, even slipping past the Ohio border and back, I must warn you first to put on your hip waders.

As outlandish as SOCKEYE and HOSTILE AMISH are, the king of pissers is still California's own JOHN WAYNE. If you miss FIST PUPPET's reissue of their *Texas Funeral* with two new cuts on the CD and I think, a new B-side, uh, "song" on their reissue 45 (?), you are a complete dumb ass. Don't let these drunken bastards go down with the ship! Request the WAYNE gang (dist. by Cargo Records) at your local hip store.

Now what state am I supposed to be writing about? Oh yeah, Ohio. Good. Hot scene, and it feels like it's about to burst wide open. Kinda like a puffed tin foil Jiffy Pop thingy with nine hungry kids attacking it all at once.... nevermind. To mangle metaphors even more, we have a bottleneck with literally hundreds of great bands and very little regional, national and indeed international coverage. Hence this column. This kind of suppression and indifference can fuel greatness. In an effort to promote firsthand awareness of Ohio bands, I am beginning an at-cost 100 minute cassette series of music by underground Ohio bands. Please send $4 in the US or Canada (money order or American currency) well hidden to: Cleveland Roks Vol. I/ PO Box 1088/ Mentor, OH 44061 Overseas send $6. You won't regret ordering this tape and the cassette will include as many contact addresses as possible. A labor of love and regional pride. If all goes as planned, a new tape will be generated with each allotted column (however often that may be). Let's not blow this golden opportunity to get the word out on our state's bands. Ohio bands of all ilk send your music. In this more enlightened era of MRR, I am willing to give any submissions a shot - but the postpunk and heavy stuff will definitely get top billing. I'm going to do a "review" issue of recent stuff. Furthermore, once this does see the Light of Day (obligatory Euc. Tavern joke...), then I will hopefully have some leverage in getting a college radio show 500 miles from my alma mater.

PREFERABLE SECT



THE REST

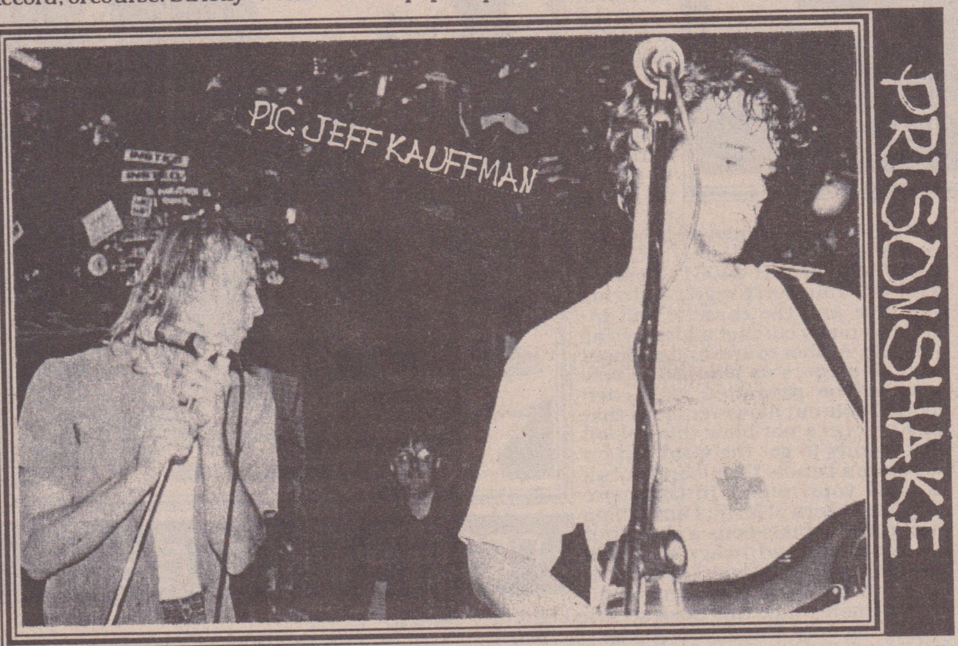
Now on to CRAW, a Cleveland band (this is obviously sort of "the Cleveland issue" until the rest of Ohio, and indeed Cleveland and myself, catches on here) that has stumbled to the best post-hc art damage label in town, *Hit & Run*, shortly after releasing their own 7-song *celephais* cassette. The B-side especially will no doubt "bring up" similar cataclysmic memories in all this side of Ian "Shirley Temple" MacKaye. This Helmet/ Sabbath/ God-Knows What mutation - hence the extreme thrust yet expansive room to breath a la Miles and (more likely) Melvins combined with their own heady musical input are topped by McTighe's increasingly more linear (i.e. coherent) lyrics apparently still inspired by the darker works of the darkest Beats. CRAW are simply and utterly alone at the top of the heap of the new post-hc/ art Cleveland scene: a scene that is growing like Parma crab grass with the likes of ELECTRIC MAYHEM (*Flip Your Wig* era Husker) and the wonderful indescribable SISSY. The A-side is "Elliot". Their stuff (including shirts) sells well in stores and extremely well at shows and they get plenty of college radio play, so hop to it. They should get huge. Regardless, CRAW on vinyl and even more so live are definitely the "new" band to see in NE Ohio.

I'll shut up now about the youngsters as long as you send some dough to *Hit & Run*. Send $3.00 to: Hit & Run Records c/o: Tom A. Eakin/ PO Box 44302/ Cleveland, OH 44144.

And now a quick rundown on Case Western Reserve's annual all-but-regional (8 of 9!) all day night free show, sponsored and simulcast by FM 91.1 in beautiful downtown Cleveland. First was PREF-

ERABLE SLOT who was working very well off their self-titled 4-song cassette. Take the industrial wallop of the tape and beef up the aggressiveness 3-fold and you've got the Rollins-like lead throat (Carl Cucuzza) and his rockin' band doing a Bam Bam-wants-to-slam-Pebbles in-a-Hubba-Hubba-kinda-way performance. WOW. The early birds were receptive, but few realized how truly "on" these guys were. In a related event, if the PS crew would stop subjugating themselves as openers to #4 slot SCREW TRACTOR at Cleveland gigs, maybe this town would start realizing that they are a hell of a lot better songwriters and more entertaining than the TRACTOR - who, now, defying logic, have a new distribution deal with Relativity.

Second up was THE UNKNOWN. For now they shall remain so - on their own accord, of course. Strictly "workmanlike" pap.



CIRCLE OF WILLIS, another eminently forgettable outfit, paved the way for the much bally-hooed SCREW TRACTOR, who capped off this triumvirate of boredom in relatively numbing fashion. Geesh. Let's get out of here.

The BEATNIK TERMITES, a heavily Ramones influenced trio turned things around sharply, getting the crowd hopping to the beat. Although the TERMITES are definitely bantam weight pop/punk, they are well aware of their buoyancy and use it to their advantage. Simply put, don't think too hard, just dance. They were just fun. Is that allowed?

Well, BLUTO'S REVENGE reared their troublesome heads next. These musicians are some of the nicest guys on the scene. Couldn't hate 'em if you were paid to. Anyway, if you like their '92 CD, *Take The Blame*, you won't believe how far these guys have come in their recent live performances. A tad more imagination and variety in their song writing and they'll be way ahead of the pack. Most improved band of the show. Hands down.

The immensely underrated 4 COYOTES hit the stage and immediately grabbed the audience's attention with chunks of the *Float In The Fye* and *Wishbone* EPs and selections from their huge backlog of unreleased gems. For the uninitiated, Tim and Co. put on a maniacal punk/Petty mix of psycho-grunge pop with bitchin' lyrics. Truly bitchin, I tell you straight. Look out for an album and a single on the German September Gurlz (?) label, per Case's festival program.

THE REST - hmm. Where to begin. I have to say it was one of the strangest shows I've ever seen. This was the one band I walked away from mildly disliking, and by the time I was half way home, I was pretty much digging them. A lot. If you get a chance to see them (which is very rare, you'll never forget them. Siskel and Ebert give THE REST two slow, strong thumbs up. Do anything you can to get on their postcard mailing list. For psychic abuse extraordinnaire (and hard to find performance dates), write THE REST/ 2458 Fairmount Blvd. Su. A/ Cleveland Hts., OH 44106. Look out America.

Headliner: Unrest. How are they? Who cares. I don't want to talk about it.

Anywho, "good guy of the month" is definitely Robert Griffin (of PRISONSHAKE and Scat Records and Distribution head) who heavily contributed to *I'm Really Fucked Now*, basically a 23-track compilation of recent Scat A and B side out of print stuff plus unreleased stuff.

Chris Burgess, bass player/owner and producer of the famous Beat Farm Studios, (MY DAD IS DEAD, PRISONSHAKE, DEATH OF SAMANTHA) and the man that figured out how to capture lead mumbler/growler, Doug Enkler's ravaged (as in "kick-ass blues") vocals is key to this whole creature starting to take flight. Now if they could only widen their live dynamics as boldly as Sebadoh or Alice Donut while keeping that "tube amp" Faces kind of warmness), they could conquer the world. Doug Engler, key lyrist/singer, is the master of the great punk/rock lost art form, lyric writing. Check out Mr. Engler's handiwork on Scrawl's version of "sad" (1989's *plus, also, too)*.

For the few who haven't noticed the Scat limited edition P-SHAKE 45s ruling many a MRR "Top 10" monthly list in recent years, let me tell you that despite a full agenda of burning down NYC in early August for 4 days, I caught a *Voice* and at the last minute for a weekend CBGB's headlining gig by PRISONSHAKE and I dragged 7 other people with me to check 'em out.

There are a few bands happening in a big way here, but few like PRISONSHAKE, who do it on their own terms, in their own studio, on their own label, With class out the ass!

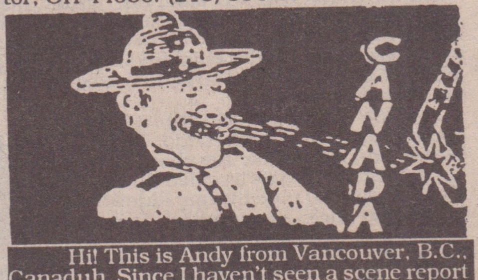
Back to the "good guy of the issue" that everyone nationwide should keep in mind. After returning to Ohio from a nearly 9 year absence and a persistent deadly illness and convalescing an additional year), Robert Griffin helped me get my sea legs (as did Derek Hess, another ace man that operates nationally, and on occasion internationally, much like Griffin) and made innumerable useful suggestions that lead to the start of a short-lived fanzine. Anyway, if you have a no-bullshit idea/ band, write him. I'm just trying to let MRR readers know of at least one person they can turn to if they're looking for solid advice and good Ohio connections. For now, send serious inquiries to: PRISONSHAKE/ Scat c/o Robert Griffin/ PO Box 1461/ Cleveland, OH 44114. (Just for the hell of it send Mr. Hess requests for artwork) He's always looking to find more wonderful known and unknown bands to book at various Cleveland clubs - especially from the Midwest. Send inquiries to: The Euclid Tavern c/o Derek Hess/ 1629 Euclid Av/ Cleveland, OH 44106.

Just a couple of loose entrails before I depart from this column. The VIVIANS have been rather quickly resuscitated by new drummer, Steve Melman (replacement for Scott Benedict). Also, the next release from Hit & Run will be a 7" by the SOUL VANDALS who are hot and happening. The VANDALS recorded 13 songs at Suma Recording Studio (one of PERE UBU's fave studios) for an upcoming LP. As an added bonus to any band seeking a label that ships me material, I am currently filing for the rights to start my own label, probably called 7 x 70 Records, and I'd be glad to see if we can come up with something fair to all involved if your music is good and the band doesn't come across like a bunch of dicks or rocktars. I am now the manager of a Feelies/Meat Puppets-only heavier band called CACTUS FINGER from Painesville, and I'm looking for at least two more heavy bands for upcoming 45, or CD5 releases. CACTUS FINGER are great, obviously, so they will kick off the label probably late this winter. FINGER's first live date will probably be in September, then we'll get serious. 7 x 70 is looking for Ohio bands mostly. Bands (and labels too!) contact me at the above address. We'll try to "cross-pollinate".

Great Idea Department - I contacted Datapanik/Okra, etc. labels of the Columbus Strange Rock Music scene and Jerry Wik said he'd be glad to host a couple day tours of the area where I could see some of these bands live, check out "corporate headquarters" and just have a great time with a buddy or two. Fear not southern Ohio, your day is coming! These records are great.

Speaking of indy stores, here's the cream of the crop for reasonably priced stuff. Record Revolution is king in NE Ohio. Their local selection is outrageous. Wax Stacks are A-OK and Chris' Warped Records have a knowledgeable staff with a real Ma & Pa shop atmosphere. These stores (and a wigged out clothing store) are run by Chris Andrews of SPUDMONSTERS fame. And of course, Mike Kole's propaganda "store-in-box" with extremely low prices and hard-to find punk stuff has to be seen to be believed.

Anyone not in here that feels they should be, write me or call and I'll do what I can, within reason, in the next column. Just remember, it's your job, no matter how big or small your band is, to promote your outfit, not mine. So contact me. I'll be fair. Let's work together to secure this column in MRR by flooding me with material, taking out ads and working on a statewide and nationwide level. Otherwise, Ohio will continue to quietly throw it's best bands into the Pit of Permanent Obscurity. Love, Mike/ PO Box 1088/ Mentor, OH 44060. (216) 354-0513



Hi! This is Andy from Vancouver, B.C., Canaduh. Since I haven't seen a scene report from this side of the west coast in some time, I thought I'd get off my lazy ass and do

something about it.

Three tapes I just obtained from Dyssentry Recordings are a) KARNIVOROUS RAUNCH F.U.X. cassette. Combine the best of G.G. Allin and add some Bunchofuckingoofs and you have a slight idea of what they sound like. b) 5 AGAINST 1 are a cool local hardcore band. Saw then awhile back but don't remember much as I had one too many ales that night. I do remember them being pretty good, though the sound wasn't that hot. The gig was at a place called the What? and the sound system that night wasn't up to snuff. Also they have a tape out called *No Direction*. c) PEANUT GALLERY are a band I've yet to see. Here I go again with comparisons, but how the hell else am I supposed to let you know what they sound like? Mix up the Avengers and A.P.P.L.E. and you get close to PEANUT GALLERY. I'm not sure if they've still got copies of these tapes, but if you wanna check, write: Dyssentry Recordings/ 1928 E 11th Ave/ Vancouver, B.C., V5N 1Z2.

A band that's been kicking major ass lately is FACEPULLER. Did you see the review they got in MRR #112? Can't get much better! They have a CD out called *Cranial Expansion Device*. If you like hardcore with distorted vocals then this is your cup of mead. I saw AGING YOUTH GANG a few months ago. They're yet another cool punk rock band. They have ex-members of CURIOUS GEORGE and THE SPORES. How could you lose with that combination? DOA are back from the grave. They're putting out a new record soon and it's being produced by one of the guys from NOMEANSNO (who have unfortunately broken up). SNFU have been playing around town this last year. Dunno what's up with them at the moment though. I hear TEN FEET TALL are still kicking out the jams. Apparently they're a cross between Bad Religion and Neurosis. The vocalist Kyle left sometime ago and now the whole band is sharing the singing duties. CARDOKIA are a Gwarish type band. SINNER'S SQUAD are very Bad Brainsish, or at least their demo sounds that way. CAT'S GAME have a 7" single out. The tracks are "Home Sweet Home" and "Alien". Hardcore at its best! It's on Three Minute Mile Records, which is based out of CJSF, Simon Fraser University's radio station (available at 93.9 cable FM in the Vancouver area). TOUGUE have members of SUBVERSE and GRUNT. SLUDGE are still around and trying to get a CD out soon.

TEN FEET TALL

Other shit...in Vancouver: Record stores: there's Track, Zulu and Scratch, the best three indie stores I'm sure. Radio shows: "Flex Your Head" on CITR (University of British Columbia radio station) comes on Thursdays from 3:00 to 5:00 in the pm. They're at 101.9 on that FM dial thingy.). Club Grotesque is on CJSF (mentioned awhile back) and is Saturdays from 10:00 to midnight. There are probably other worthwhile shows to mention but I rarely listen to radio, so... Jason (the scene master general, heh heh, right) is gonna take over now...

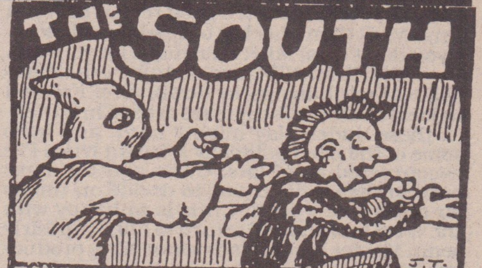
CANADA SCENESTERS

Thanks, Andy. Have another drink. Yes, there's many excellent bands from Vancouver, most of which I believe have a very bright future. SUPERCONDUCTOR, the famous nine man band, have released a CD single (and 7") on none other than Boner Records. It's entitled *Heavy With Puppy* and has five songs, all of which are great. The 7" has the first 2 songs from the CD single. The band describes themselves as "ultra knuckle-head, ultra-thick wall of confusion style thunder rock". Very accurate. With 6 gutarists, 2 bassists and a drummer you can imagine the pandemonium that ensues. Write them at 317A Cambie St./ Vancouver, B.C., V6C 2N4, the home of Scratch Records.

A band called SPARKMARKER blend the melody of a DC band with the heaviness and anger of an AMENITY or HEROIN. Ryan's vocals are definitely DCish (he sounds a lot like Ian from Nation of Ulysses) and the band around him is very tight and exciting. SPARKMARKER have finally shaken the prepostorous "sounds like Fugazi" label they hate so much thanks to some inventive songwriting. A 7" is out on guitarist Kim Kinakin's Final Notice Records/ PO Box 1457, Station A/ Vancouver, B.C., V6C 2P7. It's guaranteed to be hot! Speaking of Kim, he has an all-ages show thing going with a skateboard store called P.D.'S Hot Shop. The Nappy Dugout holds shows every weekend and has hosted such bands as Scherzo, Monsula, Jawbreaker, Guttermouth, RED FISHER and FACEPULLER. The door charge is always $6 and the place holds about 150-250 people. Anybody coming Vancouver's way should phone Kim at (604) 525-3570 for a cool, relaxed place to play. The rest of the shows in Vancouver are usually bar shows. The Cruel Elephant tends to keep their door prices low. They can be contacted at (604) 879-6875. As Andy mentioned, CAT'S GAME are an excellent, hardcore band. Supposedly they did some recording at Westbeach Studios (home of Bad Religion, Down By Law, etc) leading many a dumb oaf in Vancouver to say, "duh? I heard you guys were on Epitaph." Lead singer Ron told me their recent tour of California and Washington was a success.

BRAND NEW UNIT are usually lumped into the straight edge classification but they sound more like a Lookout! style pop-punk band with a hard edge. Lead singer Gary is formerly of HEAD FIRST (not Workshed's HEAD FIRST) and bassist Ben also plays in CAT'S GAME. Although they aren't very original, I have seen B.N.U. a few times and they never bore me. Their songs keep on getting better and better. A 7" on Three Minute Mile Records is in the works. If you are looking for something different try the rocking sounds of RUSTY NAILS. Featuring the two ex-SIX FEET UNDER members (from Calgary), RUSTY NAILS use bluesy guitars and a pounding rhythm section. They are currently looking for a singer so Mike can concentrate on playing guitar. Their tape and stuff can be obtained from our address listed below. So new bands are popping up everyday and shows are usually non-violent and fun here in Vancouver. Here's some contact address/phone numbers: 3 Minute Mile Records: SFU/ TC216/ Burnaby BC/ V5A 1S6/ Canada... SLUDGE/ 2821 Clark Dr/ Vancouver BC/ V5N 3H7/ (604) 874-8084.... SINNER'S SQUAD/ James/ (604) 683-0243... CARDOKIA/ (604)669-6479... FACEPULLER/ 1552 Kilmer Rd/ North Vancouver, BC/ V7K 1R4.... 5 AGAINST 1/ 3918 Nanaimo St/ Vancouver, BC/ V5N 5H5/ (604) 432-9101... TEN FEET TALL/ 22459-132 Ave/ Maple Ridge, BC... CAT'S GAME/ (604)325-6485... AGING YOUTH GANG/ 1018 Odlum Dr/ Vancouver, BC/ V5M 3C6/ (604)254-2240...

OK! That about raps it up. You can contact either Andy or Jason at PO Box 52023/ North Vancouver B.C., V7J 3T2. We also do a distribution called Club Grotesque, which, by chance is a radio show up at CJSF. Support your scene!! Peace and love!



Hello from Columbia, South Carolina. Dan Ideology here to fill you in on an area of the country that is often overlooked when it comes to hardcore. I'll go ahead and jump right into things and fill you in on our...

scene reports

UNHERD

Local Bands: First off, we have BEDLAM HOUR. Chuck Walker and one form of this band or another have been around for the better part of ten years. After numerous setbacks following a number of lineup changes, the Bedlam boys have finally got their shit together. They just completed their second U.S. tour and according to Chuck it was a big success. The guys have also found a permanent drummer, freeing Walker to be the true showman that he can be. They have recently released some older material on a 7-inch entitled *Porcupine*, which is on Family Fest records. Also, they have just received a two album deal with a German label and hope to tour Europe in September. It's good to see these guys get the recognition they deserve after ten years of existence.

The band that we really expect great things from is UNHERD. These dudes have been around for about two years and are really beginning to come into their own. Their emotionally drenching performances really take a lot out of you. They have released an excellent split 7-inch with other local faves STRAIT UP which you need to own. Recently they have been approached by some labels to do another record but guitarist Eric tells me they may just go ahead and do another DIY thang.

STRAIT UP are the local posi-core group. They're back in the groove for the summer while drummer Chris McLane is home from college. Their awesome split 7-inch with UNHERD is still available. I advise you to get it now. Hey, MRR gave it a good review so if you trust MRR then check it out (address below). If you don't trust MRR then judge for yourself.

IN/HUMANITY are our own grindcore-political punk mainstay down here. Fronted by local madman/striptease artist Chris Bickel, these dudes play mighty hard, and have some of the most politcally relevant lyrics I've encountered as of late. Chris and Co. have been in the studio trying to decide on tracks for a possible 7-inch. Chris is unhappy with the vocal mix and will return to finish up fairly soon. Master Bickel also runs a fairly productive label that most of you should know about. Stereonucleosis has released a couple of ANTISCHISM 7-inches(both of which are out of print, at least on this particular label). Chris is also responsible for a comp entitled *Stereonucleosis Comes to Your House* which features the likes of UNHERD, ANTISCHISM, TOLERANCE, and BUZZOVEN. Who knows what to expect from Chris next.

TONKA is from Rock Hill and have to be experienced to be described. Very cool and original. If you dig lots of coffee and Camel cigarettes then these are your boys. They have a split 7-inch with SUBURBAN PROPAIN and a brand new 7-inch called *Feelin' Good and Fuckin' Up* that I have yet to hear, but trust me, these guys are hip. Oh yeah, it's on Assorted Porkchops Records (address below). They also put out a comp entitled *Stupid By the Grace of God* that has besides TONKA: UNHERD, BEDLAM HOUR, and TOAST.

TOAST are a goofy pop-punk band who do a great cover of that early eighties J. Geils Band hit "Centerfold." I had a great time listening to them beg Art Boerke of Rockafellas (an overpriced club) to play with All. They do quite a few neato love song type tunes that work really well. They also have a few demos out, and sound alot better with a second guitarist. Their new bassist is also rad. They appear on the *Stupid ...* comp. I hear Green Day are playing in guitarist Cameron's living room. Should be fun. Oh yeah, they're from Spartanburg which isn't anywhere near Columbia, but they play here enough to be classified as a Columbia band. Well, that does it for bands.

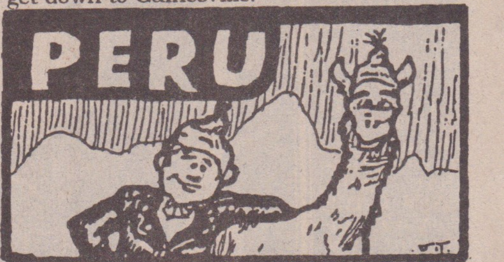
Zines: The only real grassroots zine in SC is put out by Frankie from Charleston. It used to be called *Band Aid* but they changed the name to *Conflicting Times*. The new issue should be out soon and will focus on local Carolina bands. Local straight edge goofball Brad O'Brien and co-hort Kyle are ru rumored to be finishing up their first zine which I was supposed to write for but I never got my shit together. We'll see if it comes out or not. A Screeching Weasel and lengthy BEDLAM HOUR interview are to be included.

Kevin and Eric of UNHERD are doing a zine also, but are stagnating as their band is taking up most of their free time. Scott Strait-Up and I do the local HC radio show. It's called "Raucous Waves" and is aired from 9pm-12am every Wed. night on the station WUSC. We'll play anything, so go send your tapes, 7-inches, etc... to us, and if you're ever in the Carolina Midlands tune into 90.5 WUSC (address below).

Clubs: Lately, since the closing of the great Ape City, sporadic shows have been happening at Rockafellas', a big business type night club that lets us have shows every month or so. Local kids, fed up with Rockafellas' and big business, got together and did something about it. Fronted by local alternative music big wig Kipp Shives, they (or maybe I should say we) opened a new venue, Club Normal. Hardcore shows will be booked pretty much by local HC bands. We need shows and would appreciate a visit if you are planning to dip into the southeast, the scene here is growing quickly so don't be hesitant to come down here. You can contact any of the people or bands at the addresses and phone numbers below. Also, we have many people from the central SC area caming to town, so this venue is for the entire SC area. So get off your ass and get down here to one of the most productive scenes in the southeast.

Addresses and Phone Numbers: Dan Ideology/ 493 Cambridge Way/ Martinez, GA 30707/ (706)855-1549 (summer)... Jeff Cash/ 106 Leonard Cr./ Camden, SC 29020/ (803)432-0846... UNHERD/ PO Box 25105/ Columbia, SC 29224/ (803)252-1872... IN/HUMANITY (Chris Bickel) and Stereonucleosis/ (803)765-2271... STRAIT UP/ 847 Tara Trail Ct./ Columbia, SC 29120/ (803)731-8485... TONKA (Jay)/ (803)366-5649... Assorted Porkchops Records/ PO Box 4022/ Wilmington, NC 28406... Frankie Ryan (CONFLICTING TIMES)/ 207 Barbara Dr./ Ladson, SC 29456/ (803)871-8647... Kipp Shives/ PO Box 5724/ Columbia, SC 29250... WUSC/ Drawer B/ USC/ Columbia, SC 29208/ (803)777-5124.

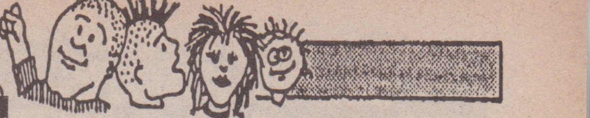
P.S. Everyone knows each other and distributes each others' records so no matter who you are looking for you will be hooked up with what you are looking for or who you need to talk to. If I didn't put your correct address in I'm sorry, tell me what it is for next time! Also—Thanks to Jeff for typing this and a big hello to the guys from Spoke, see ya if I ever get down to Gainesville!



CURRICULUM MORTIS

The scene in Lima is slowly picking up again. There's a handful of promising new bands, a couple of surviving zines and few serious tape labels. In 3 weeks a new venue is opening which I'm really looking forward to.

Bands: The longest-running hardcore band in Lima is G-3, who have been playing together for 6 long years. G-3 used to play regularly, but lately their



gigs have been few and far between. Their new demo *En Llamas* is a collection of new, old and live material. Fernando Boggio ex-ATAQUE FRONTAL, ex-SITUACION HOSTIL is now playing drums for them.

Definitely the best band to see live, CURRICULUM MORTIS, is back on the road with a new line-up and demo. The tape was recorded in 1989 with the old line-up but due to their plans of a 12" the tape never saw the store. Now, this originally intended 12" is available as a good sounding demo. Good to anyone. Write to them at Los Abedules 259/ Urb. Camacho/ Lima 12/ Peru.

BAZOFIA broke up but they still have reunion shows every once in a while. Their demo is still available as well as some good live recordings. Write to them at Daniel A. Carrion 210/ Lima 41.

LOS DESAYUNADOS are still around but they have been on the brink of splitting lately. Their incomparable mixture of ska, punk and reggae can be heard in a new compilation tape called *Produccion Autonoma*.

PROFUSION broke up too and their singer Jose Moron formed a new band named DICTADURA DE CONCIENCIA. DICTADURA DE CONCIENCIA is a ripping hardcore combo with a heavy European influence (Crapscrapers, 2 Moon Rising, Doom). Demo coming soon...I hope. Write: Psaje Monte Azul 168/ C.C. Chacarilla/ Lima 33. DECISION FINAL are probably my favorites from the bunch of newer hardcore bands which have emerged recently. They've been playing for over a year and are sounding really good... catchy fuzz guitars melodic vocals, personal lyrics... need to say more. They've released a great 12-song demo titled *Uno Mas*.

From the ashes of VITAL, FLEMA and LUXURIA raise the experimental project ETER-K. From what I've seen and heard of them they are more than just interesting but they aren't getting too much attention around here. Their excellent demo *Caja de Dudas* is still available thru Cuero Negro Producciones/ Juan de la Fuente 378/ Miraflores/ San Antonio/ Lima 18.

FUTURO INCIERTO are another group of young dudes playing melodic hardcore. They have been performing lately with regularity. Their demo *Mas Alla de tus Ojos* surprises me.

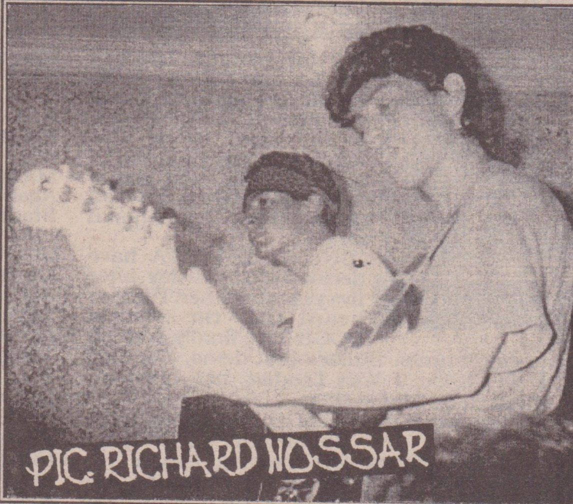
KAOS broke up too but their classic first demo is still available. Write: Calle Bahia 159/ Lima 21

NADA TUYO is a hardcore band that just formed this summer (January/February). They are going to record a demo tape soon. Other bands (not mentioned before) playing at the moment are LOS ESPIRALES, COMBUSTIBLE (Rockabilly), ULTIMO REFUGIO (Post Punk) and MATERIA ORGANICA (8-song demo out). ELLOS AUN VIVEN and ACTITUD FRENETICA have both stopped playing for two months. Unfortunately ,well-known bands like AUTO GOBIERNO, FUERZA POSITIVA, ITUACION HOSTIL, KAOS GENERAL, Q.E.P.D. CARRENO, SENTIDO COMUN and D.R. HARDCORE split up.

Fanzines: The best zine is *Cuero Negro*. The content covers many topics, including interviews, scene reports, record/ tape reviews, articles, local news, opinions -the list is really interminable. Anyone wishing to get a copy should first get in touch with the editor Giuseppe Risica Carella (Cuero Negro Producciones) to find out how much to send. Issue #8 is out. Another recommended zine is *Karne Kruda*, that has interviews, art, local news and comics. Issue #2 is out. Well known zines like *Ahora o Nunca, Libertad de Expresion, Es pantapaiaros, Ultimos Recursos ,Existe, Critica Constructiva* and *Koneccio'n Rock* are pure history now. I'm going to start a new fanzine called *N.E.L.O.D.C.M.C.* in a couple of months. Contributions are welcomed and appreciated. For more information on any of these bands, zines or if you wanna swap tapes, records, flyers, zines or just hurl abuse, write to me at General Mendiburo 751/ Lima 18/ PERU. I would like to help zines, labels and individuals. Feel free to write...

Peace,Love and Melody, Richard Nossar.

G-3



KAOS GENERAL

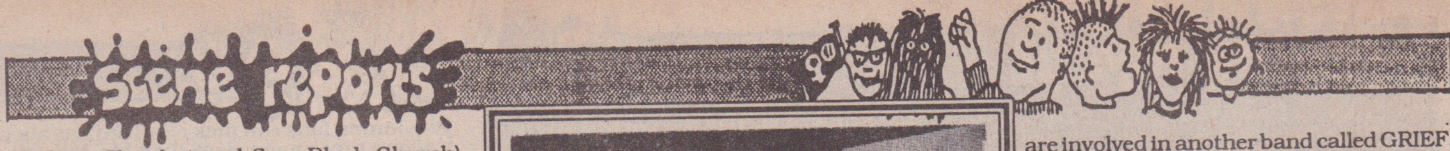
MASS.

Well, it's been a long fuckin' time between scene reports. First, the big news—one of the greatest players in Celtics' history, Larry Bird, has decided to call it a day. And all you Jordan fans can fuck off—Bird has about a zillion times more class than Mr. Nike. And I would appreciate that anyone not mention the Red Sox in my presence. It's likely to lead to a less-than favorable reaction. Anyway, on to more pertinent musical matters.

EYE FOR AN EYE broke up a few months ago. I've heard about the possibility of a 7" release on Ryan Rioux's Tribe label. Vocalist Lloyd Stanley is working with some ex-Burn people. He's also pondering the idea of opening a hardcore record store in Boston to be called B.E.M.H.O. Jay just completed a tour with Shelter and Thos has been playing with SAID & DONE since late last year. SLAPSHOT are down to one original member, that being the one and only Choke, having parted company with guitarist Steve Risteen a few months back and drummer Mark McKay leaving due to employment considerations (he got a great new job). As of this writing, they're auditioning some new drummers and getting ready for a US tour. Darryl Shepard continues as the band's guitarist and Chris Lauria stays on bass and Slappy are expected to go into the studio this fall to record an album for We Bite America. Darryl's a busy guy, these days, still holding down a spot in SLAUGHTER SHACK, as well as his new project, HEADCLEANER, who play in a heavier, Seattle-crunch vein.

KINGPIN added a second guitarist, Tim, formerly of ENDLESS, who have broken up (guitarist Matt Kattman was handling vocals in that band). Kingpin will probably be recording a 12" EP sometime this fall, to be released on NJ's Redemption Records. Matt and PROHBITION vocalist Sweet Pete have started a label, Milestone Records, and will be releasing a 7" by ARISE There's another new local hardcore label, Exchange, and they've just released a 7" by local hardcore bashers OVERCAST. A new B'ZERKER 7" and an LP compilation, featuring ARISE, KINGPIN, THIRD DEGREE and other bands, will be forthcoming. Speaking of THIRD DEGREE, they've got a double 7" out on the Suburban Voice label (plug, plug!). In more SV news (more shameless plugging), the next project for the label will be an album of all Dischord covers, with the profits going to benefit various AIDS research and information programs. Some of the bands expected to participate are SLAPSHOT, KINGPIN, SAM BLACK CHURCH, THIRD DEGREE, SAID & DONE, ARISE, HEADCLEANER, SHATTERED SILENCE, SHATTERED SYSTEM (including myself and peo-

CRAZY ALICE



ple from Slapshot and Sam Black Church), 1.6 Band (from NY), Samiam, WRECKING CREW and, hopefully, Jawbox. I'm hoping to have it out sometime early in the new year.

WRECKING CREW have re-emerged with a new lineup, featuring vocalist Nathan Jones (ex-KILDREN) and guitarist Nick Clancy (ex-SUBJUGATOR). A kickass new demo tape shows the band going in a slightly heavier direction, but still sticking to a thrash-based, full-on hardcore style. Sam Black Church have been circulating a new 2 song demo and have attracted some label interest. Ditto for ONLY LIVING WITNESS, whose new demo, *Prone Mortal Form*, is a devastating combination of metal crunch and punk aggression. STAND AGAINST released a decent demo tape, favoring a mid-tempo, NY crunch

THIRD DEGREE

KINGPIN

style.

Only together since the beginning of the year, ALLOY already have an album and a European tour under their belts. Including Vic Bondi (ex-AOF/Jones Very), Pat Mahoney (ex-Grin/Uniform Choice), Colin Sears and Roger Marbury (ex-Dag Nasty), the band's sound is aggressive and melodic and they're definitely a band to watch. EIDOLON, including ex-members of Up Front, Far Cry and Scott from Said & Done, haven't played live yet, as of this writing, and the poppy sounds on their debut album (on Jade Tree) may surprise you.

SIEGE recently played their first show in about 6 years, with ANAL CUNT screamer Seth Putnam handling the vocals. They've been talking with Taang. Taang has just reissued the first two FREEZE albums, *Land Of The Lost* and *Rabid Reaction*, and a singles/outtakes compilation, *Tokin' Bones*, is due next. Taang also signed local pop/noise band the SWIRLIES, and plan a CD release of their first two singles, plus 2 additional songs.

ALLOY

BULLET LAVOLTA have decided to call it a day, after five years together. I've also heard that the STRAW DOGS have finally decided to call it quits. Bullet's first demo, *The Gun Didn't Know I Was Loaded*, has been re-released on Matador.

Another busy local label has been Sonic Bubblegum. In the past few months, they've released the blistering debut album by punk/pop masters CRAZY ALICE, as well as 7" stuff from noise-mongers KUDGEL and the slightly-less crazed TULIPS.

Well, I've finally got someone to help me make this scene report even more punk rock than it already is—Alyssa from *Blowin' Chunx* 'zine. By the way, she just put out her fifth issue (more shameless plugging). Alyssa's also joined local hardcore crazies DISRUPT (meaning that they now have *three* vocalists!), who have a shitload of new stuff available—a split 7" with Resist (on Destroy All Music), Disdain (on Desperate Attempt), a live EP from SOA records in Italy and an upcoming split EP with Taste Of Fear and they're working on a full-length album (about fuckin' time, already!). And all the Disrupt members, except for Pete and Alyssa, are involved in another band called GRIEF, who play slow, dirgey music ala I Hate God. They also have a 7" available.

Punk/pop band DOC HOPPER have recorded a 7" for RI's Constant Change label, *Sweetums*. Guitarist/vocalist Chris Pierce also drums and sings in the A.G.'s, who just changed their name to SINKHOLE and have recorded a 4 song demo. RESPONSE, another suburban hardcore band, plan to self-release a 7". Some other new bands making noise include NEVERTHELESS, DIVE, CHEESECAKE, BRICKLAYER (7" out soon) and CHILMARK.

Fanzines—Justine has a new issue of her photo-zine, *Intermission*, available. ($2 to 511 Sycamore Lane/ Wakefield, RI 02879). Signal's newest issue includes interviews with Encounter and Third Degree, plus lots of animal rights information. ($2 ppd to John LaCroix/ 10 Washington St #31/ Methuen, MA 01844) *Moocow* just published a double issue, including 411 and Refuse To Fall. (38 Larch Circle/ Belmont, MA 02178). *Ooompa Ooompa* should be publishing their third issue, shortly. (PO Box 15109/ Kenmore Sta/ Boston, MA 02215). Also expect a new *Look Again* any time now.

Finally, some booking information. Sean McNally of Cringe Productions has temporarily stopped doing shows. Tools Of Revolution continue to book shows at various venues in Boston and Cambridge. Contact Alyssa at the address given below (and, while you're at it, why not send $1 for *Blowin' Chunx*). The Middle East Cafe' has a pretty eclectic booking policy—call (617)354-8414 for more information.

MORE ADDRESSES: Taang/ PO Box 51/ Auburndale, MA 02166; Exchange Records/ 501 Quincy Shore/ N. Quincy, MA 02171; Sinkhole/ 63 Melcher St #1/ Boston, MA 02210-1507; Only Living Witness & Look Again/ PO Box 1090/ Hudson, NH 03051; Stand Against/ 6 Sugarbush Lane/ Andover, MA 01810; Sonic Bubblegum/ 157 Murdock St #3/ Brighton, MA 02135; Kingpin/Milestone Records c/o Matt Kattman/ 49 Grove St/ Holliston, MA 01746; Headcleaner/ 30 Havelock St/ Malden, MA 02148; Disrupt/ PO Box 2175/ Lynn, MA 01903; Grief/ 21 Thomas Rd/ Lawrence, MA 01843

And, finally, the latest issue of Suburban Voice is available for $4 ppd ($6 foreign) to the address below. If you need any info or if we've egregiously neglected to mention something important or whatever, please feel free to write.

Al Quint/ PO Box 2746/ Lynn, MA 01903-2746
Alyssa/ 75 Stanton Rd/ Brookline, MA 02146

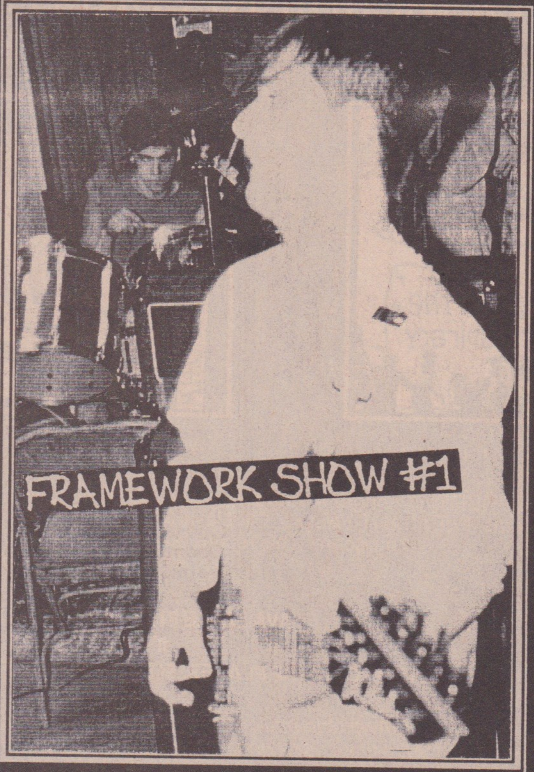
Hello from the suburbs of Long Island. With the help of my freinds and I, we'll be letting you know what's new here on this Island we call home.

First off, our organization/label Framework, will be putting out the SCAPEGRACE 7". This is the first release by the band and label and we're all anxious to get this out to you. It will be by late Sept. and if you wonder what sound is generated by them (us), it's often described as reminiscent hardcore yet no one really knows for sure how it can be so. Check it. Framework also puts on shows in Suffolk County which have brought in bands like 411, Rorschach, and Supertouch. Unfor-

Scene reports

tunantly these shows have been discontinued temporarily due to ramdom property damage which amounted to us being quietly dismissed from using the rented hall. A new hall is being looked into so bands should get in touch around late Oct.

1.6 BAND from the local neighborhood have released an EP on Sunspot Records. They also have a demo available through Sunspot recorded last year and both exemplify the raw talent of this 4-piece. If you remember BEYOND then you'll recognize the voice, if not then you'll never forget this band.



1.6 BAND

MIND OVER MATTER from Nassau County recently released their 7" on Wreckage records and have been seen locally doing their thing. They've been around over 2 years now and this record shows how well they continue to play the music we all love to hear.

TEMPLARS from Suffolk County have a limited demo of their songs, unavailable to most of us, and they've been playing obscure clubs around town; a hard band to get a hold of which makes things even more exciting and mysterious. Check them out if you can.

COMMONGROUND from the Huntington township have taken time off due to an operation the drummer must get in order to continue drumming. This hardcore, punk, ska, fun band have been playing Long Island clubs and parties for a couple years now and their last show at the Angle was completly sold out which makes you wonder,"why haven't I heard of these guys before?"

The Angle in Mineola, N.Y. has started doing shows recently and are booked by our friend Artie, who happens to sing for this new band, NO THOUGHT. The band has just recently formed so there's not much news on them but the club has shows Wednesdays on a weekly basis and has drawn substantial crowds there. Leave message (516)226-3684

GARDEN VARIETY from Nassau County have a 7" out on Mint-tone Records which to my understanding, is really great. A lot of favorable things have been said about this trio and their show at the Framework hall was an impressive one. They haven't played out substantially and no one really knows where they are; they just could be in your town tonight so look out for them and the record. You can send for a copy c/o Mint-tone if your store doesn't carry it.

Daisy Nation fanzine from Port Jeff. Station will have its first issue out by late Sept. A lot of hype has been passed on about this zine and shirts have been sold and seen around town so we're all waiting to get our hands dirty.

Under The Volcano #9 is out and it's free as always. They've done a lot of local news and take to everything and it's FREE. It's done very pro, looks great, smells great and guess what? It's free, so send for your copy today.

Think Again zine put out by a one Chris J. will have its latest issue out by mid-Oct. Interviews with NY bands, Born Against, 1.6 Band and SCAPEGRACE are included with a few more and can be ordered c/o Framework address. He's moving out to Cali. by the time you read this so his new address will be included in a later issue, in the meantime you can write us for an issue.

Last but certainly not least for our listening enjoyment comes Steve K.'s "Turmoil" on WUSB 90.1fm Stony Brook. His long lasting show has been a great source for all new in hardcore, punk and thrash from the U.S. and the world. Every Wednesday night from 10:30 to 12:30 pm you can hear his weekly rituals of sound and if you want Long Island to hear your band then call him direct for a mailing address at (516)632-6901 during his 2 hours. Tell him Framework sent you!

Here's the addresses and numbers to contact bands, labels, etc. Any one from Long Island who has info. to share for the scene report can write to Framework c/o Eric G or just write your own report, bye.

Framework/ PO Box 216/ Port Jeff. Station, NY 11776... Sunspot Records/ PO Box 7453/ Arlington, VA 22207... Wreckage Records/ 451 W. Broadway 2N/ NY, NY 10012... Mint-tone Records 161-26 Crossbay Blvd. Ste150/ Howard Beach, NY 11414... Under The Volcano/ PO Box 236/ Nesconset, NY 11767... Daisy Nation/ PO Box 2/ Port Jeff. Station, NY 11776.

It's been a long time since I've seen a scene report from Maine: and I'm not sure if I ever have. Anyway, almost positive there's never been a report from Lewiston before. Lewiston and its across the river partner, Auburn, have a population of about 80,000. An industrial town in which most of the industry has left, sticking the town with a high unemployment rate; over 10%. (But a new Walmart is opening! Hooray!) Lewiston is about two and a half hours north of Boston on the turnpike on the scenic Adroscroggin River. Now that you know a little about the town, on with the "scene." (Big ohhhs and ahhhs)

For the past three years there has been a punk radio show called the "Hardcore Happy Hour: happy music for happy minds" on WRBC, a college radio station which serves, in addition to playing some cool music, as a way to spread information about such groovy things about how to enlist in the army (Operation Desert Storm II, Operation Just Cause IV) and as a way to set up shows and get info on them out. "The Hardcore Happy Hour" is one of the most popular shows on the air and runs Thursday nights from 10 to 12+.

During the past year shows have started happening. First at the college and then at local churches and American Legion Halls, these concerts feature local bands. All the shows have been benefits, all ages, and costing only three dollars (or less). These shows are happening on a monthly basis and we're trying for more. The most recent show, a benefit for the Abused Women's Advocacy Project, was a great success with kids from 3 feet to over six feet tall dancing together. The show started with the first appearance of OIL SPILL, Scott on guitar and voice, Derek on bass, and Mike on drums, and the much anticipated song "Fat Frog." They're taking a break until skating season is over. Next up, the BASEMENT PEOPLE shreiked it up Gabe on guitar, Ian on bass, and Eric x-HAPPY CHURCH DINNER on drums and vocals. Jeanette Libby from the shelter told about the services AWAP provided and how to get involved. Then THE DINKS played a set of songs about death doom and destruction; Alexander x-SEPTIC TANK FLOWERS on guitar and vocals, Shaun on bass and vocals and Kevin St. Onge (the patron saint of punk rock) on drums. THE DINKS with their slightly DC sounding punk rock hardcore sound, are planning a mini tour of the east coast in October. Then MUDANT played songs off their new demo tape (available from Taylor) with these songs as well as their older bass driven grunge, Tom guitar vocals, Taylor bass, Kevin Rue drums, got the floor moving. A brief appearance from surprise guest A BAND FROM RUMFORD and then HAPPY CHURCH DINNER played their last show. 90 minutes of Politically charged hardcore ranging from their days in WD-40 to their flag burning present. Paul vocals, Chris guitar, Andre bass, and Eric drums.

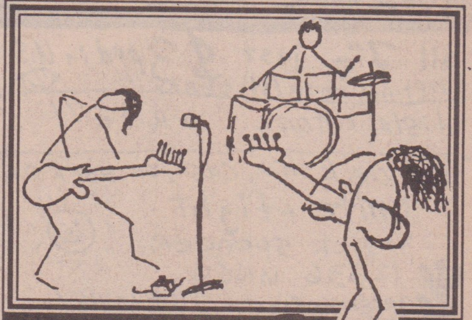
A live seven inch compilation from the show may be released on Endless Knot Productions (ENP). Other bands that have played recently Iceburn, the first and so far only out-of-state band to play. PLASTIC SUBURBIANS, SEPTIC TANK FLOWERS, FOUR LITTLE PUNKS, GREEN LOGIC, FLEM, and performance artist MARK V.

Other things: A new zine called *Agress!* is coming out. The "Hardcore Happy Hour" is in need of new music; send 12", 7", demo tapes, even CDs to address below. They will be played.

Shows can be set up at relatively short notice and definitely at long notice, so if you are planning a tour or just want to vacation in Maine or just want to play, give a call to Endless Knot Productions.

Moxie is a drink that must be experienced, not merely consumed.

Addresses: The Dinks/Endless Knot Productions/ 26 Wood St/ Lewiston, ME 04240/ (207)782-741... MudAnt c/o Taylor Martin/ 40 Hamel St/ Lewiston, ME 04240... Hardcore Happy Hour c/o WRBC/ Bates College/ Lewiston, ME 04240/ (207)777-7915... *Agress!* c/o Paul Kott/ 68 Conant Ave/ Auburn, ME 04210.



MUDANT

unite + fight

sells no records by

CRASS

but i do got bunches of junk you might enjoy, like...

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unite+fight #2. great hc stuff!

NAKED ANGELS - "intent to kill" 7"
north carolina scripcore. some on green.

TONKA - "calling wafflehouse home" 7"
yummy melodic punk about girls.

TONKA / SUB. PRO. split 7"
classic punk. better than T.C.S.

ANTISCHISM - "this is war" 7"
SC political peace punk bootleg! it Rocks!

OFFICER FRIENDLY - "beats to ~~make~~ our bassist barf"
super jazzy punk!

BEDLAM HOUR - "porcupine" 7"
frankenberry moshcore!

RIGHTS RESERVED - "galleon's lap" 7"

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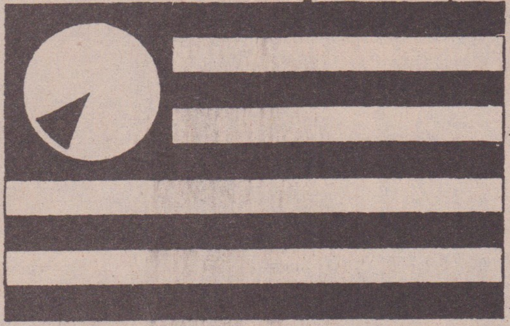

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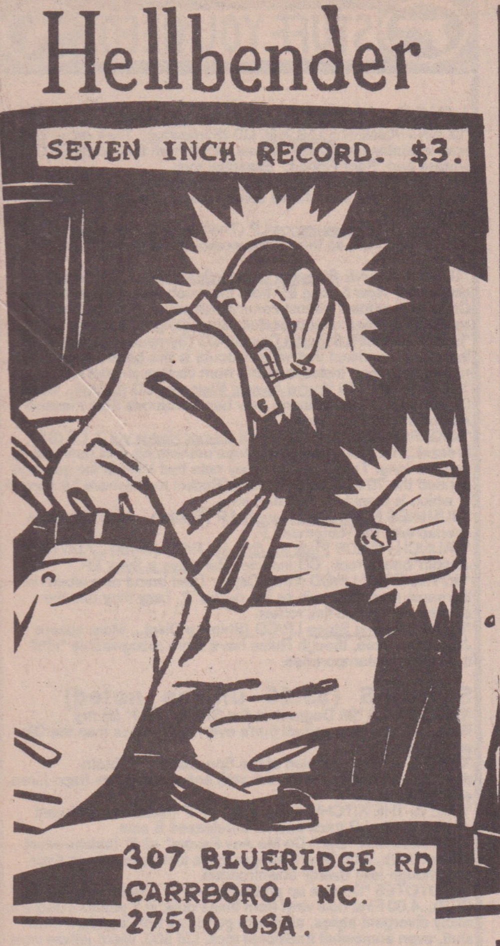

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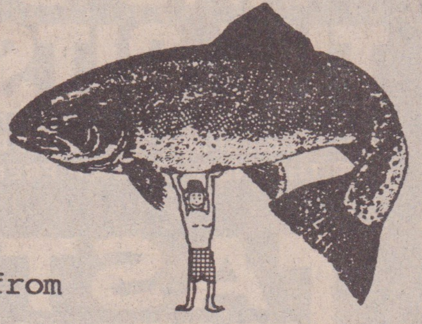

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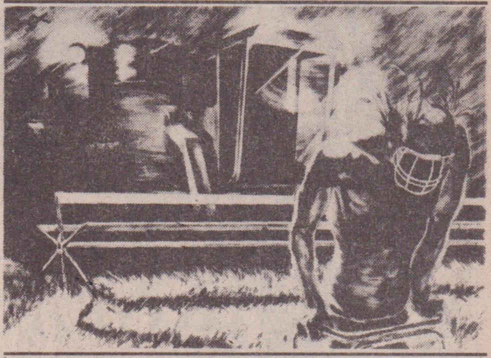

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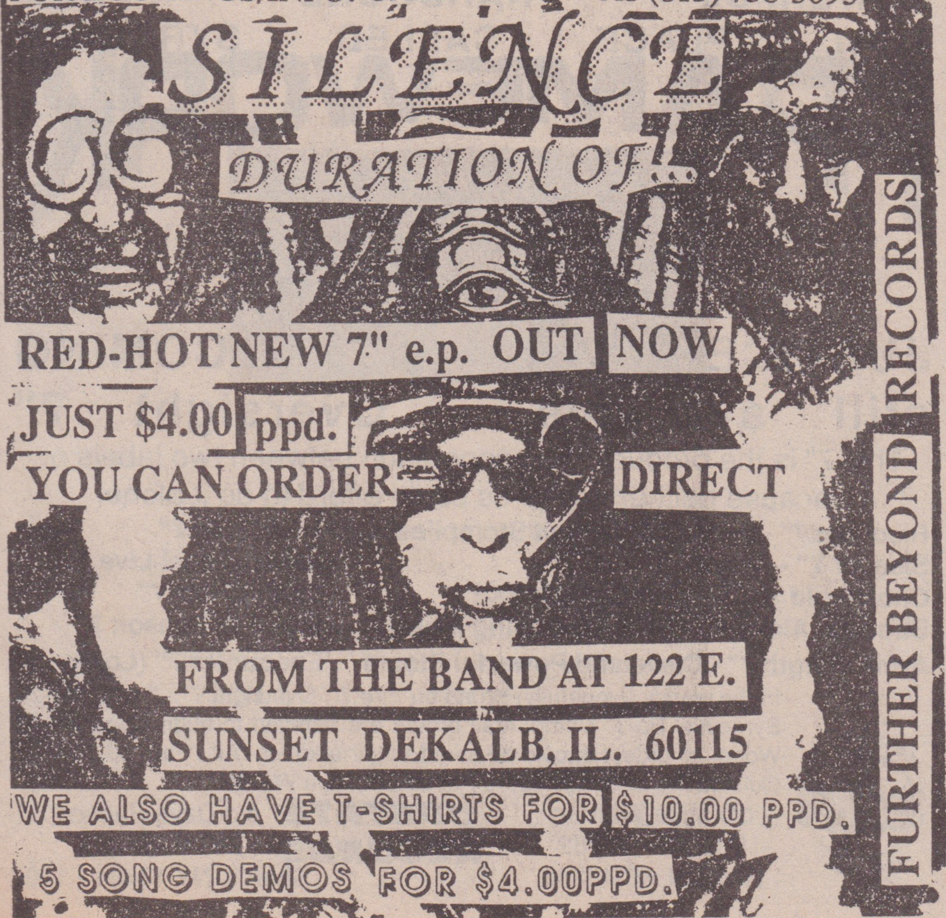

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The Gits are from up North but you wouldn't guess it from their raw early punk sound. By the time this reaches print, they should have an LP out to compliment their three great singles. Present were Mia - vocals, Steve - drums, Matt - bass and Mike Broken Rekids. Interview by Lance, most photos by Christeen

MRR: Alright, we should do the boring stuff first.

Steve: Oh no, is this like "how long have you been together?"

MRR: Well, no. You have three records on three different labels and now you're looking for a fourth. Why is it you keep switching from label to label?

Steve: Different labels have different resources and can offer us different things. We're just trying to find a label that's gonna best work with us and give us what we want and what we need...

Mia: But the reason for each of the last singles being on different labels is because each label came to us and said, "Hey, do you want to do a single?" That's the only reason why they were on different labels.

MRR: So it wasn't so much a matter of checking out different labels. It's not because some label ripped you off... *(laughter)*

Steve: Not yet, as far as we know. Mike Millett just bought a new house on the money he made from our single.

MRR: Who are you looking at now? I know you have an album coming out soon...

Mia: Sympathy, Fat Mike's label and C/Z.

MRR: This is the first time you folks have actually went out and looked for a label...

Steve: We've definitely been looking into it for the last two or three years. We're just in a situation now where we can really talk to labels. I think we've always had good songs. But good songs don't usually have anything to do with getting on a label or not. It's more who you know and who on a label likes your band. There's a lot of bullshit involved and it doesn't really have anything to do with the quality of the music.

MRR: What do you look for in a label right now? How ambitious are you with the Gits right now?

Matt: We just want to get the first album out and we don't want to have to deal with too much bullshit.

Steve: We want a lot of people to be able to hear it. We've been working on it for a long time and we want to reach a lot of people with it and hopefully a lot of people to appreciate it.

MRR: How long have you had these songs? Are these songs you've been waiting on for years?

Mia: Yeah, some of them.

Matt: Some we've had for years and some are brand new. Some we've had for six years.

MRR: How often do you add a new song to your set?

All: Not too often. *(laughter)*

Matt: We've been real busy with recording and stuff.

Steve: We have a lot of obligations to a lot of different labels. We're supposed to do a SubPop single...

Mia: Maybe.

Steve: If they ever call us back. They've been known to flake.

MRR: Oh, really. *(laughs)*

Steve: With the album, we still need to choose between the three or four we're looking at. We still also want to do singles on other labels. We don't want to hurt anybody's feelings.

Mia: Yes, we do. *(laughter)*

MRR: How is that going to effect your standing in the Seattle scene. It always seems pretty separated with the big SubPop scene and the undercurrent...

Mia: I think with the draw we've built in Seattle and with the people we've met on tour, we've worked really hard to get to know people and have a certain amount of respect. If we do a SubPop single all it will mean is that this label will get it a lot of distribution and it will just get out. We're just giving them a couple of songs. I don't think it will affect us as we don't fit into the traditional SubPop thing. Besides, they asked us, we didn't ask them. *(laughter)*

MRR: It just seems funny because it seems like there's two pretty separate scenes. Even from when it was bands like Subvert, DC Beggars... It seems like two pretty separate scenes.

Steve: There isn't really much of a SubPop scene. SubPop doesn't even sign bands from Seattle anymore. Rein Sanction are from Florida.

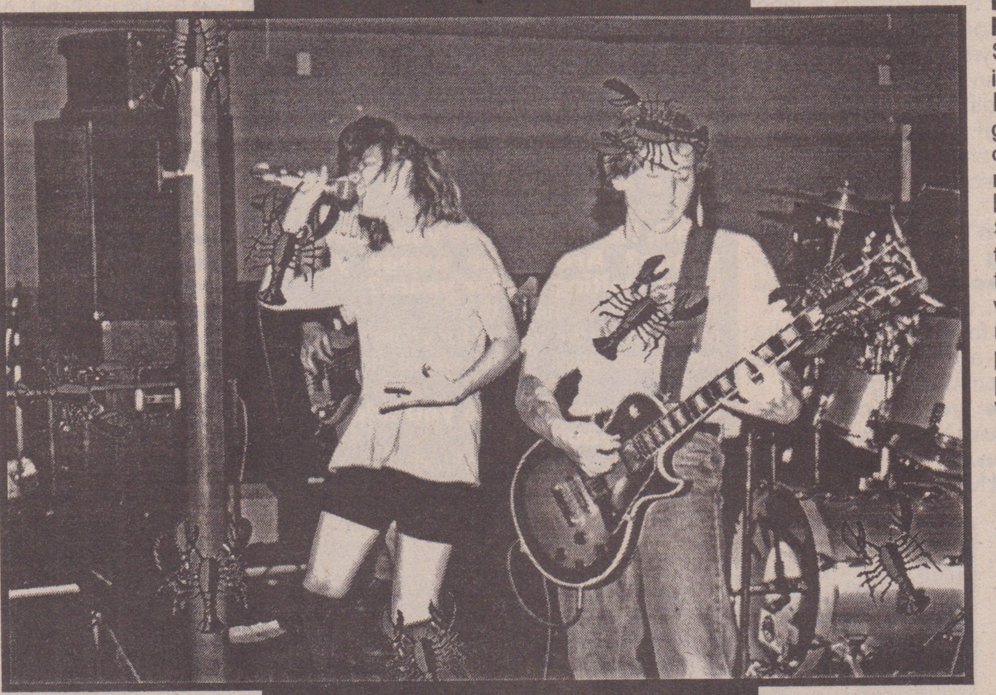
Matt: They did sign Seaweed.

Steve: Yeah, and all those bands do well. But as far as a scene, you can't go out and see Tad every weekend. Nirvana doesn't play at the OK Hotel.

Mia: There is a scene of bands on SubPop that get all the publicity and play on MTV. Then there's bands like us, so I guess that is pretty different.

Steve: There are some bands that have worked really hard over the years and come up through the ranks and there are those who just had a cake walk. Look at Coffin Break. They've toured several times. They have three albums out. Now they're on Epitaph. Only lately have they been gotten a lot of recognition. They deserve every bit of it. That's sort of the scene we're coming from. I think that's why

these bands stick together and support each other.
Mia: Also they're your friends. I live with DC Beggars.
Matt: All the bands we thank on our records, we know the guys and they're cool.
MRR: One thing I have to ask is about lobsters. What's the deal with lobsters and why are they on all your shit.
Matt: I told Mike to put a lobster on our record.
Mike: I know, I forgot. I'm sorry.
Steve: Matt relates to lobsters because they're supposed to be cousins of cockroaches.
Mia: Small brains.
Matt: You guys are mean.
MRR: Well, then tell it like it is.
Steve: Yeah Matt, what's up?
Mia: Yeah really, I'd like to know.
Mike: I saved the letter that says, "This layout is kinda rushed but put a lobster on it." (*laughter*)
Matt: Uh... (*pause*) Lobsters are pretty cool. (*laughter*)
MRR: Oh, come on. There's more to it than that.
Mia: With Matt, probably not. (*laughter*)
Matt: One thing Mike did get right was this (*points to El Farrolito burrito joint on the thanks list*).
MRR: So this isn't your first time here.
Matt: No, two of us used to live down here.
Mike: You used to go the Farm, too.
Matt: Yeah, after a Farm show, if we ever had a couple of dollars we would always come here.
MRR: So what made you migrate up to the Northwest.
Steve: We weren't really here permanently. Only a few of us were living here. We did do a few shows. That was in 19...
Matt: 1986 or something.
Mia: Our name was different too.
Steve: We were actually based in Ohio. But we don't have to bring that up.
MRR: Oh that's right. You're from Antioch!
Steve: Anyway, we were leaving Ohio. We had to pick somewhere to go.
Mia: Steve wanted to start a label and all this stuff. Seattle seemed like the place to go where we could do our own thing. I didn't know how things would be a couple years down the line. At the time it seemed like the right choice.
Steve: It was almost a haphazard decision. I really like it there. Part of it had to do with that there was a lot of music happening. It was a place none of us had ever lived. We wanted to try it out.
MRR: How long have you lived there now?
Matt: Almost three years.
MRR: I guess I'm not supposed to ask about Antioch?
Mia: There's just nothing to say really. That's where we met and that's about it.
MRR: You didn't do "Spear And Magic Helmet" down here.
Mia: Sometimes we do it.
Steve: We did it sort of as a joke. Hardcore stuff.
Mia: "If you're not hardcore, you're not punk rock." Okay, so here's the hardcore song.
Steve: We wrote a formula hardcore song.
Matt: Originally it was going to be on a split single with the Derelicts on Empty. We said, okay, we're gonna be on a punk record so we wrote a punk song.
Steve: It was that easy. We wrote it in an afternoon.
MRR: But the lyrics...
Steve: Yeah, the lyrics aren't a joke.
Mia: We did have it on the set for the other night but we ran out of time.
(*Talk goes into lobsters in New York living in the sewers.*)
Matt: Do you have something against lobsters?
MRR: No, not at all. It's just that not many bands put lobsters on their record covers.
Steve: On our first record there's a big lobster on the cover. They're nice.
Matt: I tortured those lobsters for hours and then I ate them. I took a whole bunch of photos of them in poses. They started to get all dried out so I ate them.
Mike: On the cover of "Spear and Magic Helmet" there's a shield with four things. Does each one represent one of you?
Matt: No.
(*Everyone shows different tattoos corresponding with the different pictures*)
Matt: I tried to get these people to come up with some image that they thought related to the band.
MRR: So you're sort of a medieval punk band? (*laughter*)
Matt: Well, the title "Spear and Magic Helmet", of course, has nothing to do with the lyrical content.
MRR: It just sounds hardcore.
Matt: No, it's from Bugs Bunny actually. My favorite episode is the Vognarian opera where Elmer Fudd summons the weather and kills the rabbit.
MRR: So what is your role with Rathouse Records?
Steve: We started it.
Mia: Two new singles just came out on it, Alcohol Funnycar and Officer Down.
Steve: It's an autonomous collective. Anyone who wants to do a record on that label, provided they're pretty much in line with our musical ideas and whatever. It's mostly our friends. Right now Officer Down is way into it. DC Beggars did the same. Anyone who wants to pick up the ball can.
MRR: But you own the label.
Steve: It's not really owned be anybody.
Matt: It's its own entity.
Steve: I think it's an absurdist medieval punk label. (*laughter*)
MRR: Do you financially support the label?
Steve: The label supports itself. The bands support the label. 7 Year Bitch put out their single on Rathouse. They got the money from gigging and stuff. It's just a name.
Mia: They have a computer with all the stuff in it. We may not be doing much with it. But they are all working really hard on it. It's not just working for on getting money into it.
MRR: Was "Bobbing For Pavement" on Rathouse?
Mia: That was the first one.
Steve: A member of 7 Year Bitch, the Gits, DC Beggars, and now members of Alcohol Funnycar got together and wanted to get our music out. We decided just



to do it ourselves. We got the distribution and did 1000 records. We decided not to press it again. A lot of the bands are doing real well. Hammerbox and Gas Huffer. We probably could repress it and sell a lot more. But we're doing a new one which is what Mike and I are talking about. Doing a double 7" compilation of bands from San Francisco and Seattle.

MRR: Yeah, what was the idea with that?

Mike: Originally, we wanted to do a side for each of the houses. The Rathouse, my house, your house (*to Lance*)... Things happen. Things change.

Steve: We really just want to be on a record with our friends' bands.

MRR: Someone told me that there are also bands on the "Bobbing For Pavement" record that don't exist.

Mia: Yeah, Bay Of Pigs.

Steve: Oh yeah. We got together and formed a band since we needed another song for the record and wrote a song that was actually a cover tune.

MRR: That you wrote?

Matt: The lies get deeper.

Mia: It's a band they used to have in Ohio and a lot of those same people moved up with the Gits.

Matt: We were called Jack Sabbath and the Calf Cops and it was sort of a mock heavy metal band with a lounge act alter ego. It was a bunch of people from bands on the record that got together since we were all in the studio and did the song.

Steve: The band never played live.

Matt: But if we had!!

MRR: Do you (*to Mia*) write all of the lyrics?

Mia: Yeah, except for "Here's To Your Fuck" which you would think I did write because it sounds like some angry bitch from hell. Actually a man wrote that song about his fucked up situation.

MRR: Do you write them before or after they come up with the music?

Mia: Usually after the music. Rarely, while they're writing the music. "Second Skin" I wrote while they were coming up with the music. I'm around when they come up with the music. I tape it and go over it and over it.

MRR: How do you come up with the original ideas? It usually seems the ideas are there before you piece it together.

Mia: A lot of times it depends on how the music makes me feel. I know that sounds silly because that could be rage, anger, happy or sad. But it will give me some sort of feeling and I'll try to create an image or some sort of being that I want to come out of it. But then, I wrote this song called "Seaweed". It starts with the guitar and it sounds like this descension to me. I used seaweed as the picture and water as a way of telling a story of descension. I either come up with an image or I think of something I'd really like to say to someone like "Spear And Magic Helmet". Somebody I know fucked over somebody else and I want the world to know.

MRR: Are most of your lyrics true stories?

Mia: Usually they're related to what's going on around me at the time. I may have written a song three years ago. But I can look back on it and now exactly what was going on at that time for me.

MRR: Do you ever write and overtly issue songs?

Mia: I once tried to write an overtly political song but we dropped it.

Steve: There are enough bands doing that these days. But I do have a circled A tattooed on my penis.

Mia: I'm into doing things on a social level. I put that in the lyrics a lot. It's hard enough trying to be a human being and cool to other people. Before you go jumping into other people's country's and telling them what's right or wrong I think you need to know what's right or wrong where you stand to begin with.

MRR: A lot of bands that don't have political lyrics consider the vocals to be just another instrument. Do you think the lyrics are important as far as...

Mia: It's getting back to the different scenes, thinking SubPop could change the way we are. People that come up to us and like it, the people that get into it and hang out and cheer more are hopefully people that understand the lyrics more. So these lyrics represent all of us and how we feel. I wouldn't want to write something that they didn't believe at all in. A lot of times when I get done with a song they do ask.

MRR: Who do you like right now as far as lyrics? Is there anyone in particular? Where do you think your style comes from as far as lyric writing?

Mia: As far as lyrics writing, I really don't have any clue.

MRR: What was the last thing you heard that was like "Wow!"?

Mia: The last thing like that I heard was my friends M-99. The singer, she has a way with words. She comes from these really different aspects. She says some really cool shit. Otis Redding.

MRR: What was the last thing you heard that you thought was just awesome?

Mia: Otis. We listen to Otis all the time.

MRR: I just got an Otis Redding record where he does "Satisfaction" by the Stones.

Matt: I just got the new Jawbreaker 12". But they don't want to hear it anymore.

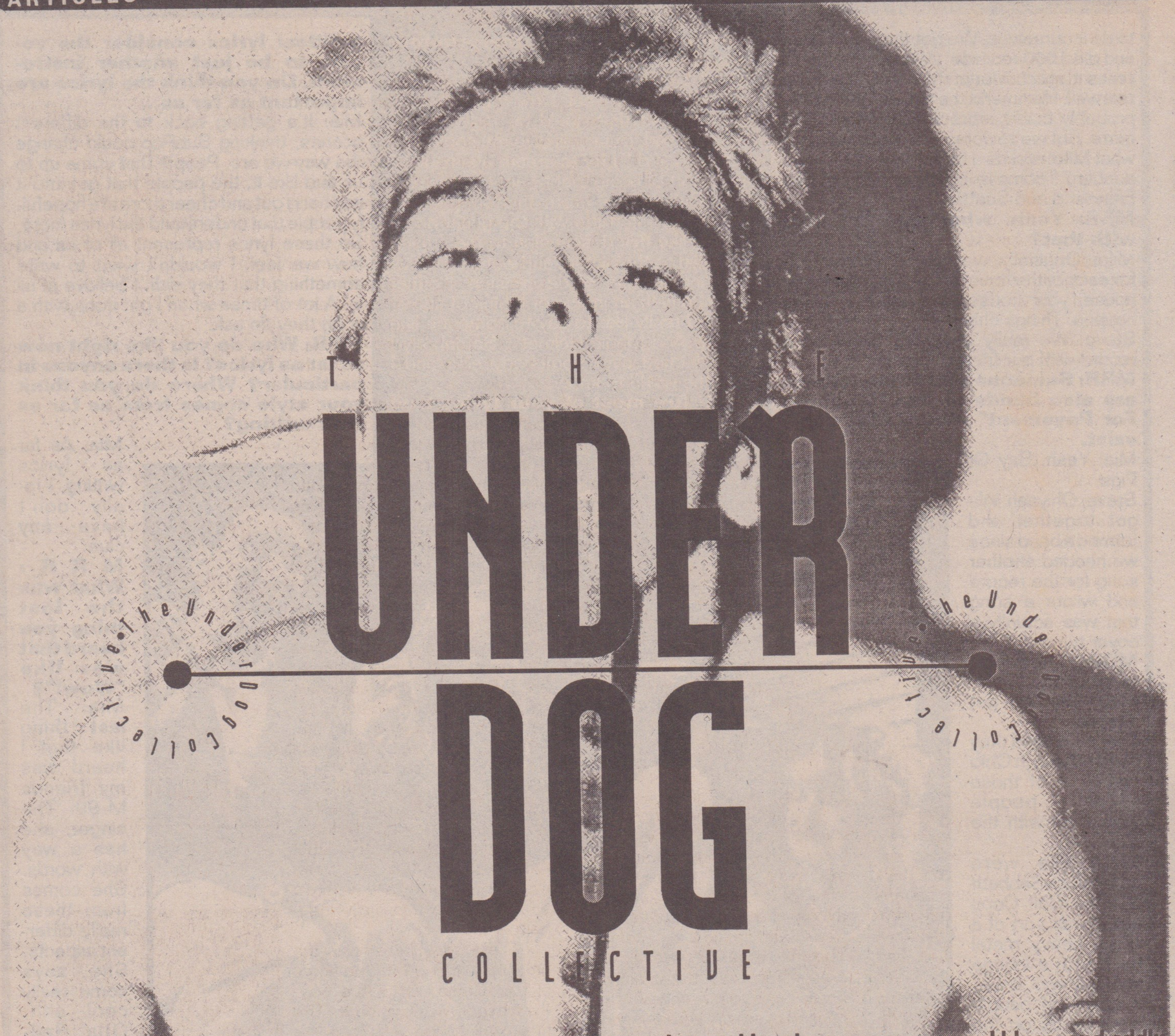
Steve: Definitely Jawbreaker. Assassins Of God.

Matt: The most unknown band.

Steve: Except in Europe.

MRR: Assassins Of God are the most unknown band here only. There are a lot of bands that are unknown here and everywhere else and there's probably a good reason for that.

Steve: We want to thank the Assassins Of God who have been our hosts.



THE UNDER DOG COLLECTIVE

The purpose of this article is to let people know about how record labels and other D.I.Y. projects get started. This article is a bit story-like at first, but there's a reason; hopefully it shows you that, although we're just as clue-less, ignorant, and bumbling as you, we went out and did something anyway, and are making some cool stuff happen in our town. The moral is... so can you.

Paul Keller is the Big Cheese of the EBB and EBB Jr. fanzine world. When MRR asked U-Dog to write an article about ourselves, Paul was about to do the same for a few local zine/mags. Thus, the collaboration came to life, with Doug supplying the raw info and Paul applying his "outsiders" perspective and solid writing. The result follows. Paul "narrates the first section, and Doug does so on the "what we're doing now..." stuff. Check it out...

Chicago's always been a tough town for bands. It's a town that embraces dance clubs, the big touring acts, generic metal bands, some reggae and blues, and oddly enough, Grateful Dead tribute bands. And like many towns, they don't give much exposure to new and untried bands.There aren't many places for a young band with any edge to play on the 21 and over circuit- (not that you would want to!) The all ages scene is small and variable, too. It was this situation that led Russ Forster to start Underdog Records in 1986. He realized that in the oppressive atmosphere of Chicago's music scene, many of these bands wouldn't be around too long, and he wanted to get them on vinyl before they "withered away into oblivion."

8 BARK guitarist and long-time Underdog Doug Ward recalls: "I think Russ always had a romantic's view of the obscure, and he really got into finding something obscure in the used record bin; something with the feel that no one left alive had ever heard of this band before, and that when they were around, everybody hated them! He admired the guts and innocence of the creators of these obviously uncommercial and unsalable disks. To

Doug Ward BY Paul Keller

Russ, this was the true spirit of Rock n' Roll. Russ wanted to guarantee that future generations of second hand record buyers would have some equally perverse, raunchy, unconcerned-with-anything-but-content and anachronistic records to thrill them, freak them out, and make them wonder: 'Who the hell *were* these people?'"

"With that as his outlook, Russ presented his idea to his friends, some of whom were in SPONGE and I.D.UNDER, two bands he wanted to release. I recall the first few meetings we had on the idea; we were all so *naive!* Well, I was- and in retrospect, we were all ignorant of what to do and how to go about it. Russ, however, gave the impression that all was under control. Somehow he'd figured out where to press the records, how to make the artwork ready for printing record jackets, how to sell them to stores and through the mail. He'd come up with a 'contract', which was more like an easy to understand guideline for how the label and the bands will interact and help each other out."

"This might not sound all that amazing to any contemporary readers of this story, but back then, it was." Doug added, "There were no role models. There were few independent record labels doing punk rock and garage grunge in the Midwest. At least there was nobody Russ knew."

Underdog still has a letter from Ian McKaye to Russ, from September 5th, 1986, which is a response to Russ's query "how do we do it?" Russ had never met Ian before, and it was a shot in the dark for some help. Ian gave Russ a couple of good ideas and some numbers of reliable distributors, all in two pages. Armed with that, and some other scavenged information, Russ leapt into the very uncertain world of the underground record biz.

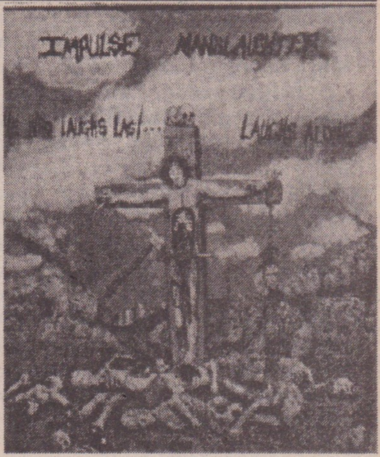
Russ wanted to release small runs of 12 inch records, give the bands a push, make the money back, and start the cycle again. The first two 12"s were by SPONGE and I.D.UNDER. SPONGE, formerly the X-MEN, did a full length LP, *Born Under a Bad Sponge* I.D.UNDER's EP was titled *The Lords of Nothing*, and both records were released in February, 1987. Despite tour support and advertising, the records just didn't "take off". Five years later, there are still some copies of these releases in stock.

Despite the slow start, Russ risked his hard-earned cash again that fall on two new hardcore bands. In September 1987, SCREECHING WEASEL's debut LP *Screeching Weasel*, and IMPULSE MANSLAUGHTER's *He Who Laughs Last Laughs Alone* debut LP were released. This time, they sold out within a couple of months. Russ had learned from the first releases where to advertise, sell, and distribute. The IMPULSE MANSLAUGHTER LP was repressed, and the SCREECHING WEASEL record was licensed overseas through Shigaku/What Goes On Records.

The Spring of 1988 saw the release of Underdog's first 7" record: the posthumous release of FUDGETUNNEL's *Little Red Fire Engine* single. This was Russ's old group, and he wanted to preserve them on vinyl for posterity.

Having had some success, and having made some of the money back, Underdog was ready to move on to other projects. In September 1988, Underdog released an LP by Russ's then current band, SPONGETUNNEL, *Morons and Monsters*, as well as an LP by FREINDS OF BETTY, *Blind Faith II*. The F.O.B. disk featured hand painted covers done by the band and friends. They drove distributors and stores insane, as the band's name appeared only on the back, and each copy was different. The various covers were silly, rude, and repulsive-and the idea of challenging "the way things should be" appealed to Russ' anti-music-biz sensibility. These releases were also pressed on cassette, (mainly for promo reasons) and were licensed overseas via Johnny Barry and Wetspots Records in Nottingham, England.

Russ had struck up a friendship with Johnny through the mail. Johnny ran Wetspots distribution, and was also the bassist of FILLER. Russ had always been looking for a good contact in Europe, and in Johnny, he found one. Between them, the concept of Underdog U.K. was born; a partnership whereby European mail order and distribution would be handled by U-Dog U.K. and U.S. and the world would be handled by U-Dog U.S. This relationship worked quite well for some time, culminating in the Underdog U.K. re-pressing of the FREINDS OF BETTY and SPONGETUNNEL LP's in November 1989, over a year after they were released in the U.S. The release was timed to coincide with the FILLER/SPONGETUNNEL European tour that month. SPONGETUNNEL was the first U-Dog band to do a European tour, and the tour demonstrated the strength of the partnership with Underdog U.K.



By this time, things were getting more and more tedious, as good distributors were getting harder to come by, and the small success of the label meant that Russ had to become more of a full time record guy than ever before. Russ then began to consider giving up on Underdog- it was becoming too much like a "real label" for him. All the label business shitwork was beginning to outweigh the fun parts. Russ didn't want to let the label run him, so he was thinking of calling it quits.

Meanwhile, across town, Ben Weasel was near the end of his association with Dave Best and Roadkill records. Ben, Doug Ward, and John Jughead of Screeching Weasel convinced Russ to open Underdog up as a collective. Russ up to that time *was*_Underdog. The plan was that he would have to separate his money from the collective Underdog, and he did it by "zeroing" the books on his accounts with Underdog. He would then lend money to the label for releases, and after being reimbursed, any profits would be put back into the label. With each release, the label would accumulate a little more money, and after a time have enough to be financially independent.

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8·bark· TWELVE

The compilation was the first project, and with the financial problems out of the way, they began working on it. The title was to be *Al Capone's Vault*, and, as Ben was adamant that there would be no bad recordings on it, they devised a plan to have consistent sound recordings. Each band kicked in $100 to be on the comp, and with the combined dough from all the bands, a block of time was booked for cheap in a 24 track studio. Each band then had about three hours to record their one song. In order to cut down on setup time, bands were paired up in five sets of two, with the idea being to share equipment whenever possible. In several six-hour sessions, the recordings were made, and the compilation, now called *Achtung Chicago* was released in February 1990.

One of the great things about this comp was that the bands were forced to meet each other face to face and work things out on the production end, instead of the long distance "mail in your tape and art" approach of most comps. This one actually promoted closer ties among Chicago bands. Ben Weasel picked the material for the comp, and as Ben says in the liner notes, "Not every good band in Chicago is on this comp, and some that are on it are broken up already." Capturing these bands while they were still together was the reason

this label was started. Since then, some of the bands have reformed, but most have split up. 14 Chicago bands are featured, only four of them Underdog bands.

By that spring, John Jughead was finding it hard to come to the meetings, and Ben and Russ began to have some disagreements on how to get things done. Ben and John left at this time. Quickly, new people stepped in to take their place, continuing the cooperative system. They began meeting regularly at the loft at 2047 W. North Ave, in the Wicker Park neighborhood of Chicago. Soon, the records were moved in, and with the addition of a PC, a Mac, and a few filing cabinets, the Underdog office/loft was born.

After the *Achtung* comp was out, there were more people showing up at meetings, and they had to figure out just how to *be* a collective. It was a struggle to find tasks that everyone could share or participate in, and to get the dirty and dull jobs done. One of the things that drew newer people into the swing of things was the publication of a newsletter. published bimonthly. It was filled with band info, and buttloads of silly, stupid, rude stuff that made it fun. The newsletter was a direct outlet to U-Dog's fans, and an alternative to placing costly ads in music mags. To this day, Underdog only buys ads in MRR. The newsletter and a few traded or free ads in small zines are Underdog's only other PR material still.

As far as the rest of the collective aspect, it began to work itself out - one person would handle distributors, another would go to stores, another might be researching prices for silk screens, etc. These jobs would rotate about every two months, and at each meeting the people would fess up to what they'd done since the last meeting. Eventually, everyone got into a groove, and the work got done.

In the spring of 1990, Underdog turned to 7" EP's. Since SPONGETUNNEL and FRIENDS OF BETTY had split up, there were no active bands on the label. One band from the comp, DEAD STEELMILL was selected, and a new band, 8 BARK, was picked for the next two releases. 8 BARK released *Twelve*, and DEAD STEELMILL's *It's All Over* came out in June.

With these two 7" out, Underdog flirted with the idea of releasing a FILLER LP in Fall 1990, but communication was breaking down with the Underdog UK contact. He was swamped with his own hassles, and couldn't put any more time into Underdog, so the UK U-Dog ceased to exist.

Underdog was carefully counting their pennies, trying to pay off Russ's investment so they could be financially independent. In the spring of 1991, it was decided to try to release a 7" EP every month and a half. The parade of 7" releases started in April: I.M.F.'s *Brother Flywheel's Revenge*. Then in May, 8 BARK's *The Big Wheel*, in July, ESKIMO NATION's *Immunization to Everything*, and in August, TASTY BUSH issued *Fuck Work*.

The steam was running out of the "every month and a half" plan, and just about this time, Russ was having some stylistic conflicts with the collective as it had evolved. Musically, it was not his bag, and he decided he would be happier working on his own projects by himself. He was moving to Detroit anyway, and had already started his own label, Bob Records. Bob featured several releases Russ was working on both sides of the glass on. Some awkwardness occurred, but finally, things were worked out between Russ and the collective. In September 1991, Russ moved away, leaving his baby to the collective. All that remained was a $2500 debt to Russ, to be paid off at $50 a month.

The "new" Underdog crew then began to go about the business of selling back catalog to pay off Russ and earn some money for new releases. Underdog was a broke label, and old records were their only asset. The newsletter was improved and put out more regularly. Underdog began a habit of having at least one collective member go to every show to sell direct. Underdog began a mailorder distro for non-Underdog merchandise, first only selling stuff from the Chicago area, now from everywhere else.

As of the spring of '92, the hard work is beginning to pay off. Even with the monthly debt payment, they are making back some money, and are planning the release of two more next projects, (1) a follow up to the *Achtung Chicago* comp, called *Achtung Chicago Zwei*, to be released by August 1st, and (2) 8 BARK's first full length release, an LP/CD called *Structurally Sound*. In the meantime, U-dogger RobRoy has funded and put out a split 7" with ESKIMO NATION and SHAGGY from Syracuse, NY on Underdog. Although this is a departure from the "Chicago Only" rule, it's considered "close enough".

Now the collective membership has swollen to become the largest regular group to date. More are always welcome. Underdog is a good example of the DIY ethic at work. The bands have complete "artistic freedom" with their records. Although the style of music may have shifted somewhat over the last few years, Underdog will continue in the tradition of preserving the obscure and intense among Chicago's young bands. Now that the label is being run by those very bands, you can expect it to keep going for some time to come. That brings us up to the present...

Here's a section by section run down of just what U-Dog "does" these days. The "Punk Business" issue of MRR we thought was very cool, especially the concept of making your business everyone's business. Here's ours . -Doug

RECORDS

After years of putting out records, Underdog has developed a effective, simple, and fair way of doing things. The business arrangement with bands is this; the bands pay for recording, and Underdog pays for pressing. After that, U-Dog distributes them, sells by mail and at local shows, and direct to local stores. The bands, after getting a few freebies, can buy copies from Underdog at a "band rate", a price a little above the cost per unit ($1.75/7"EP, $3.00/LP). This gives the bands a cheap and easy way to have something to sell a their shows and on tour, while encouraging them to get out and play. This simple formula has allowed everyone involved to avoid the hassles of computing royalties based on percentages of gross profit sold blah blah blah. No accountants necessary, this method has proved to be a good balance between band and label in sharing the responsibility for selling records (and earing back money).

The bands have complete say in the artwork and design for record covers and inserts, and U-Dog meetings are usually where both the collective people and band people get together to screen, stuff, fold, etc. the cover and inserts for any given release. Many of the 7" covers are hand screened.

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MAIL

Underdog Mailorder has been distributing non-Underdog materials by mail and at shows for over a year now. This was started in order to encourage similar activities by other labels and groups, and to meet oth-

er people and labels around the world. Since starting, Underdog now handles (as of June '92) over 60 different titles of records, tapes, and zines, by both local labels and out of town, including Canadian and European releases. All these titles are brought to and sold at shows anytime an Underdog booth is set up at a show or event, which is getting more frequent. Often "Underdog bands" playing out of town will bring U-Dog distro stuff to sell, too.

The merchandise is handled on a 90 day consignment basis, or received in trade for Underdog titles, and everything gets listed in the catalog. Soon the distribution will expand to non-music oriented stuff, such as jewelry, homemade hats, independent films, cheap art, and more.

ZINE

In the spring of '92, Underdog entered the world of fanzine publication. As an outgrowth from U-Dog's already swelling bimonthly newsletter, a quarterly fanzine was born. It surfaced that within the collective there were a lot of people itching to put stories, opinions and news into print in a good consistent medium, and there was a realization that U-Dog was the perfect set-up from which to do it. Things took off from there, with the first issue being 68 pages, and containing slice of life stories, veggie dining reviews, cheap motel reviews, a play, horror-scopes, "when I was a kid..." type stories, a tour diary, editorials, a show calender, etc. With only a small printing run for the first one (about 200), most of the copying and computer time was scammed from various sources, so the cover price was kept down to $1.00. Future issues should be the same.

The zine is quarterly on a April, July, October, January schedule, and contributions are open to anyone. The whole collective decides on content; no "editor" per se. Future regular features are being added, including a more in depth local show section(with a calender of upcoming shows, a listing of people paid vs. what amount bands were paid, and show diaries by the promoters themselves!), a movie review column by Ben Weasel, a resource section for D.I.Y. types looking to start their own projects (listing and reviewing U-Dog's picks for good & cheap pressing plants, printers, silk screen supply, recording studios, distributors, blank T-shirts stores, cassettes, etc., etc., etc.), a home remedies/herb use column and more.

The zine has no ads rates, and only accepts local ads for free. This keeps it as more of an information exchanging forum rather than another forum for consumerism.

Also, Underdog has built a 4-color silk screening press that is available to bands, labels, and individuals to use for T-shirts and record covers. In the future, more "large hardware" items and facilities might be added to increase the options for bands and individuals in the local scene.

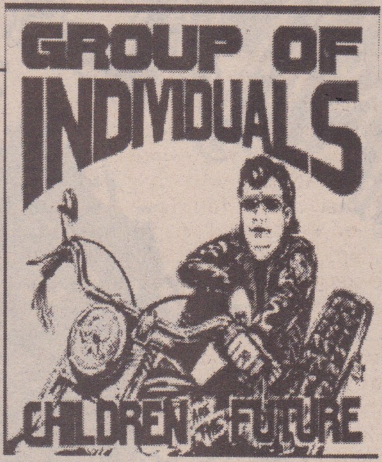
RESOURCES

In the course of doing what we do, we've uncovered some great places to go to get stuff done. This information we share openly with anyone on request. For example, we often get calls by bands looking to put out their own records; we tip them off to cheap studios, mastering facilities, pressing plants, then for cover art, silk screen supply places, printers, record bags suppliers, etc., so that they are able to go out and make thing themselves for the lowest cost possible. We also have other kinds of information, such as a 400 city up-to-date booking list of independent promoters and all-ages clubs. Called the "Bark List" it is maintained by the band 8 BARK, and has been traded and reinforced by touring bands trading info for years.

ROACH MARKET

The *Roach Market* is a monthly fest/record swap, designed to be an alternative to the "go to club, pay money, see show, leave" syndrome that has hitherto been the sole manner for people in the "scene" to congregate. Occurring on the last Saturday of every month, starting July 25th, at the Underdog loft at 2047 W. North Ave. from noon to 6 pm. Present will be local record labels, fanzine people, bands with demo tapes/T-shirts, people making cheap food, artists with "less than a buck or two" art, and record collectors selling their stuff. Independent films will be shown, and tatoo artists and body piercing artists will do work. The forum will be open to speakers and spoken word artists, and other non-band performances.

Out of this will hopefully grow a greater sense of community for the underground scene, and will hopefully encourage others to set up and organize other types of events.



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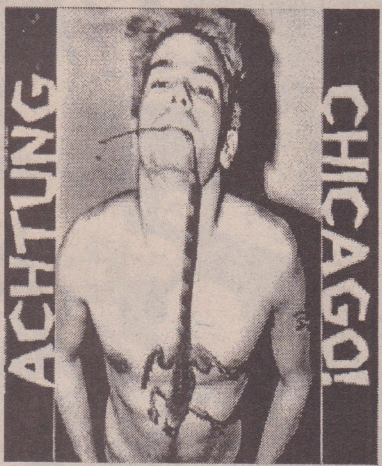

DISCOGRAPHY

1 9 8 7

Sponge : Born Under a Bad Sponge

ID Under: The Lords of Nothing

Screeching Weasel: Screeching

Impulse Manslaughter: He Who Laughs

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Fudge Tunnel: Little Red Fire Engine

Sponge Tunnel: Morons...and Monsters

Friends of Betty: Blind Faith

1 9 8 9

Group of Individuals: Children Are

Sponge Tunnel: Sponge

1 9 9 0

V/A: Achtung Chicago

8 Bark: Twelve

Dead Steelmen: It's All Over

1 9 9 1

I.M.F.: Brother Flywheel's Revenge

8 Bark: The Big Wheel

Eskimo Nation: Immunization

Tasty Bush: Fuck Work

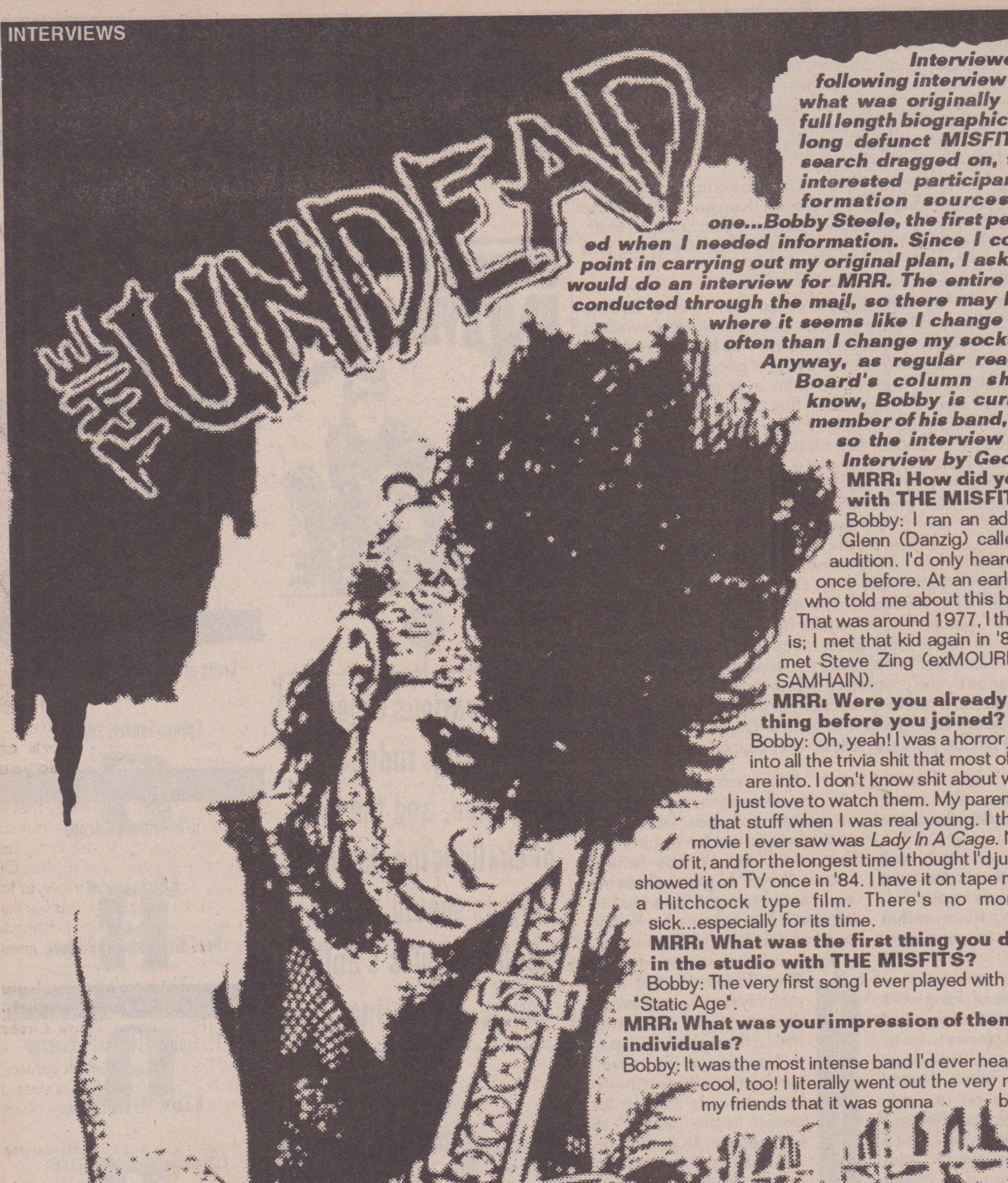
1 9 9 2

Shaggy/Eskimo Nation: Kites are Fun

8 Bark: Structurally Sound

Upcoming

V/A: Achtung Chicago Zwei!



Interviewer's note: The following interview is the result of what was originally intended as a full length biographical paper on the long defunct MISFITS. As my research dragged on, the number of interested participants and/or information sources dropped to one...Bobby Steele, the first person I contacted when I needed information. Since I couldn't see the point in carrying out my original plan, I asked Bobby if he would do an interview for MRR. The entire interview was conducted through the mail, so there may be a few spots where it seems like I change subjects more often than I change my socks...sorry.

Anyway, as regular readers of Mykel Board's column should already know, Bobby is currently the only member of his band, THE UNDEAD, so the interview is one-on-one.

Interview by Geoffrey Tilander.

MRR: How did you get involved with THE MISFITS?

Bobby: I ran an ad in a local paper. Glenn (Danzig) called and set up an audition. I'd only heard of THE MISFITS once before. At an earlier gig, I met a kid who told me about this band that he knew. That was around 1977, I think. The funny part is; I met that kid again in '82. That was how I met Steve Zing (exMOURNING NOISE, ex-SAMHAIN).

MRR: Were you already into the horror thing before you joined?

Bobby: Oh, yeah! I was a horror junkie. I just wasn't into all the trivia shit that most of the 'horror snobs' are into. I don't know shit about who did this or that. I just love to watch them. My parents turned me on to that stuff when I was real young. I think the first horror movie I ever saw was *Lady In A Cage*. Nobody ever heard of it, and for the longest time I thought I'd just imagined it. They showed it on TV once in '84. I have it on tape now. It's kind of like a Hitchcock type film. There's no monster. It's really sick...especially for its time.

MRR: What was the first thing you did-either live or in the studio with THE MISFITS?

Bobby: The very first song I ever played with them on stage was "Static Age".

MRR: What was your impression of them as a band or as individuals?

Bobby: It was the most intense band I'd ever heard. And they looked cool, too! I literally went out the very next day and told all my friends that it was gonna be the biggest thing since KISS. I knew if any band could do it, THE MISFITS could. It was exactly the type of band I'd been dreaming of for years. Jerry Only seemed like a nice guy, at the time. I quickly learned that he was a phony. Glenn was strange. At first, I thought he was gay. There were lots of rumors to that extent back then. The one thing

about Glenn was that he was real. If he didn't like you, he made it clear. Glenn was very professional. In the beginning, he had things under control. Every week we'd practice three nights. After practice, we'd do pictures. We must've shot three rolls each night...three nights a week. As we got moret popular, he lost control. I guess that's why it all died.

MRR: Glenn Danzig claims that you didn't play on the *Bullet* EP, yet on *Beware The Misfits*, you are credited for the same versions found on *Bullet*. What's the story on that?

Bobby: Glenn's wrath. He was pissed at Franchie Coma, so he refused to give him credit on the record. He has a tendency towards doing that...if ya know what I mean.

MRR: So is that pretty much the same thing that happened on the *3 Hits from Hell* EP?

Bobby: I don't really know. He kinda did a different twist on that one and gave me credit for "xtra guitar on "London Dungeon"", which is one of the reasons that I really think he really didn't want to get rid of me, himself.

MRR: So what all did you play on? I'm sure a lot of people know, but there are probably just as many who don't.

Bobby: Fuck...the sixty-four thousand dollar question. I've gotten so tired of having to dig into my memory to remember all the stuff I played on. The first thing was *Horror Business*. Then we did *Night of the Living Dead*. At each of these sessions, we recorded enough tracks to make an LP, but used only the best tracks for the EPs. The next sessions were for an LP that eventually became *Walk Among Us*. What they wound up as were the *Halloween* and *3 Hits from Hell* 45s. On the 20 song LP, *The Misfits*, I played on "Horror Business", "Teenagers From Mars", "Night of the Living Dead", "Vampira'", "I Turned Into a Martian", "Skulls", "London Dungeon", "Ghoul's Night Out" and "Astro Zombies". Some of these tracks were from the 45s, while others were from the original *Walk Among Us* sessions. I think the material from the original *Walk Among Us* were, by far, the best recordings we ever did. That was the tightest lineup we ever had. That was with Arthur Googy on drums. It was the first time that we worked with a real producer. He never got the credit, but his name was Robbie Alter. He played guitar in the IAN HUNTER BAND. He was the one who was responsible for all the great sounds on "London Dungeon". He played a lot of the subtle feedback on that one. He also came up with the accents on the chorus.

MRR: Your last show with THE MISFITS was in July '79, right? What was that show like?

Bobby: The last show was July '79, at Exile in Long Island City, NY. We were always trying to come up with ways of making the show more intense. This time, we decided to lock ourselves in the dressing room for the last hour before going on. The isolation... along with the fact that we hated each other...was intended to inspire us to play as aggressively as possible. The club's manager kept coming back and telling us to wait another hour, until we were in there for about four hours. We started busting up the dressing room. We were climbing the walls. When we finally went on; it was like all hell breaks loose. I'll bet it was the loudest, fastest set we ever did. I have a tape of that show, somewhere. The sound is awful, but you can hear how fast we were. At the end of the night, the owners didn't want to pay us at first. The club's booking agent warned the owners not to fuck with us, or they'd regret it. We got paid in full. And these guys were Mafia! We had a reputation.

MRR: They (THE MISFITS) claimed in an interview that you were replaced because you "couldn't play fast enough", Arthur Googy said that you were never around come time for rehearsal and Glenn said said you didn't show up for the completion of the *3 Hits from Hell* EP. Would you like a chance to clear that up for us?

Bobby: If any of that were true...do you think I'd be where I am now, despite their slander campaign? I've always been a hard worker. That's why nobody can last with me. Nobody's got the stamina and determination that it takes to overcome the setbacks that I've been hit with in my life. Believe me, it'd be a lot easier for me to kill myself. But then I might miss out on an opportunity. I was always on Glenn's case for his procrastination.

MRR: Not many people know that Jerry and Doyle are brothers. How much do you think that had to do with his replacing you? Obviously it had something to do with his being inducted as a member. I've seen some of the live videos that are floating around out there...his playing skills, or lack thereof, are more than a little less than equal to yours.

Bobby: That was the only reason he got in. I think Jerry wanted to control the band, and the best way to do it was to have a majority on his side. Doyle was perfect. He'd always agree with anything Jerry said. Jerry used to tell me that practice was off. So I wouldn't show up. I never knew that there was a practice. I used to wait all day trying to find out if we were gonna practice. You can't imagine how dedicated I was to that band.

MRR: I've heard recordings of both the Ritz, NYC and Hittsville, Passaic, NJ shows from late '81 where those guys cut loose on you (by changing the lyrics to 'Teenagers From Mars' so they said, "Bobby Steele's an asshole", etc.). How provoked were those attacks?

Bobby: *Sounds* magazine, from England, did an article about THE UNDEAD in October '81. It said that I'd accomplished more in six months than THE MISFITS had in seven years. That's when the shit hit the fan. Up until then, things had been fairly civil, though they had been telling people I couldn't play, etc....

MRR: So, as far as they were concerned, it was cool until THE UNDEAD started to get off the ground.

Bobby: Definitely. They had put their feet in their mouths and it was a blow to their egos.

MRR: Glenn claimed that the infamous "San Francisco Show" (where Doyle smashed his guitar over some kid's head) was a result of the work of "Bobby Steele's cronies". What do you think of that?

Bobby: It's as if I had the kind of money that it would take to send a bunch of thugs out to fuck with them. At that time, I was living on $240 a month and my rent was $135. Of course he was lying. I couldn't find a lawyer to handle a lawsuit against him and *Thrasher* for slander. He was accusing me of committing a series of felony crimes; crossing state lines for the purpose of committing a crime.

MRR: At the time of those shows, how long had THE UNDEAD been together? Was that before *Nine Toes Later* came out?

Bobby: If you're talking about the aforementioned show, I think it was less than a year. I really don't know, 'cause I don't know when that happened.

MRR: That EP was supposed to come out on Plan 9, right?

Bobby: Originally, yeah. Glenn was at a couple of the sessions, too. He laid out the initial $300 for the session. When I think back to that we were still friends at that point. That's one of the reasons why I think Jerry had a lot more to do with kicking me out than they ever admitted.

MRR: When did you start Post Mortem Records? Was it spawned because of record companies refusing to deal with you due to the bad press you received at the hands of Danzig and his pals?

Bobby: I started Post Mortem after Stiff Records went belly-up. There was still a huge demand for *Nine Toes Later*, and I was hoping to take advantage of it by putting the record out myself. I wound up getting fucked by all the distributors on all the 45s that came out on

Post Mortem. I can't really say why the labels keep avoiding me like the plague, but you gotta admit there's something sleazy going on. *Act Your Rage*, with virtually no distribution, has sold nearly twenty-thousand copies, and I still can't get the interest of a label that'll do any kind of promotion. I've been told, and I've denied it to myself for too long, that the only reason that I'm being ignored by the industry is because I'm crippled and they don't believe that a cripple is capable of entertaining. This industry is so righteous about not being racist, when they won't think twice about excluding a person just because he walks funny. Even MRR, in all its talk about equal rights always mentions blacks and women, but rarely ever mentions the handicapped. It's something that people aren't even aware that they're doing. I only blame it partially on THE MISFITS. After all, they were the only ones in this whole business that ever gave me a chance. A lot of people like to criticize them for being so evil, but it was the only band that ever put a cripple in the spotlight. Most people don't know this, but the ROLLING STONES had a keyboard player from the very beginning, Ian McLagen, I think was his name. He was never allowed to pose in pictures or be seen on stage. He was a cripple. I don't care what you might think about PC, they're full of it. It's a trendy movement. They care more about forcing their doctrines down our throats than they care about our rights. You'd be hard pressed to find one of them that's ever attended a handicapped demonstration. It's not cool. PETA's cool. Protesting racism is cool. Women's causes are cool. But fuck the cripples. There's this club in Detroit, 404 Willis, they've refused to book me because I'm not politically correct. What's not politically correct? That I'm a cripple? That I wrote the first song about the homeless problem in 1983? That there have been three females in the band at various times? They don't know what they're talking about. What's not politically correct is to deny work to a cripple who has a reputation for being honest and sincere in his work. If the PC had their way, they'd eliminate the constitution faster than you could say, "George Bush".

MRR: You don't think THE MISFITS and their associates had much to do with your being blacklisted by almost the entire underground music scene, then?

Bobby: They weren't the only ones. They got things against me, but everybody involved is equally guilty in my opinion. Chris Williamson, who's one of the owners of Rock Hotel, had a big part in it. He manipulated the scene, through his control of the CROMAGS. A lot of people don't like my independence. They don't like a guy who breaks the rules and comes out on top. Honestly, I don't give a fuck. At least when I die I'll still have my integrity.

MRR: Some of the earlier UNDEAD songs sound a little like older MISFITS songs. Was Glenn much of an influence on you as a songwriter?

Bobby: Certainly.

MRR: What do you think of Danzig as a person and as a musician? What about SAMHAIN and his latest band, DANZIG?

Bobby: I think he gets too much criticism for the wrong reasons, mostly from people that are jealous. He's one of the most intelligent, clever lyricists in the business. His lyrics make you think about the hypocrisy in religion these days.

MRR: You don't consider him a sellout for turning his back on the punk scene in favor of the glitter and gold of heavy metal? I know that's why a lot of people give him so much crap.

Bobby: The thing about the punk scene nowadays is that they treat musicians like shit. We're the niggers of the scene. We're expected to work our fingers to the bone; entertain and bring pleasure, but we're never allowed to profit from it. If we do, we're 'capitalist pigs'. We have a right to earn a living. The punk scene turns its back on us first, and then they bitch when we change. If his heart's in it, he's not a sellout. I'm not gonna judge him on that. Then again, I know of some hard-core anarchist punk from years ago, who's making $35,000.00 a week as an investment broker. I don't hear anyone bitching about him. Face it, most punks sell out by the time they're 25, so I advise them to stop criticizing other people. Punk rockers are all sellouts. Selling out is a matter of compromising yourself in order to gain popularity and make money. That could be countless hundreds of bands who went for the generic speed thrash "Fuck Reagan" trend of a decade ago.

MRR: It's kind of funny; if you know Glenn's influences and his idols and look at some of his recent stuff, you can see where he just flat out ripped off artwork, music, lyrics, etc., yet he still pisses and moans about people ripping *him* off! Bobby: Yeah. I know what you mean there. He does put his foot in his mouth a lot.

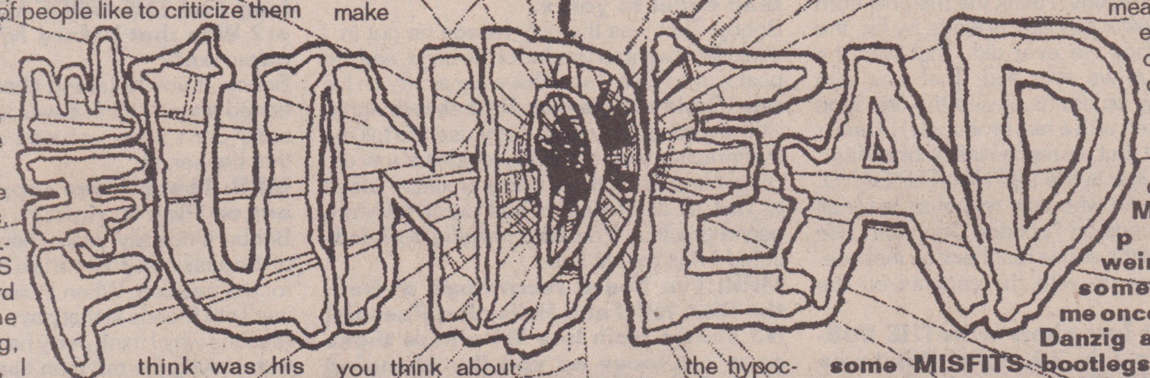
MRR: In the kit you get from his fan club they bitch about the problem of MISFITS bootlegs and are bold enough to say that they receive no money for bootleg merchandise and ask, "Who deserves it, the band or the bootleggers?". Don't you think that question is a little misleading, seeing how the only person in THE MISFITS that ever got anything for their work was Danzig and everyone else got fucked?

Bobby: Yeah, it is. A lot of people don't realize this, but I've never gotten anything out of being in THE MISFITS. Go ahead, buy the bootlegs. At least then I'm not the only one getting fucked. It's his own fault anyway. If he didn't want the bootlegs, he could just release the shit himself. What bothers me is that some of the bootlegs I've heard don't have the pressing defects that the originals had. Which means that whoever put them out had access to tapes that only Glenn and Jerry had access to.

MRR: That's pretty weird... somebody told me once that Glenn Danzig actually did some MISFITS bootlegs himself. I thought it was a joke, but you're right...some of the bootlegs I have *are* actually better in sound quality than some of my originals.

Bobby: My intuition is almost always on the mark. I just got to hear the *Horror Business* and *Bullet* bootlegs, and they're right on the mark...right down to the inscriptions on the inner groove.

MRR: What about Jerry and Doyle, have you heard their new band yet, KRYST THE CONQUEROR?



BOBBY STEELE

Bobby: Hated it...

MRR: It looks like they're trying to cash in on the success DANZIG is having. The tape has a big metal sound to it.

Bobby: It's like IRON MAIDEN meets GWAR, with JIMMY SWAGGART writing the lyrics. They're about as born again as Anton LaVey.

MRR: How are the *Slave to Fashion* EP and *Live Slayer* LPs doing?

Bobby: Not bad at all. *Slave to Fashion* is a limited edition UK release. I only got 100 copies to sell in the US, and I know of only one other distributor who brought in another 100 copies, so that might be all that's available here. *Live Slayer* has sold over 5,000 copies so far.

MRR: Is the title of *Live Slayer* a play on SLAYER's *Live Undead* album or just a coincidence?

Bobby: Certainly. It was a coincidence that it came out the same week as SLAYER's new live LP, though. Some stores actually wound up putting it in the SLAYER section by accident. Fuck 'em. I've been getting a good response on it.

MRR: What's this I hear about a new 7" coming soon? Any details about it you'd like to share?

Bobby: It's called *The Invisible Man*. It's about how people turn a cold shoulder on other people who don't have it so good. I think eveyone can relate to having been in a city, and walking past a homeless person, a bum, or a cripple. For some reason... that you just can't explain...you just totally ignore them, even if they try to get your attention. Imagine how that must feel. It's like you're invisible.

MRR: Who's putting that out?

Bobby: No. Who's on first. Oh, you mean what label? In the US it'll be on Skyclad. I'm trying to negotiate a release in Europe, and I'm looking for a label other than Shagpile/Shock to release it in Australia. I'm not happy with the way they handled *Dawn Of The Undead*. I still don't have any of the LPs from them.

MRR: What are your live shows like? I know you don't have a backup band. How do you play, do you have a tape of drums and bass or what?

Bobby: I'm still getting used to doing this. I don't use tapes. They don't sound good enough. I have everything sequenced, and it plays on a drum machine and sampler. It sounds just like it would sound if I had a band up there. The only problem that I have is that all eyes are on me. I have to carry the whole show. It's like those dreams where you go to school, and you realize that you forgot to put your pants on. Hopefully I'll be able to find a band, but for now, this is great. I don't have people holding me back. When I had a band, I put out records every couple of years. I've had four releases in five months without the band. I haven't changed my sound at all.

MRR: So are you planning to get actual members, or are you officially a one-man-band?

Bobby: I hope to find a band, eventually, but I'm not gonna settle for second best. I get a lot of people offering to play with me, but I can tell in an instant that they're not into it. They're just whores-they'll play anything. I need true punks. They have to have the right look; kind of a Saturday morning cartoon/ Road Warrior look. They have to be non-smokers. And they have to sing lead and harmonies. They have to be easy to get along with, and they have to show that they have the drive. Most people blow it in the first minute by showing up drunk (I hate drunks), or by saying shit like, "We'll party, dude". This ain't no fucking party. This is the hardest working, most despised band in the world. You gotta be a real trooper to make it in this band.

THE FEW, THE PROUD, THE UNDEAD! WE'RE LOOKING FOR A FEW GOOD MEN (OR WOMEN).

MRR: Do you have any plans to tour soon?

Bobby: By the time this comes out, I'll be on a two-to-threemonth tour, if anybody reading this is interested in setting up a show, call me at (201) 262-7558.

MRR: Anything you'd like to add in closing?

Bobby: Yeah. I get a decent number of threats. In the mail and on the phone. A lot of it has to do with allegations made against me by a band that I did a lot for. People are so fucking eager to believe anything negative about me just because I'm so different. It's funny. City Gardens, in Trenton, NJ, has refused to give me a gig. I think THE UNDEAD is the only band of its stature that hasn't played there. Anyway that band, for years, was telling Randy that we were great and should get a gig. He wouldn't believe them. But as soon as they told him some bad shit, he was repeating it to whoever would listen to him. I'd like for bands, especially the bigger bands such as FUGAZI and BAD RELIGION, to get in touch with me. It's time they started boycotting clubs that discriminate. I'd like to hear from other people, too. I want to know how you feel about what I'm exposing for the first time. I can be reached at Post Mortem Records/ PO Box 358/ New Milford, NJ 07646. Please don't ask for free shit. I can barely keep afloat right now. As soon as I can afford to, I'll have goodies to give out. That was one of the things about being in THE MISFITS. We always had cool shit to give away.

Anyone wishing to correspond with a die-hard MISFITS/ UNDEAD fiend can write to me, Geoffrey Tilander, at PO Box 1380/ Ukiah, CA 95482. I hope that you had as much fun reading this interview as I had conducting it. It was a lot of work and took almost six months to complete...I hope it was worth it.

MIND'S EYE

MIND'S EYE was interviewed June 11, 1992 by Lars Weiss. Mind's Eye is: Rob Sefcik--drums; Carl Porcaro--guitar; Steve Murphy--vocals; Sean O'Brien--bass; Chris Skowronski--guitar.

MRR: At one point, Carl was in Killing Time and Steve, Rob, and Chris were in Uppercut. How did Mind's Eye form?

Chris: After Uppercut broke up, there was a brief hiatus after which I started playing with Sean, whom I knew from my neighborhood. Together we started jamming with Rob, Steve, and Lars again and eventually swapped Lars for Carl.

Carl: Swapped?

Sean: Lars was in a bad mood for two months or so he said, and we stopped calling him and he stopped calling us. We decided to get Carl

Chris: ... and things worked out great.

MRR: So you joined the band after Killing Time broke up.

Carl: Killing Time was in the process of breaking up when I signed on. I was living with Steve at the time so he asked to come down and check it out and I've been around since.

MRR: Chris, what's your favorite item of clothing owned by Carl?

Chris: Oh man!, the amazing technicolor dreamcoat hands down.

MRR: No way man, that's not mine at all. How could you pass up the blue velour shirt? (laughs)

Chris: You're right ! I'm changing my awnser to the blue velour shirt, definitely.

MRR: Steve, what's the best you ever shot for 18 holes?

Steve: 77.

Lars and Chris: ooh ahh.

MRR: What's your handicap?

Steve: 15.

MRR: Sean, what's the best lie one of the guys in the band ever told you?

Sean: I dont know, but it had to have come from Steven. (*laughs*)

Rob: The best lie is that he's a good bass player. (*guffaws*)

MRR: So what's going on ? Do you guys have a record coming out?

Carl: Our single is coming out on Rope A Dope, a new label by me and Rich from Killing Time.

MRR: Is the label going to put out other bands, or is it just a vehicle to release the Mind's Eye?

Carl: The next single will be by The Giving Tree, with Lars from Judge and Uppercut, Big Block Kate, and Shawn from Mind's Eye and #3 will be the new release from Rich, Drago, and I.

MRR: So anyway, what's your favorite SST band?

Rob: St. Vitus.

Carl: Gone.

Steve: Tom T's Dog.

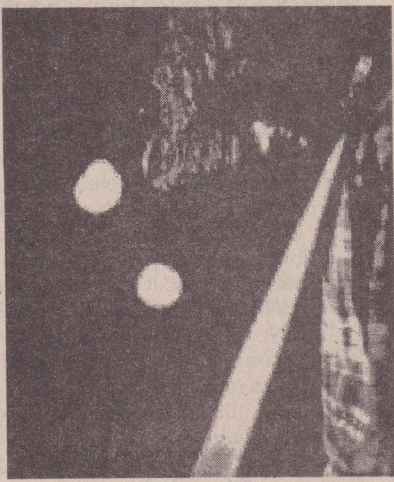
Carl: Husker Du, Descendents, Minutemen, Dinosaur jr.

Steve: Wurm! (*laughter*)

MRR: You can laugh, but I can see similarities in the way you guys sound as compared to some of those bands. Is that something you set out to do?

Chris: No, we arrived at that sound by not stressing about what we were supposed to sound like.

MRR: I see a lot of that sound but I also hear a generous helping of Sabbath in your sound, so what's your favorite Sabbath album?



Chris: *Paranoid.*

Rob: *Master of Reality.*

Carl: *Vol. 4.*

Shawn: Personally, I think Dio... (*cut off by much booing, hissing and laughter*)

MRR: If you were in charge of setting up Lollapalooza 3, who would be on the bill?

Chris: Saxon, Spider...

Shawn: Oz...

Chris: Tygers of Pan Tang...

Shawn: Unholy Swill.

MRR: As most new bands who are doing anything meaningful these days, you guys came out of the hardcore scene, What hardcore records are finding there way onto your turntables lately?

Steve: The first Blast! record.

Carl: Strangely enough, another Wishingwell release, Uniform Choice *Screaming for Change.*

MRR: There's quite a scene happening in Yonkers lately. There's 3 labels, Blackout, Noisville, and Rope A dope, a hip record store, Rockin' Rex, and loads o' bands. What's your favorite Yonkers release?

Steve: Drunk John Lennon.

Chris: Icemen single.

Shawn: Crawlpappy.

Carl: The new Blackout Killing Time ep.

SMUT are a fairly new band from Minneapolis that wowed the record reviewers with their debut 7". And are yet another shining example of what a fine scene Minneapolis has. This interview was conducted by Iggy at her house at the beginning of a case of beer, fortunately (or unfortunately). SMUT is as follows: Dawn on guitar and vocals; "Little" Germaine on vocals; "Big" Germain on bass; and Estelle on (double fucking bass) drums. Interview & photos by Iggy.

MRR: Let's start with how long you've been together.
LG: I think it's been...
D: February 1990 little Germain and I started or March. April of 1990 was when SMUT started.
MRR: Krissy was with you guys then as the drummer, she left and why?
BG: She didn't want to commit like we did. she had other things in her life. She just bought a house and it was taking up a lot of her time.
D: And also she could see how dedicated we were, and she wasn't and that's why she quit too.
MRR: And Estelle joined you when?
E: September 1991
MRR: And that's working out good?
Everyone: Yes!
MRR: Why the name SMUT?
D: Jon Greenslit of Misery thought of it. We're stupid.
LG: It came up in conversation. He said it in a sentence and said 'Hey that'd be a good name for a band'. And we're like that sounds really cool.
MRR: And it means absolutely shit.
LG: Not an acronym for nothing.
MRR: You have a 7" out, 1000 pressed and you put it out yourselves?
LG: With the help of Profane Existence.
MRR: Financially?
LG: Yeah.
D: No spiritually!
BG: We've repressed another 1000.
MRR: What's next then?
BG: Hopefully another single, this winter maybe.
D: Another single and a slot on the *Wrap Up* single sampler which is a somewhat local thing.
LG: It's pretty much for promotional use.
D: For radio stations, etc.
LG: They take 100 and send them off to whoever they want to and we get 100 and do what we want with them.
MRR: So they'll be available in stores?
BG: Yeah, I've seen them in some record stores locally.
LG: But it'll just be a certain number and won't be reprinted.
D: But we're gonna record another 7" too. It'll have four songs on it.
E: We're recording in September.

MRR: Let's talk about major labels...
D: Iggy's favorite subject, major fucking labels. Well if anyone wants us to sign, my number is...*(laughter)*
MRR: Why?
D: I want to be famous.
BG: It's too much work doing it ourselves.
E: I want to be rich.
D: We don't want this in our interview, it'll make us look bad. *(laughter)*
BG: It would be nice though to have a label out there helping us do all the promo stuff.
MRR: But you can do that without going major...
D: Lookout Records, come

get us.
BG: Why Lookout?
LG: Who's Lookout?
D: Neurosis.
BG: They're on Alternative Tentacles now
D: I don't want to get in the same position as Grant Hart (HUSKER DU) who is paying with his life, like Warner Bros. He owes them so much money.
MRR: Cos HUSKER DU split up and broke their contract?
LG: I don't want our music to like...I'm watching people... like Twin/Tone just got bought out by Restless Records and I was talking to someone and he said they just got told the other day that they have to have a full album out in like a month, and they're like oh my god ya know. They have nothing new to put on a record. And it stump their creative activities, ya know? They're like rushed to get it out. And I don't want us to ever get in a situation like that cos it would suck. It should be worked at our pace not someone else's.
MRR: But the point of major labels is they're in a business to make money and you are a commodity who's sole purpose is to make a profit.
D: No way, we're not a profit.
MRR: Then why would you want to sign? There are indies that are large.
D: That's what we want to go to is an independent large label. We haven't really talked about this much.
BG: It would also be to live off what we want to do, just play music.
MRR: Everyone wants that.
LG: I would not sacrifice what we have, I would never in a million years sign to Warner Bros.
LG: My total ideal is like what Fugazi, Dischord have.
MRR: Isn't that what Profane Existence is, because Dischord's purpose was and is to promote the DC scene. so isn't that what PE could do if they wanted with Minneapolis bands?
BG: Yeah, they can, but that's totally up to them. They've talked to us about helping put out the next single too, but they haven't talked amongst themselves...
MRR: The collective shit?
BG: But I think that if a major label thing did come up we'd all sit down and totally talk about it and decide together.
E: I don't think any of us wants to compromise our music, not for money.
D: Not in a million years.
LG: Everyone would like, I'm sure Dawn would love to have two guitars I'd like better vocal equipment, it's so tempting. I am not going to be a slave to temptation!!!
MRR: So Profane Existence has worked out good for you as far as distributing?
D: Excellent
MRR: What are your influences, what got you to here, as a band why do you play what you do?
D: From years of listening to punk rock and going to shows, and bands my guitar is from Discharge definitely. Nice punk rock chords, that kind of shit.
BG: I guess my influence in Smut is like what Dawn and Estelle play and I just fit into what they're doing. I've always been into music, other music, the Rolling Stones.
LG: I guess my biggest influence for vocals is blues, like big lady blues singer.
D: You don't sound like the blues.
LG: I don't have the blues.
D: It's kinda like the greens or something.
LG: When I was little my favorite toy was a tape recorder and I'd sing along with all these songs.
E: Primus, and before this I experimented with several other styles like metal, gothic and a few different things. And I started looking around again and wanted something like this.
LG: She's the only one in the band that's had

experience with other bands.We all started from like nothing.

D: My singing influences, I don't know where the fuck it came from.

MRR: Hell.

D:Yeah, Satan is my singing influence.

MRR: And why a band and not some other way to express yourselves?

D: I think we're all just really into music.

BG: When I was younger, I wanted to be in a band on stage, not in the audience, just something I felt deep down I needed to do.

E: The song "Wipe Out" inspired me, it was the first song that made me realize I wanted to play the drums.

MRR: So you didn't just get in a band to get guys?

D: Oh yeah, they're falling at our feet now!

BG: Groupies, that's where it's at.

LG: The way me and Dawn started out is so funny. I was totally afraid of the mic so she popped in a tape and I sang along with the tape and she played the ugliest guitar, it was a pink paisley Fender Strat.

D: And I was the most retarded guitar player ever.

BG: Being in a band broadens the scope of people we meet.

LG: I think it's gained us a lot of respect.

E: Especially with male musicians.

D: We haven't gotten the "you play pretty good for girls", well yes we have. But I had expected to be really scrutinized and we haven't been.

MRR: And you expect it because that's what everyone says is gonna happen.

D: And it's fucking bullshit.

LG: Our music not all pretty, 'lalala', ya know what I mean?

E: I don't consider our music superficial.

D: It's not like other female bands that scream their heads off, it's all different kinds of vocals and all different kinds of music. It's a good variety.

MRR: Did you set out as a group to be exclusively female? Was that part of the goal?

LG: We tried out a male drummer. He's a very good drummer he just had a different style. It just kind of worked out this way.

D: I think we kinda had a goal to be female. It wasn't detrimental to the band.It turned out that way and we like it that way.

BG: I remember when I first heard you were looking for a bass player, it kinda sounded like you were looking for a female bass player.

D: Yeah, I was.

E: Just from my past experiences. My other hands were all male, and I really enjoy this a lot more working with other female musicians. It's really fun.

MRR: So if something happened and one of you like died or something...

LD: Iggy!!

MRR: I don't know!

Would you allow a guy to join the band?

BG: I think it's past that now. It's to the point all four of us are SMUT and if one of us left Everyone: It wouldn't be SMUT anymore.

LG: It'd be a different band.

BG: We'd have to start all over again.

E: I don't think anyone of us has anything against working with male musicians, but this is fun.

MRR: Do you think it makes things easier for you?

E: I feel stronger to combat stereotypes and things of womyn.

MRR: Is it easier for you as a band to get ahead?

E: We're at the right place at the right time now. Female bands are really in demand right now. I don't really get off on that. I want people to like our music.

LG: Just because we're female. But I think we've been pretty lucky just because we've gotten a lot of attention. Honestly I think part of that is because we're all female but I would hope it isn't totally that and I don't think it is.

D: Maybe initially...

LG: What would entice people to come see us is we're all female.

MRR: You guys have already gotten quite a lot of press, while bands like MISERY have never gotten press....

LG: Right.

MRR: ...in the so called alternative papers of the city. And why is that because they've been around for like ever?

D: It's also their style of music too, I think, they're too hard for the softcore thing, they're vocals and shit. They're too intense for them.

MRR: But I would have never said BABES IN TOYLAND was soft.

D: Yeah it has to do with being all female. It has to do with that.

LG: People are really curious. There really isn't all that many all girl bands there are plenty of bands with females in them. I only know of a handful, a few.

MRR: What do you say about, when everyone hears you, they say you either sound like APPLE or BABES IN TOYLAND?

E: I love BABES music but I know we don't sound anything like them. I respect them but we don't sound anything like em.

BG: There's also a cross between BABES and L7, which is one thing I heard too. We don't sound like either of them.

D: It just sucks when they compare us cos it's that whole sexist thing, ya know what I mean?

LG: There are a trillion all male bands and you don't hear that.There's not that much to compare us with cos we're like a total minority.

D: And if they could realize how stupid they are when they say that it'd be nice.

E: Yeah.
LG: I guess I can understand that...
D: The APPLE part cos your voice sounds like Jay. But BABES nobody sounds like...I've heard I sound like Kat but I don't think I do.
LG: I don't mind being compared to her (Jay) cos she's got a beautiful voice. My style of singing, I prefer to sing than scream just cos it's more enjoyable for me.I like to sing.
MRR: You guys gonna tour?
LG: We want to.
MRR: But no plans?
D: Not anything set, tentative plans.
E: We're hoping for next summer.
BG: Cos we'll have 2 singles out, so maybe...
D: And all these nice great people reading this interview can write and send us addresses of clubs and places to play.
MRR: No, you have to buy the MRR/P.E. *Book Your Own Fucking Life* book.
D: Okay, I'll run right over to the P.E. house....
MRR: Who writes your lyrics?
BG: Everybody except me cos I am retarded and I cannot write
D: Oh shut up.
LG: Which I appreciate cos I think it's good for everybody to write so it's not just what I think, what I see. It's everybody. And I have no problem singing what someone else wrote because we're all together on this.
E: You get the feelings of the whole band coming through in the lyrics.
MRR: And what do they deal with?
LG: Many things.
E: Some are political, some personal emotions.
D: Experiences, that's what I seem to write.
E: I'd like to do humorous things in the future. Most of our music is real serious but it'd be kinda fun.
D: We're working on doing some weird shit, premenstrual stuff.
E: Not punk enough for your love.
MRR: Are your politics part of this band?
D: We were a lot more into that when we started. It seems like now we're getting into more personal things. The political thing we're still really into, it's our beliefs, but it seems we're gearing towards more personal things. Sometimes this is how I feel, the political things can drag you down a little bit.
BG: Too preachy.
D: You gotta watch out for that. So many fucking bands do all political stuff, you gotta keep that original edge.
E: We're going for a mixture here.
LG: I think the personal, political is combined into one.
E:We're expressing our emotions but also our political beliefs in them.
D: We have one song "No Sacrifice" that doesn't deal with anything political; it's more personal. Germaine and I wrote it. It has to deal with mind control. Things in your head. Things going on in your head. Trying to control your thoughts. Your thoughts controlling you.
E: But then it goes off totally abstract. Starts talking about zombies.
BG: Demons taking over your head.
D: They'll take over and your pretty much insane like the rest of this country, insanity. Which is totally unlike "Burden" or "Wall of Hate" our first 7". That's totally political. That's gonna be ("No Sacrifice") on our next 7" by the way.
E: I think some of our stuff is cynical. Like "Womyn", very sarcastic and cynical.
D: The shit I write is angry and sarcastic, but that's my personality.
E: I'm working on a song, "Am I Punk Enough For Your Love" just about the punk scene.
MRR: You should write that cos all hardcore and punk guys go out with straight girls.
D: I wonder why that is
MRR: Cos they're stupid.
D: They want some one they can handle.
E: But it's about the separation in the scene. How some people get an attitude if you don't have enough spikes on your jacket or something.
MRR: Like if you're not politically correct enough.
E: Right.
D: I didn't even worry about that shit anymore. That's like kidshit.
MRR: Got anything else to say? (the alcohol starts kicking in here).
E: BLAHHHHH!!!!!
MRR: The 7" is still readily available for $3.00 ppd from Profane Existence.
BG: We'll be printing more t-shirts in the future, that'll have more stuff on it, like on the back.
E: It's gonna have Dawn's butthole on the back.
D: Basically for our closing comments, they can suck my smut!
BG: Remember, SMUT spelled backwards spells relief!

SMUT/ PO Box 8722/ Minneapolis, MN 55408

AN OBJECT OF INTENTIONS
They think it's moral to conceal what is real
Hidden from me, is a shocking reality
Blindly educated, stepping into the world
The truth is unfurled, Truth is unfurled
Inexperienced and naive with clouded perception
How can I survive when all I know is a deception
They dictate to me my personality
Defenseless and ignorant I stand
Trying to mold me into an ideal
Telling me what I could and could not feel
Caught up in their lies until I opened my eyes
Freeing myself
Free myself from their grasp!

SMUT

WALL OF HATE
The big man patriot
Waving the flags
Digging down his pants
While he's calling you a fag
You're all a bunch of commies
Says his deep macho voice
Too arrogant to realize
We all have a choice
Another rape is committed
Again the victim is blamed
The cycle continues...
Misery, sorrow, shame
Systematic brainwash
Too apathetic for change
Ignorance is breeding
All across this land
The industry supplying
The supply and demand
Life string hanging
At a patriarchies hand
Time is running out
For our rights
We'll take a stand
Another family homeless
Gentrification takes place
Here you can own a home
If you're of the right race
Go ahead fight for justice
See how far you'll get
Fascists rarely have been known
To give a fucking shit
As scientists cut another animal she screams
Torture, pain, suffering, cruelty
Capitalist money gained
It goes on forever
Government smiles gives a grant
Corporations spewing the
Same old death chant
So smash their wall of hate

THIGHMASTER

The last remaining Canadian hardcore band???

P: Naomi Freeman

Usually, writing a local scene report is an inspiring and uplifting job. For all the talk of hardcore's decline, actually sitting down and writing out all the cool and productive stuff going on around you really helps put things in perspective. This time, however, the news from the North is not at all positive. What should have been the greatest weekend in Canadian punk history has ended in tragedy. Read on...

The long weekend of Friday, May 15 to Victoria Day holiday Monday the 18 was the date, and Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan the place for the first annual Canadian HC/punk blowout festival. Every single band in the history of Canuck punk, from the VILETONES through STRETCH MARKS right up to the BLUNDERMEN was represented. Thanks to the generous spirit of Grinding Edge records moguls Ted and Spencer, chartered Greyhound buses from all over this vast nation arrived in the quiet prairie city, an endless stream of vehicles unloading busload upon busload of punks of every variety. National television network SCTV became "HCTV", as they broadcast the event non-stop for three days into the homes of 27 million Canadians who witnessed the marathon concert at home. Excitement lay thick in the air. Every chair in the 18,000 seat Moose Jaw Civic Centre was removed to make way for the gargantuan pit. Local stocks of tofu, hair dye and pizza were exhausted in minutes; After a ripping first set by seminal Canadian punk STOMPIN' TOM CONNORS, the show was under way.

Trying to remember the exact line-up and order of the show would be next to impossible, so I'll just list some of the bands I remember playing. Here goes... BUNCHOFUCKINGOOFS, FAIR WARNING, SNFU, PORCELAIN FOREHEAD, SNOWDOGS, CHOKEHOLD, RE-IGNITION, PERSONALITY CRISIS, ONE BLOOD, S.C.U.M., PHALLOCRACY, MISSION OF CHRIST, DIODES, RIOT .303, SUBHUMANS, PHLEG CAMP, BLISS, MR NOBODY, NOMEANSNO, SHITFIT, GASSENHAUER, SUDDEN IMPACT, DECLINE OF REASON, MY DOG POPPER, SONS OF ISHMAEL, ADVERSITY, NO MIND, DEAD AGAIN CHRISTIANS, THE NILS, FORGOTTEN REBELS, NUNFUCKERS, BABIES WITH RABIES, GOD CORP, FLECKS OF DROOL, MSI, RUDE NORTON, CORPUS VILE, CHICKEN MILK, CRUMBLE, CRISIS OF FAITH, DAY-GLO ABORTIONS, HYPE, MISSING LINK, DEATH OF GODS, NEGATIVE GAIN, ARMED AND HAMMERED, PROPAGHANDI, DOUBLETHINK, NEANDERTHAL SPONGE, GUILT PARADE, ARSON, YOUTH YOUTH YOUTH, THE CURSE, GRAVE CONCERN, SYSTEM OVERLOAD, PIG FARM, ASEXUALS, SUCKERPUNCH, NEIGHBOURHOOD WATCH, PROBLEM CHILDREN, SUB LEVEL, 4 AND A HALF REASONS, NUMB, GREEN EXIT, THIGHMASTER, SUBVERSE, DEATH SENTENCE, UNWANTED, DIRECT ACTION, BEYOND POSSESSION, POINTED STICKS, NEOS, YOUNG LIONS, RED TIDE, CHRONIC SUBMISSION, DEMICS, ZERO OPTION, LAST PRAYERS, HERBAL SCREAM, RANDOM KILLING, BLACK TRIANGLE, RISE, THE SPORES, BSL, OCTOBER CRISIS, INNER ANGER, THE BLACK DONNELYS, BRONTOCRUSHROCK, SLOW, THE DOUGHBOYS, SON OF HAPPY, RABID DEFIANCE, MUD, 5 FT. NOTHING, LIQUID JOY, NO POLICY, GENETIC CONTROL, GUYANA KOOL-AID, DEEP END, CHARLIE BROWN'S WANG and more, many more.

Finally, at 12:30 Monday night, the end of this epic event drew near, and with it, the climax. 18 000 punks stood in the centre of the arena, gazing towards the stage. It was time. However, I and the rest of THIGHMASTER could not share in the anticipation. Guy Caballero, Head Honcho of the SCTV network, was flying above the now roofless venue in his personal helicopter, and with most of Canada waiting breathlessly at home for headliners DOA to hit the stage, some one was needed to provide colour commentary--no easy task, considering that every single scenester in Canada was actually inside the hall. Hearing of our virtually limitless knowledge of hardcore, the TV executives begged THIGHMASTER to join Mr. Caballero in the chopper. At first we refused, but they were insistent, so we presented them with a list of our demands. After some quick negotiating, we reached a compromise. THIGHMASTER would go up with the network boss, and SCTV would publically burn all of its funk-metal videos, and open a 24-hour all-hardcore video channel.

So, at one o'clock, there we were, slowly hovering around the Moose Jaw Civic Centre as DOA ripped into their first song. As the pit became more and more frenzied, and the band more and more rocking, our regret at not being there with everyone else intensified. Truly, this was the gig of the century. As we looked down upon the show, we could see that DOA had been joined on stage by half of the crowd, and there was not a fight to be seen. All of the usual barriers had crumbled in the face of the incredible display of unity that the show represented. From the smelliest crusty to the hardest straight edger to the most fashionably attired '77 type to the meanest skinhead, it looked as though everyone was getting along famously.

What happened next brings tears to my eyes even now. The timing was tragic. DOA had been joined on stage for their last song by Matt White, ex-singer of Boston's DYS and Pickering legends JUST ANOTHER, and the sight of this triumphant union sent the crowd into an insane maelstrom of thrashing chaos. Although a conclusive explanation has yet to be provided, experts believe that the rhythmic tramp of 18,000 pairs of Doc Martens and Converse Hi-tops somehow caused a previously unknown fault line directly underneath the arena to separate. There was no hope for the audience; the whole thing happened in a matter of seconds. One minute we were watching a great punk show, the next we were staring into a gaping chasm into which had fallen the entire Canadian HC/punk community since 1976.

Don't expect to hear about it in the mainstream media; scared of losing the lucrative penguin hunting trade if tourists hear of the area's newly acquired earthquake epicentre status, the Federal government has imposed a total news blackout.

I suppose the incident wasn't completely bad. After all, Ted's parents are letting me have his record collection, and FORGOTTEN REBELS won't be putting out anymore records...what's more, while most people already realized that THIGHMASTER was the best HC band in Canada, we definitely are now— we're the only one.

I guess before I finish up this scene report, I'd better plug my zine, since there's no one here to buy it. *Dysgenic* is 40 pages of pure HC and opinionated rants. Send $3 and I'll send it and the first issue of *Vaqina Dentata* anywhere in the world. *VD*, by the way, is 28 pages of straight edge feminism from the late Iza Dentata. To order the zines, inquire about the Moose Jaw massacre, or just generally shoot the shit, write to me at: Simon Dysgenic/ 52 Ravine Park Cres/ West Hill, Ont MIC 2M4/ Canada. Also write if you want to play here, especially if you sound like a cross between Infest and Crimpshrine.

Public descent

Interview by Adam Goren

Ah, sitting in the basement of Jeff, the bassist from Public Descent. It's a beautiful Sunday morning, but we're in the basement anyway. Jeremy hasn't yet arrived because he is feeding his fat, smelly, hungover face. Jeff is smelling rather foul, but I suppose he's crusty. Dan is grunting along with the S.F.A. album being played on the hi-fi. Fernando seems content with staring at the wall, and T.J. drinks his Pepsi.

MRR: Why don't you all introduce yourselves and state what you do.

Dan: My name is Dan and I play guitar... uh...no, I play a flying V. I also sing occasionally.

MRR: Now name something that you like about yourself. *(jokingly) (silence)*

T.J.: I'm T.J. and I sing and occasionally play guitar.

Jeff: I'm Jeff and I play bass and scream. I'm kicked in the face. *(laughter fills the room, I'm puzzled)*

Fernando: I'm Fernando and I play the drums.

J: Um, uh...Jeremy plays the other guitar. He also gets people to mosh at our shows, like a butt.

MRR: Why don't you tell us about the release?

J: Why don't you tell about the 7"?

MRR: If this were an interview of me, I would tell all my wonderfully emotions that come to mind when I think of it, but it's your interview.

J: Oh yeah .

T:Well it was before I joined the band so...but as an outsider, it was a really good 7".

D:Well, what happened was we got sick of having no shows and going nowhere so we went into the studio and recorded, but I wish we had done it later so T. J. could have sung on it.

MRR: What happened to the old singer?

D: Ummmm... *(Jeff cuts him off before he can say anything stupid)*

Jeff: Things weren't working out.

MRR: You guys have a very anti-religious sentiment in your release.Why?

D: We don't like religion.

MRR: Well that was an intelligent answer. I asked why?

D: We just don't like it.

MRR: Well put.

T: Well, I'm not viciously against religion, just organized religion.

D: If you want to start your own cult, that's fine with us.

J: It's all money, lies and rules, especially the Catholic religion.

MRR: Oooh, I'm telling your mom.

J: Don't. *(then TJ and Dan go off talking about a rehab for satan-worshipping drug addicts. I ignore this and begin to wonder....)*

MRR: Who writes most of...the dare I say..."music"?

D: We all write the music!

F: Actually, Ron McNally

MRR: Who writes the lyrics?

J: Mostly Dan and TJ.

MRR: What do you write songs about?

F: Babies.

MRR: Please stop.

D: Only love songs.

J: uhmmm...yeah.

MRR: Your song "New Religion" seems to be anti X-edge?

T: It's not anti-X-edge, It's anti-hard guy.

J: Yeah, but most hard guys are X-edge.

T: Yeah, not in Philly, cause all the hard guys show up blasted.

T: X-edge is fine if that's what you want to do, but keep it to yourself.

MRR: What do you think of the Philadelphia scene?

T: It's a roller coaster ride.

D: It's been rather sluggish lately.

J: When was the last show?

T: 1977, I think.

MRR: Do you have any shows lined up?

D: Yes, at the Fiesta Inn June 14th in Willow Grove.

J: We will be playing at ABC No Rio at some point.

J: From now on we'll be killing at least one audience member per show. *(I just nod my head and smile. I'm laughing on the inside)*

MRR: Where do you get your influences from?

D: Carcass.

F: Slayer!!!!

(Do you really expect me not to laugh? I laugh)

MRR: Carcass? Really?

J: Crust!!! *(note that Jeff is jumping around and screaming Crust!! He really is the crustiest!)*

MRR: You are a nerd.

T: Sam Cooke.

MRR Anything else you want to add.

J: Yeah, me and Jeremy think Public Descent is an attitude.

MRR: Hooray! Anything else?

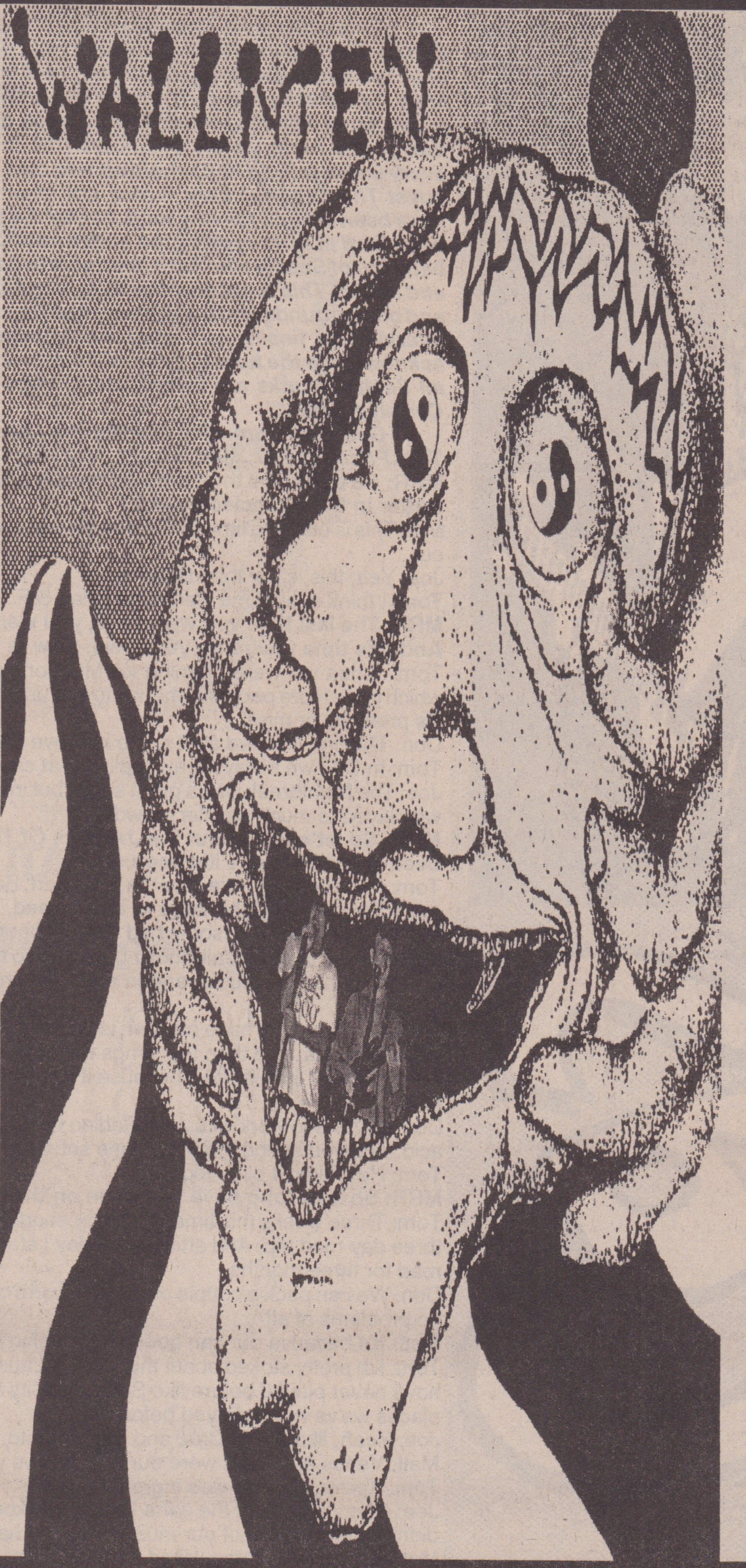
T: If someone spits on you, just spit back and enjoy *(Jeremy enters)*

Jeremy: Wait!! Don't turn off the tape recorder.........

Public Descent "Communion" 4-song 7" is available for $3 US/$4 world to: 8500 Widener Ave/ Wyndmoor, PA 19118.

→Moral decay←

Artist's house, 3 AM. The police at the door. "Your art's been declared obscene, come with me." Apartment trashed, slides destroyed, spent the night in jail. All in the name of morality. I won't submit, I won't subscribe, I won't help you. In Florida the police roll in, the band ends their SHOW. Paddy wagon's open, time to GO. The POLICE truck pulls away to the tune of "Fuck YOU, Pigs!". Will this become the standard gig? From Jack the Ripper (who killed the women HE found to be immoral, to the priest who raped a teenage girl; destroy their morals before they destroy you. Think [illegible]



About the band: The Wallmen are a local North Syracuse band with a different flavor. They mix everything from psych, punk, hardcore... I can't specify...they defy category. All I can say is...read the interview and get THE WALLMEN experience.

MRR: When was the band formed and for what reasons?

W: Sometime around 1984 to create the future of music.

MRR: What bands have influenced the Wallmen sound—musically?

W: Wallmen!!

MRR: What things have influenced you spiritually?

W: Dangerous drugs and *safe sex.*

MRR: How would you describe your sound for new listeners?

W: Ultra modern progressive overhauled hyper party pop!

MRR: Your topics are very creative. Who writes them? Where do lyrical ideas come from?

W: Yes, we write most of our own songs. The band is: Yom Tucker (guitar, vocals), Norm (vocals, guitar), Jethro Deluxe! (bass), Norty (drums). Most of the song ideas are from Norty's true life adventures as an ultra hip rock star in today's modern society?!?!

MRR: Do you guys support drinking or are you very supportive of today's straight-edge scene? How do you feel about the straight-edge movement in general?

W: We promote tipping the bartender. The straight-edge kids are okay as long as they don't start knocking beers over. Relax, smoke a joint. A healthy mind is a healthy body.

MRR: Do you guys ever witness fights at your shows? If so, who starts the fights?

W: Our shows are pretty peaceful, but I like to watch a good girl fight at a rock show once in a while.

MRR: Do you guys have any horror stories that have occurred at a show?

W: I thought a straight-edge dentist was going to kick my ass in the middle of a show. So, we tuned up and he sat down.

MRR: Do you have any recipes to share with us? What do you snack on?

W: Candy and gum.

MRR: The Wallmen have a new tape out called *Last of The Broken Mexicans* which is really great. How long did it take to record? (nice cover by the way.)

W: Thank you. It took about as long to record as it does to listen to it. Thank you.

MRR: Will you consider putting stuff out on CD? The complete discography of The Wallmen on a few CD's, how about it?

W: It would cost a lot of money! Do you think anyone would listen to it?

MRR: Definitely *yes*! What's your philosophy in life?

W: Yeah, right!?...Have fun but don't get hurt?

MRR: Any last plugs?

W: By the time you read this, we will have a 7" single out featuring: International House of Juju and TocHax. Three hundred on gold vinyl—$3.00 each. or black vinyl—$2.00 each. It's very groovy.

MRR: Any closing comments?

W: We love to play, so if you'd like us to play a show or a party or anything, please call. The telephone number is (315) 454-4730. If you'd like to check out our music, it's available at local stores that carry local music or by writing to: Wallmen/ 7711 Lisa Len/ N. Syracuse, NY 13212.

For a while now, Gas Huffer and I have been trying to get down and do the right interview. But hangovers and non stop touring don't help too much. But it did finally happen this spring. When Carolyn, Mary, Teal and myself got to spend five fun filled beautiful sunny days, in my flat in San Francisco. Having cook outs ,drinking and playing lots of late night games of Encore (the musical singing game that every underground household should own) with Gas Huffer and their guest The Supersuckers. It may not seem to some that Gas Huffer have been around for very long, but for the past three years they have been hard at work rocking the underground scene. Gas Huffer is one band out of Seattle who have been able to carry on with their own style and sound. This is not so surprising, considering their musical tastes and backgrounds and their years of paying their punk rock dues .This interview is finally just what we wanted! And we would like to acknowledge the help of Johnee Boring, whose help proved that not all Seattle drunks are incompetent. Hope Cooney, Jonney Boring, Cartolyn Keddy

Gas Huffer are: Don Blackstone - bass; Joe - Newton - drums; Tom Price - guitar; Matt Wright - vocals.

MRR: So this is the third time we have had the pleasure of having Gas Huffer in San Francisco, right ?

Matt This is our third time In S.F. But it's also the second since the LP come out.

Joe: Yea, this is our third time here.

Tom: I think every time we tour we play S.F.

MRR: The last time you were here, you were touring with Mudhoney. And this time you're on your own. How is that working out for you?

Tom: When we were opening for Mudhoney , we played bigger shows which gave more people a chance to see us. However this time on our own it's pretty hit or miss.

Don: The first time we ever come here we had a good show!

Tom: In S.F. we always draw really great crowds.

Joe: The Nightbreak was a great show, but in Santa Cruz and Sacramento we played to much smaller crowds.

MRR: So let's talk about the *Janitors Of Tommorow* LP. And what's been going on since it's been out?

Tom: For a first LP, I like it for the most part. But it's just that by the time we gave the record to the label to be pressed, some of those songs were already two years old, some had already been released . So it came out a little uneven. But I'm really looking forward to to making the new LP. We're just going into the studio, and in a weeks' time record the whole fucking thing. !

Joe: We all need to have our own isolation booths so we don't have to see the other guys, and then the songs will all sound the same.

Tom: I kind of like *Janitors* because it's so fucked up sounding, or at least to me it is.

Don: It's hard to work with Jack Endino because he's always fucked-up on acid. And you spend too much time sobering him up.

Tom: He's almost blind too!

MRR: So how long have you been on the road this time?

Tom: Three weeks this time, it's pretty short. But it's like we go on a two to three day road trip. And after only a day I start to feel like I've been on the road for three months.

Don: We can pack a couple of months worth of touring into three days with no problems at all.

Matt: It's because our van goes really fuckin fast man (*laughter*).

Tom: I'm pretty stoked about this tour, because we're playing in places we have never played before like Salt Lake City and Boise!-and-I like playing places we've never played before.

Joe: Yeah, like Santa Cruz and Sacramento.

Matt: Venus and Mars were our best shows yet.

Tom: Keizer, Oregon was a great show..

Joe: Crazy kids from the Jane Fonda Workout Plan...sweating...probably didn't listen to a llck of our music, but they had a great time anyway.

Matt: There were some wilted mohawks that night.

HUFFER

MRR: So what new and exciting thing can we expect from Gas Huffer this year.
Tom: Well, when we get back to Seattle we have to start booking studio time. So we can record the new Gas Huffer record. We would tell you the name but, we just can't give it away.
Joe: But it's a lot better than *Janitors.*
Tom: We'll tell you guys, but don't tell anyone else.
Matt: Hope we know where you live.
Joe: So get readv and look for it at your local record store.
Tom: It s going to be on eMpTy again, because they are a very cool label.
Matt: Don't forget our new Sub Pop single that's going to come out really really soon.
Tom: O.K. we admit it we sold out, we re doing a Sub Pop single. But it's cool, Sub Pop gets a lot of shit, but they are really cool people.
Joe: They have done a lot of favors for us.
Tom: They really have their shit together.
Don: But we haven't seen that thousand dollars yet!
MRR: How has all that Seattle hype affected Gas Huffer, if it's even affected you at all?
Tom: We have really benefitted from this a lot. There are a lot of people who missed out on Nirvana as a small club band. And now they don't want to be left out on the next big thing, so they go and check out all the shows. This is where we get the chance to play on some big bills and do some really great shows.
Don: And lots of requests for "Teen Spirit."
Tom: People are always asking me about Alice In Chains and Pearl Jam. And that kind a gets to me after a while.
Joe: I just tell people I have no idea.
Don: Pearl Jam have great equipment.
Tom: They are also good basketball players.
Matt Seattle has a ton of film crews coming through now, and you can even see Matt Dilon eating in local places.
MRR: Who is the mastermind behind your lyrics?
Matt: Me!... but sometimes Don and Tom help.
MRR: Are there any side projects among the band to support your habits?
Tom: I do because I just got laid off from my job.
Matt: I don't because I've got the sideburns.
MRR: Tom, you worked on the Monkey Wrench LP, right?
Tom: Yes, I did.
Don: That record has done a hell of a lot better than ours has.
Tom: Yeah, it was great fun, but Gas Huffer is my first love.
MRR: We know Tom was in the U-Men and Don came from The Kings Of Rock, but where the heck did Joe and Matt come from?
Matt: I was in The Body Bags and the Holy Ghost People.
Joe: Aerobic Death.
Tom: I saw Matt when he was in The Holy Ghost People. And when The U-Men broke up I wondered what he was doing, so I asked him to join.
Joe: Then I came along and we became a real band.
Matt: Once I asked Tom if I could join his band and he said no!
Tom: But everything did work out, and now we are just pretty pleased with the way things have worked out. And that we have been going for this long.

As you can see by this very short but informative interview, Huffer are a band not to be overlooked. They are quite good at what they do, not to mention they happen to be a nice bunch of guys. They are true to their roots in the alternative community and their audience. They are not your average money -making Seattle band. This is not meant to imply that all Seattle bands are out to rob you blind. It just seems that way sometimes. But Gas Huffer are living proof that not everyone in the underground music scene is out to jump on the Nirvana bandwagon. There are still bands like Gas Huffer who are in it mainly to have fun and show people a good time. I do only have one complaint, and that is that the person who does their beautiful glow-in-the-dark shirts had better make sure that they stay glow-in-the-dark this time!

Photos by JA ANDERSON

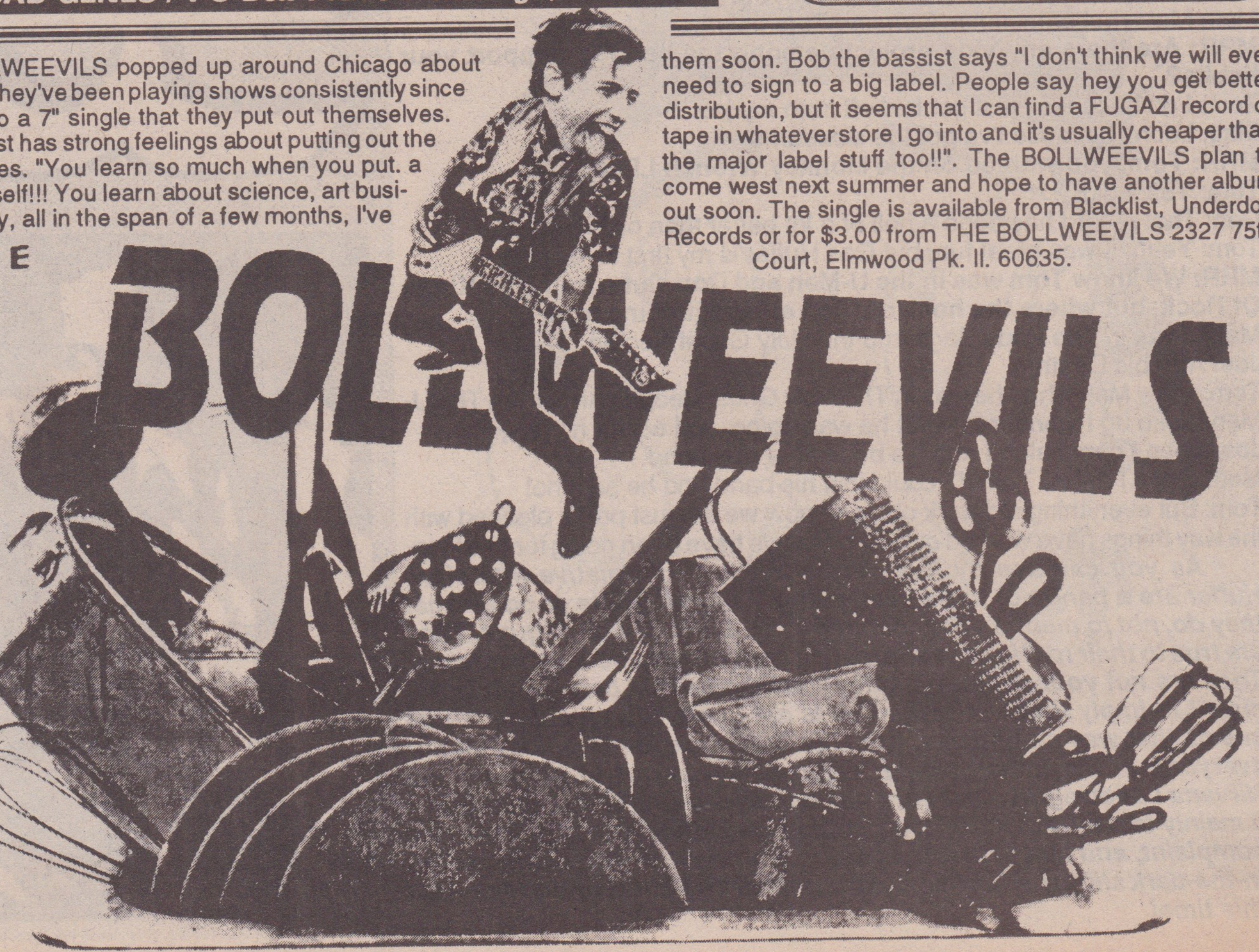
Energy, Frustration, and Beer have spawned another unlikely offspring called BAD GENES, a band hailing from Pittsburgh, PA. After the demise of their previous band NECRACEDIA, Sean (bass) and Scott (vox) drank beer, and were angry and frustrated and thought they should keep working together, but in a new band. They recruited their friend Curtis, the fine drummer of BASTARD SQUAD, who brought along his friend Steve who dishes out some hearty, left-handed, six-stringed madness. Since their beginnings in March of this year, the lads have been writing up a storm and playing out locally. September will see them traveling everywhere, to play for anyone who will give them the chance.

The music is at times like NECRACEDIA (punky hardcore), but written better, and including more diverse influences like Rock-A-Billy, Ska, etc., istead of your standard hardcore fare. The lyrics are very direct and concern sexism in the media, veganism, violence, and city life (among other things). Ripe Records in Pittsburgh is releasing their first single in early September, and Bodonski Recordswill be putting out a 4-songer in Germany. BAD GENES and their beer will be in your town soon. Turn anger into power and fight for fuckin' change.

BAD GENES / PO Box 71275 Pittsburgh, PA 15213

DEAD PEOPLE

Conformist nonconformity has become the rage
The kids are in Nirvana, all their thoughts have been upstaged
By delusions of rebellion passed through TV screens
And ten years later Rolling Stone will tell us what it means
Dead People - Watch the TV war
Dead People - Dan Rather's got the score
Dead People - In Dr. Birkenstock's boots
Dead People - In Paisley bondage suits
It's a cardboard cut-out crusade that you never hope to win
Cuz you keep growing older, now your walls are closing in
And next years corporate fashion, it won't be a big surprise
All the young execs, sport DM wingtips; paisley ties
Blasted to pieces
the number increases
Wounded lie screaming
we sit daydreaming
Liberal uniforms
sell better every year
But all they want to ponder is coffee, tea, or beer
You're the inaction faction and you never had to pay
For the compassion fashion that you wear out everyday
And any real rebellion's gotta take place in your mind
All that other bullshit you can fucking leave behind



The BOLLWEEVILS popped up around Chicago about two years ago. They've been playing shows consistently since then. They've go a 7" single that they put out themselves. Ken their guitarist has strong feelings about putting out the single themselves. "You learn so much when you put. a record out yourself!!! You learn about science, art business and society, all in the span of a few months, I've learned about as much putting out a record as I have in 3 years of school". The BOLLWEEVILS are also becoming involved with Underdog records. They should have a 7" EP out with them soon. Bob the bassist says "I don't think we will ever need to sign to a big label. People say hey you get better distribution, but it seems that I can find a FUGAZI record or tape in whatever store I go into and it's usually cheaper than the major label stuff too!!". The BOLLWEEVILS plan to come west next summer and hope to have another album out soon. The single is available from Blacklist, Underdog Records or for $3.00 from THE BOLLWEEVILS 2327 75th Court, Elmwood Pk. Il. 60635.

BUGOUT SOCIETY

MRR: Does Adam still love "Ben Casey" or has he moved on from there?

MC: Adam's got a bunch of new "Ben Casey"'s on tape that he got in Detroit that someone taped off the Arab channel.

CH: Adam has a big collection of obscure cereals like Urkle-o's.

MC: I get the same cereals but I eat 'em and he doesn't.

MRR: Gamp tell

An interview With Bugout Society by Devon Morf and Charlie Adamec. The BOS are M.C. Charlie Boswell - Vocals, The Gamp - Guitar, Bill Florio - Bass and Chris - Drums.

TG: Are there going to be any questions in this interview or is it just going to be an uninspired stream of consciousness?

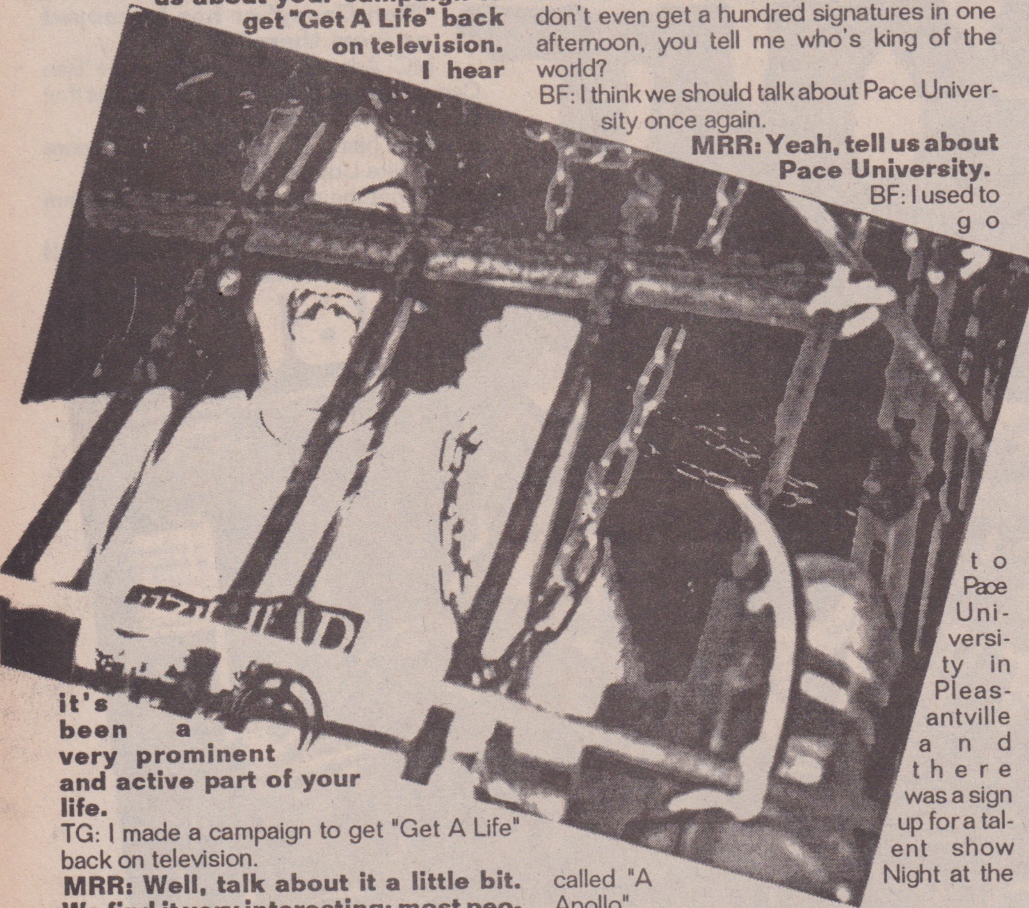
MRR: First of all we'd like to know, that of all bands to inspire you to such heights, why Peter and the Test Tube Babies?

BF: All I have to say is we were seduced by rock at an early age and it had nothing to do with Peter and the Test Tube Babies.

MC: We had a flat over on 14th St. We used to practice everyday. We don't have pubs to be banned from.

BF: We had a flat in Hoboken, I left my car there.

us about your campaign to get "Get A Life" back on television. I hear it's been a very prominent and active part of your life.



TG: I made a campaign to get "Get A Life" back on television.

MRR: Well, talk about it a little bit. We find it very interesting; most people within the punk community don't petition for television shows. Perhaps you could enlighten everybody.

TG: If you care about something, you fight for it. I have nothing else to say on the matter.

MC: Gamp was in his glory, I've never seen him so happy.

BF: Me neither.

TG: Those Lenora Filante people trying to get her on the debates in downtown Manhattan don't even get a hundred signatures in one afternoon, you tell me who's king of the world?

BF: I think we should talk about Pace University once again.

MRR: Yeah, tell us about Pace University.

BF: I used to go to Pace University in Pleasantville and there was a sign up for a talent show Night at the called "A Apollo".

MC: Don't make this such a long story.

BF: Alright. So we auditioned, we got the show, they put us on second to last, we didn't know there was open buffet. They had Swedish meatballs....

MC: And they had taco salad, pretzels...and these wieners...

BF: That's right, Puffin Puppies. That's the Kosher pronunciation. So the second song we started throwing frozen White Castle hamburgers into the audience of about 400 people sitting at tables in a big cafeteria and it was like a big rainstorm and we were ejected off campus.

MC: Yo man, you shortened it too much. So I start throwing these White Castles and shit starts flying all over the place. There's Swedish meatballs and tacos and then we started throwing these salt and pepper shakers. And when you get hit with that it hurts man, I'm telling you. And they had like these tables that were all fancy with table settings, and they started throwing all the table settings at us, and then the security guard came and dragged us off campus. Check it out, then this girl goes to him (Bill), "You go to school here? You're in a lot of trouble. The Dean of Students was here and she's mad." So I said get her, and I'll apologize to her. And she said, "Okay, I'll see if she'll do that." She comes back and said, "You hit the Dean of Students in the head with a White Castle and if she sees him right now you'll be expelled."

TG: And they grabbed the old guitar player Al, even though he wasn't in the band and dragged him out.

MRR: Tell us some personal sales stories from the new CD.

BF: We sell out CD's for five dollars outside of big shows and it does pretty well, especially when I say it's better than crack.

MC: Last week we were selling outside of

Bad Religion and we had all this free soap we got at the aerobics competition at the Holiday Inn Crown Plaza and we offered them a soap with every CD they bought for five dollars.

MRR: That's quite a bargain. Now tell us about the vinaigrette.

MC: There used to be commercial about Miracle Ear, where this guy goes, "What did she say, what did she say?" and then he says, "I'll have the vinaigrette." So that's where I first heard of this, and then I was reading this review of this video tape which has my "Skill Crane" video which everybody in the world worships and the "Dog God" which I worship. And you (Devon) said it was vinaigrette.

MRR: I said it was a vignette.

MC: Vignette, vinaigrette, what's the difference?

MRR: Is Sid's brain still be saved or did they finally let it go?

MC: Let me tell you, Sid's brain was actually, what'd we use? Tofu. Because we tried to get some brains from a butcher in Troy New York and he said, "There's no brains in Troy."

MRR: Which is probably very true. Are you guys planning to make any videos for the new LP.

MC: Yeah, there's gonna be a "Party Line" video and a "New Wave Girls Revenge" video.

much talk with our mouths full

MRR: Is it true that Vanessa Del Rio (porn star) owns a copy of your first record?

MC: Yes, that's true. Al, our old guitar player he...

CH: ...used to keep company with her.

laughter

MC: No, he lived down the hall from this guy named Tony, this guy was nuts, he said "Ahh, Vanessa Del Rio's coming, I'll buy her a copy of your record." So her gave out five dollars, and gave her our record and she gave us back these autographed pictures of her. Many of them in bathing suits, some without. And she kissed 'em too.

CH: With lipstick marks.

MC: Yeah, mine's got like lipstick on it, with like dirt stuck on the lip stick. I put it in an envelope in my room somewhere. I think my mom found it though.

MRR: Is it true that members of Anthrax have your LP?

MC: That's true, our first record. I was outside of Fear at the Ritz and we saw this Scott Ian mother hubbard, and I said, "Yo-yo we got a new record, buy it, buy it!" And he said I have no money, literally I only have $2.

MRR: So did you give it to him?

MC: Hell no, I ain't selling no record for two bucks.

BF: Tell 'em about your project band.

CH: I'm in this project with Craig Flanagan the star of...

MRR: Harley?

CH: No, Craig.

MRR: Who, Harley?

CH: No, no, Craig,

he's the star of God is My Co-Pilot. And I'm in a band with him and Andy Hoss, who's friends with John Zorn, it's the same project band that had Dan Lilker the star of some other band I can't remember the name of it, he couldn't get a job at a deli so we decided to jam with us, we played one show at a funeral home, then he quit the band. But I'd like to talk about this other project, I'm a stone cutter, I'm looking for stone cutting work.

BF: We don't get any shows with Nuclear Assault because Chris wouldn't smoke pot with him.

CH: He invited me to smoke weed with him, I refused. I suggested we drink some chocolate cow but he was set on this weed thing. But I'm serious about the stone cutting if anybody reads this and wants to have some stone cutting or carvings, let me know, I'm ready to go.

MRR: Have you guys ever played out of the tri-states?

MC: We played in North Carolina.

MRR: What was it like there?

MC: It was great while we played.

BF: It was good for the ten minutes we played.

MC: We went on first.

TG: I wouldn't have minded so much if it wasn't a night of all first run episode Sunday night on the Fox network.

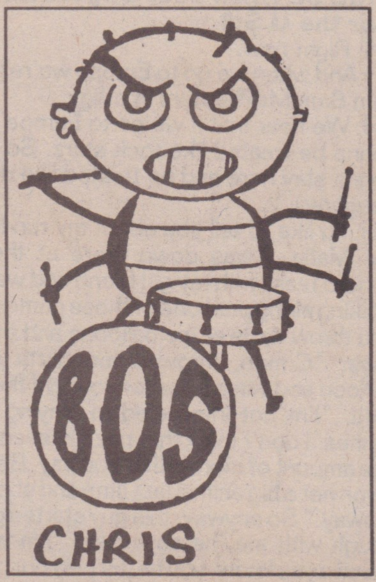
MC: All the way back home, all day Sunday, "Uh, I missed my best night of TV, they had a new episode of "Married With Children", "New Episode of Get a Life", and I drove all the way down here for this crap.".

BF: We did go to Fredericksburg, Virginia to research if the Mason's really did worship the Devil. We went to the Freemason's Museum.

MC: We discovered they have a picture of George Washington and it's all made out of little ropes and it says 666 on his head.

CH: 1776.

MC: No, it said 666.



(laughter)
MC: I saw Bleecker Bob and I told him the Mason's worshiped Satan and he flipped his wig.

MRR: Why is he a Mason?

BF: Because an Italian told him.

MC: Because we were wearing these lumberjack jackets and he had this shirt on that was polyester with crossed swords on it, and I said, "What type of shirt is that? Some sort of Mason shirt?" because he was making fun of my shirt. He said, "Do you know what the Mason's do?" And I said, "Yeah, they worship Satan." And he said "Who told you that?" So I told him Thomas Deroso told me that.

MRR: So when are Bugout Society gonna tour Europe?

BF: When they pay us in advance.

MC: Next week.

MRR: So when does Bugout Society tour the U.S.?

CH: Right now.

BF: And when we go to Europe we're gonna burn Sam McPheeters in effigy.

CH: We hear that if we go to Europe we're gonna be treated like rock stars. So we're gonna stay here and be treated like dirt.

(laughter)

CH: I'd like to tell you about my run-in with the Mafia. I was down there at the San Jenero feast with my girl friend and we were walking along past one of those games were you throw darts at the balloons and this guy says, "C'mon, throw some darts at the balloon and win a prize for your girl friend." I said, "I'm not interested in playing those games. I don't think that prize is even worth the amount of money that you pay. Besides, I won her a big animal last time and she threw it away." So anyway, this guy started getting rough with me, he says hey, "I'm with La Familia you know, you better play our game." I just nodded my head and walked away. It was close, I could've lost my life.

MRR: Throwing darts one minute, cement shoes the next.

CH: One wrong move and I would've been gone.

MC: I was selling these records at the Ritz one time and then this guy grabbed me and dragged me into this room and they opened the door and put me in there and there's this guy sitting at a table and he took the records and he goes, "You're selling records in my club?!" And he says, "Listen, some people come into this room and never come out, you want that to happen?" And I said, "No." And he said, "Listen, I'll call the cops on you, you want me to do that?" And I said, "Yes."

BF: That wasn't the mafia, that was Chris Williamson.

(laughter)

MC: Mafia, Chris Williamson, what's the difference? Chris Williamson's tied in with the mob, I heard.

TG: Why do you think Leeway gets so many shows?

(laughter)

BF: Look at the one in Long Island. A whole 10 people showed for their 1000 dollar guarantee.

MRR: What are the strangest letters the band's received?

BF: We got this one that said, "I'm and Oi." That was it, nothing else.

MC: Tell 'em about the colored vinyl.

BF: Oh, yeah all these people keep writing and asking for colored vinyl and I wrote that, "I'm very offended by their statements and we only have African American vinyl."

MRR: Have you been criticized for having CD's? Has anyone called you un-punk?

MC: No, but Sam McPheeters was all bent out of shape because he couldn't figure out how we charged less for our CD's than he does for his records.

BF: He's obviously not a math major.

MRR: Why don't you tell us a little bit about the history behind your song "Don't Piss On My Barbecue."

MC: "Don't Piss On My Barbecue" is a completely true story. We were hanging out back at ABC No Rio and we had these hot dogs.

CH: The real ones.

MC: Not that tofu crap. So we're putting 'em on the grill and this guy with dreadlocked hair and a Fosters beer comes out back and said, "You know that shit's bad for you." And we said, "Yeah, so what?" And he says, "Do you box?" And I said, "No." And he said, "Tae Kwon Do?" I said, "No." I said, "We do calculus." So he walked away dumbfounded. So we had some barbecued hotdogs. So this guy Link, not to be confused with Link from the Mod Squad, showed up.

BF: And he was a real rastafarian.

MC: And he asked, "Are these free?" And he started eating all these hot dogs. So about an hour later the first guy with the dreadlocks comes back and decides he wants to take a piss on our nice barbecue. So this guy Craig came back and threw him across the courtyard and then Sam Fischer started reasoning with him. Then this girl came out and said, "You're offending us."

BF: I wasn't there but I heard she said, "We're trying to build a community here and you're ruining it." And in the meantime, this was the first time she'd ever been there.

MC: So this girl is going, "You're offending us." And I go, "Well maybe that beer he's drinking offends me." And he goes, "Well this beer didn't kill anyone." And I said, "Yo, Anheiser-Busch sponsors corporate death in Central America." He says, "Well that's why I don't drink that brand." And I said, "What do you drink, Peace Beer?" And that was it.

Bugout Society/ PO Box 1014
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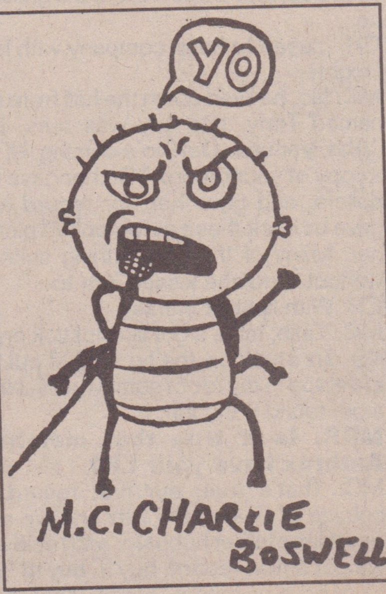

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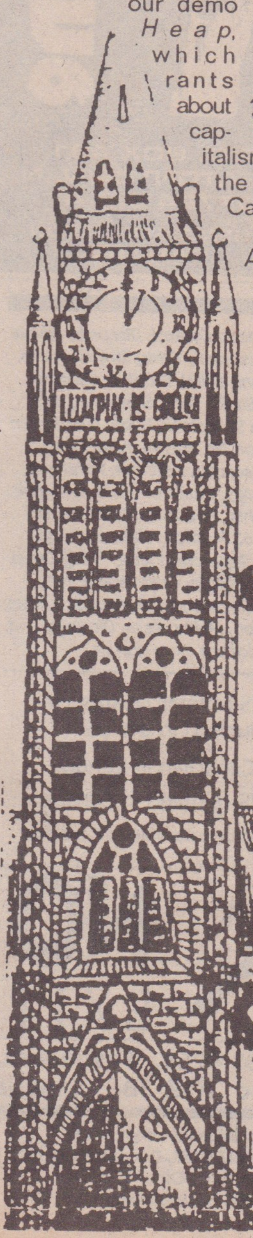
Our drummer is Jeff Spanky, on bass is All-you can-eat-Steve, on Guitar, Eric Needsaride and I am the incessent whiner and scapegoat, Garth Rhetoric. We've played a whole bunch of shows in Ottawa and Montreal (With SHITFIT, who rip) and now our friends and everyone around here is sick of us so maybe we'll try to do the wandering wilberry welfare tourthing. I think the whole point is to make connections, meet people and undermine Nirvana - the whole DIY concept, down to folding our own inserts. If you wamt a demo, send $1, or your demo or zine to trade to LUMPIN PROLETARIAT/ PO Box 3028, Station "D"/ Ottawa, Ont, Canada VIP 6H6..



Rising from the murky swamp called "Life" comes LANDFILL. This three piece outfit from the Portland, Oregon area has established their own unique style which is a cross of industrial meets metal. With influences ranging from: Black Sabbath, Prong, Godflesh, Paradise Lost, among many others. Lyrically the band dwells on the tragedies, and dark side of life, such as:insanity, loneliness, depression, isolation, etc. LANDFILL has a five song tape available,titled " Face the insanity ".For demo or band info. write; Steve / Landfill/ 2904 " R " St Vancouver, WA 98663. Send stamp for guaranteed reply.

Since 1990, there's been a new group in Amsterdam! In the two years since the formation of BOOBYTRAP, the band has worked hard to build up a varied and powerful list of songs. In 1991 they recorded their first 4-track demo tape and played several gigs around their country, including the famous Milkyway and Korsakoff in Amsterdam.

This year Boobytrap joined a competition and won some free studio time. The result is a new 16-track demo tape with three songs on it, as well as an independent video clip. The band was subsequently interviewed on the Netherlands' national radio station (VPRO) and received airplay there and on local stations.

The three members of Boobytrap are Gerrit Veldhuizen—vocals, Fred Lont—guitar/ backing vocals, and Karin Bos—bass/backing vocals. Each has about ten years of stage experience in former bands. Karin played in the Wandas, a well-known female punk/ metal group.

Armed with all this experience, Boobytrap has created a loud, strong, and direct sound—music that reminds you of the past and leads you into the future. Inspiration comes from their own creativity, as well as from bands such as Primus, Young Gods, Metallica and Ministry. Their tape is available for $6 ppd., and the video for $15 ppd. BOOBYTRAP/ Nepveustr. 39-3/ 1058 XM Amsterdam/ the Netherlands/ Phone 31.206188928 or 31.206686214.

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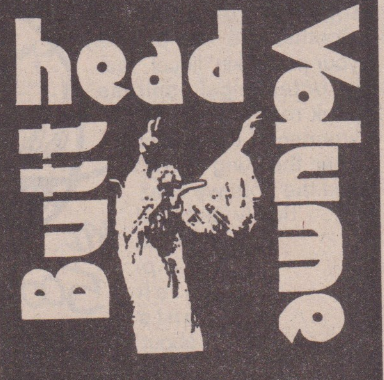

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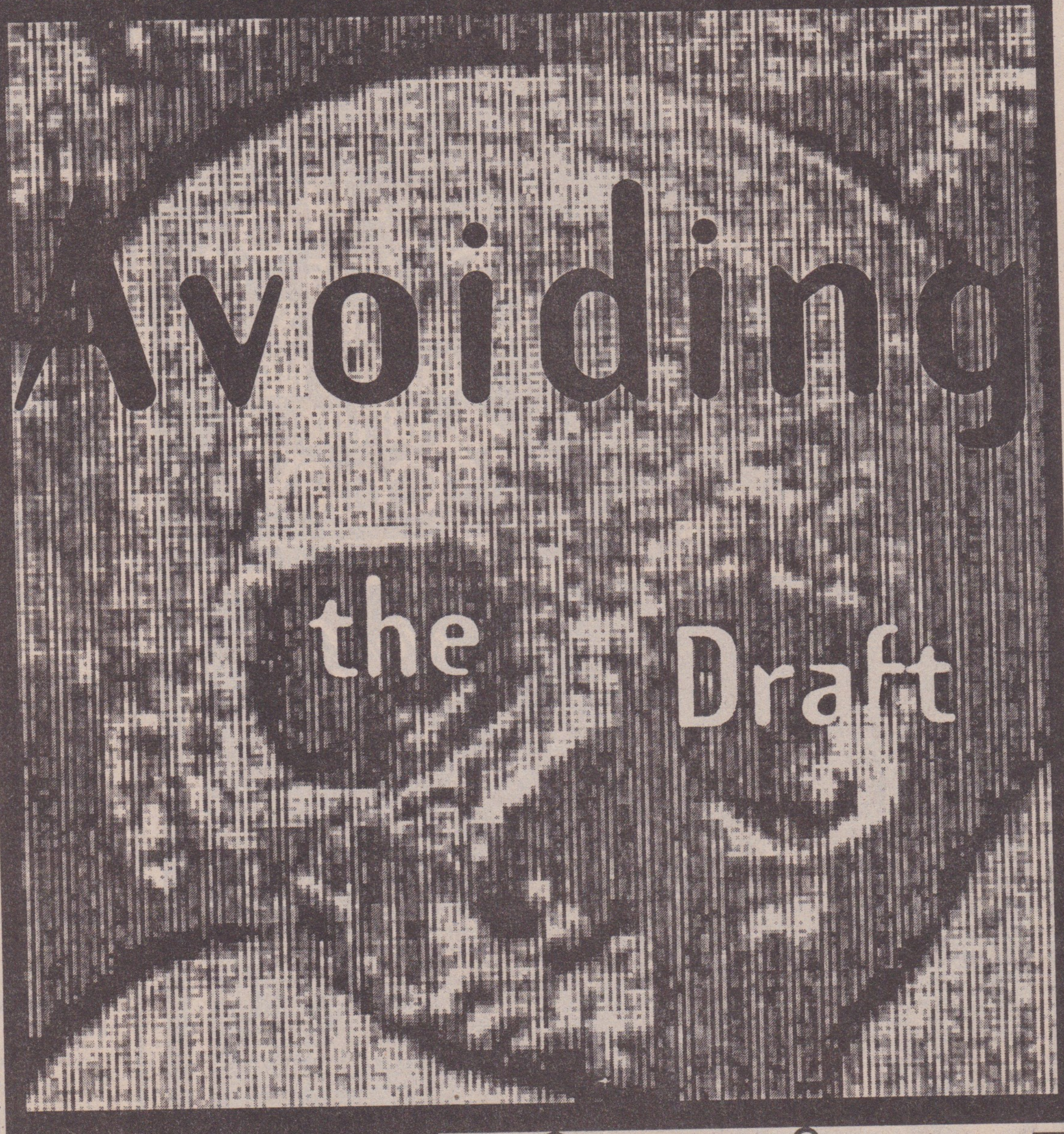


By Scott Soriano

Way back in the days of yore, about 1982, I was a punk rockin' guy of seventeen year-olds who didn't like my government and what it was doing around the world to ruin other people's lives and endanger mine. Ronald Reagan was a trigger-happy, half-senile cowboy who constantly risked nuclear war with the USSR by having the military challenge the Soviets whenever possible while increasing the US presence in Central America. Check out the hardcore lyrics of the day. The False Prophets' "Banana Republic," almost any Dead Kennedys' song, and hundreds of other punk rock numbers reflected the fear young Americans had toward going to war. The fear was not just that of nuclear annihilation: It was also one of getting drafted.

In the late 70's, President Jimmy Carter signed into law the Selective Service Act (SSA). The SSA required that all males must register for the draft, peacetime or not, upon turning 18. Failure to do so would result in many bad things, or so they said. Peaceniks and civil libertarians challenged the SSA through protests and court cases but despite wide spread opposition to peace-time draft registration, they were not successful. The law stood; however, it was rarely enforced and millions of draft age men did not register.

Those who did get busted were for the most part people who bravely stood up and said "This law is unjust and I am not registering. Take me to court, lock me up, I will not obey your law." A handful of young people tried to challenge the system and were not successful. The Selective Service Administration also tracked a few folks down in order to show that they could and scare others into registering. Despite all this, compliance to the law was spotty. In an effort to increase registration, the Reagan administration passed a law linking draft registration with government grants and loans. So if you were poor and wanted to go to college, you would have to register for the draft or you wouldn't get financial aid.

Now here I am a seventeen year-old living with my mom who works her ass off so we can barely get by and having little or no chance of going to college without financial aid. I want to get a college degree except I don't want to register for the draft because our president is a sociopath and I don't want to die in a stupid corporate war. I figure I've got three options: 1) I can not register, work my ass off to earn college money or not, 2) Register and pray, or 3) Join a branch of the service that has a peace-time mission and get my military service out of the way. So I stupidly join the Coast Guard not knowing that the Coast Guard is now mainly involved in law enforcement and it does go to war (it's often the first to go). I also didn't know that I had other options.

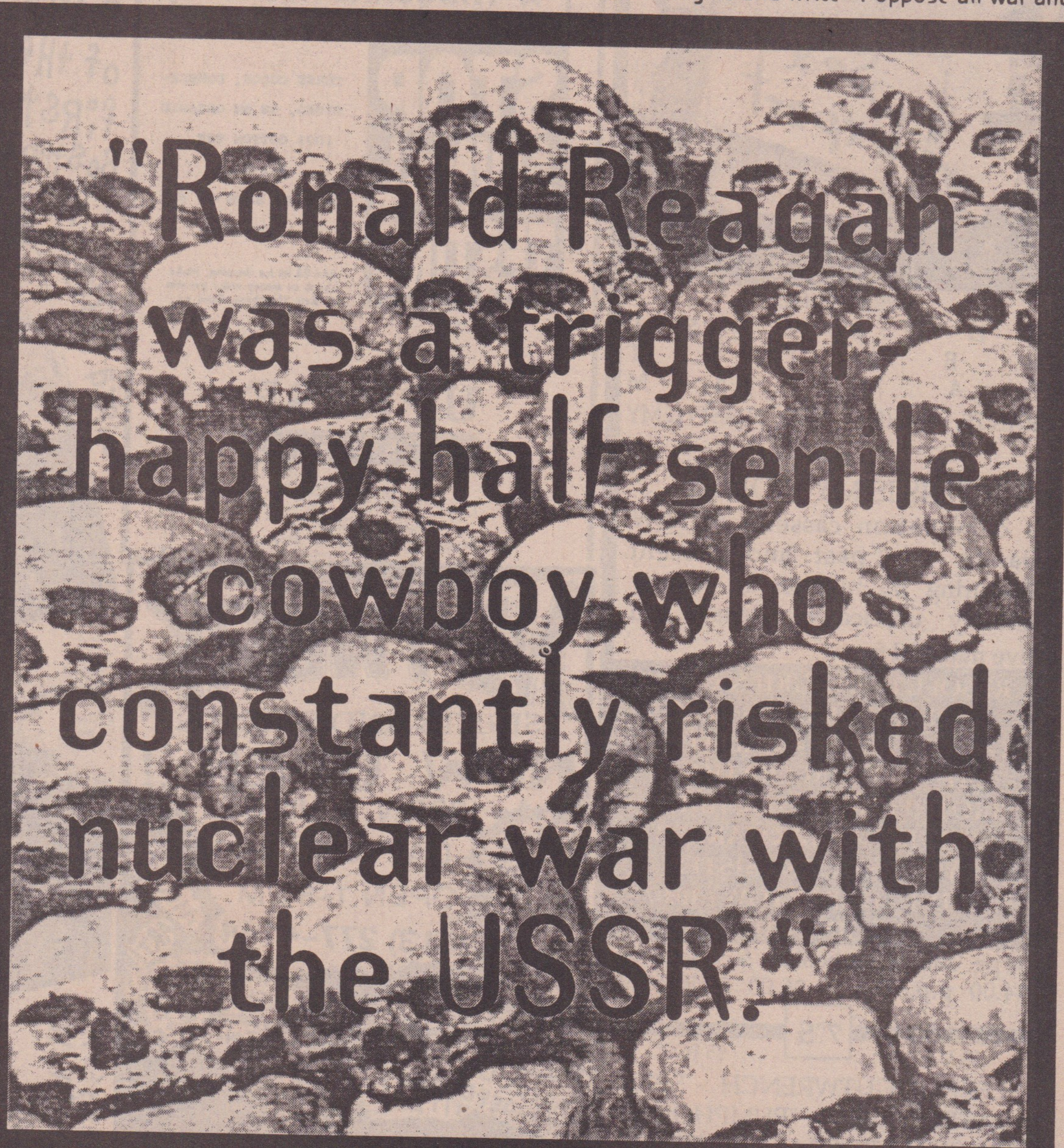
Before I go into the other options, I would like to go a bit further into refusing to register for the draft. Although it is illegal not to register (and to advise someone not to register), it is an option. As I pointed out earlier, non-registration keeps you from receiving student aid from the government. You still can get private scholarships but no state money. Also, if caught, you could wind up in jail though the government will do everything in its power to keep your case out of the courts. They do not like publicity and in the past have given people many chances to register before playing the heavy. Often non-registrants will get a bunch of nasty and threatening letters. Usually there is no follow up to the letters and the non-registrant walks. There are many people now 27, 28, 29 who have never registered and have had no hassle with the

powers that be. However, I must stress that non-registration is illegal. And so is speeding, spitting on the sidewalk, and, in some states, sodomy.

Those who don't want to fuck with the law have other options and that is becoming a conscientious objector. In order to be a conscientious objector you must have a moral, religious, or ethical objection to war. Notice that political was not mentioned. The state doesn't care about your politics just your values. So basically you have to believe that all killing is wrong and come up with a personal philosophical reason why. You must document this and give a history of your beliefs and how they effect you day-to-day life. For instance, your repulsion to killing started when you talked to your uncle about his experience in Vietnam. Later you decided that killing animals was just as wrong as killing people and you became a vegetarian. You also were active in resistance to the Gulf Massacre and do anti-racist work. All this must be documented and supported by your own writing and statements from teachers, friends, clergypeople, etc. Basically you want to create a file for yourself so if a draft goes down, you have your ass covered. Because it is then when you will need your documentation.

You see, when you register, you will not find anything on the registration card that asks you if you are a CO. It's just name, address, etc. Even though there is no space to record your dissention, you should find a place in the margins and write "I oppose all war and will not kill. I am a conscientious objector," sign and date it, and make a copy of it for your records. That is document number one. Now contact your local peace group and ask them about draft counseling. If you don't know who your local peace group is, get a hold of the War Resister's League or CCCO (addresses and phone numbers below). The draft councilor can also give you info on other ways to avoid a potential draft. There are hundreds of medical outs as well as others.

I could go on and on but won't because a draft councilor is best the best thing you can do at this point. But before I sign off I want to destroy a few myths about the draft and such. First is that during a draft all of us peaceniks can flee north to Canada. Wrong. Canada no longer accepts draft dodgers and will very gladly hand them over to the United States. Same goes with Mexico. A second myth is that if you are an only child you are exempt from the draft. That is nonsense, though if your mom, dad, sister, or brother was killed while in the military, you can get out. The government thinks one death per family is enough. Even though the law currently exempts womyn and the military does not allow queers to be within its ranks, I would still advise all womyn and queers of draft age (17 to 28) to cover their asses because the laws could change especially if a Democrat wins the presidency.



I neglected to get into what to do if you are in the military and feel you are a CO. That is because since the Gulf Massacre things in that area have gotten a bit too sticky to cover in an article. If you are in the military and want help, please contact CCCO. All the resources listed below are good folks. They are non-profit and give out info free; however they are usually strapped for cash. If you do send for info, please also give them what money you can, at the very least some cash to cover printing and stamps.

The US is now officially at peace. However that should not keep you from getting your shit together regarding draft registration. For those of you who don't want to register, it is important to know what you are getting yourself into. For those who will or are registered and are against war, it is vital that you get your shit together while time is on your side. Also doing it now will show that you are sincere and not becoming a CO simply because there is a war at hand. What you do can possibly save your own life and the lives of others and is a crucial first step in taking control of your life. Do it now!

For more information please contact the following folks: CCCO (Central Committee for Consciebtious Objectors)/ 2208 South St/ Philadelphia, PA 19146; CCCO-Western Region/ PO Box 42249/ San Francisco, CA 94142; War Resisters League/ 339 Lafayette St /New York, NY 10012

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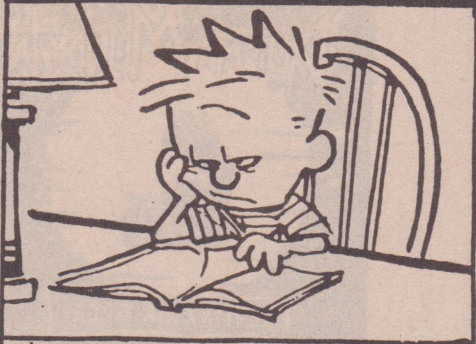

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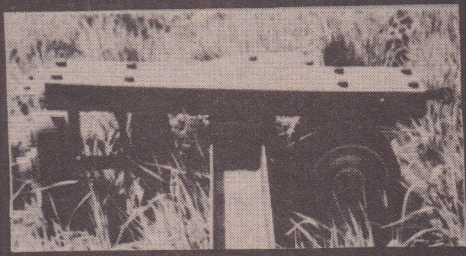

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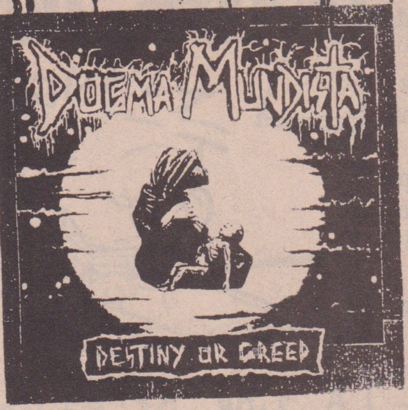

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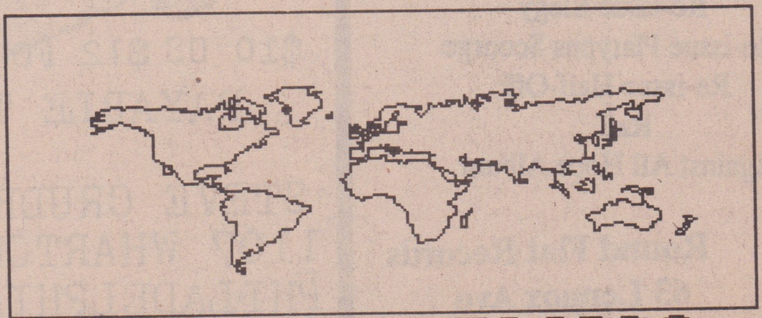

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Some of the names and places in this article have been changed to protect the confidentiality and safety of those involved.)

"Hands against the car please." Officer Simms' voice was polite but clearly meant business. It's six pm on a chilly Friday night in February 1990. I'm a scruffy looking white kid, owner of a dirty orange car with Virginia plates illegally parked on this rundown block of W Street, NW. To Simms-no stranger to this block-I've got "drug customer" written all over me.

I grimace, thinking "*this* certainly wasn't in my job description". But I comply, emptying my pockets, trying to explain how a white boy like me came to be here. I'm not supposed to be here, you see, this is not a place that white folks just "hang out." This is a front line of the drug war and that means poor, black, inner-city. Most white folks stay as far away as they can-unless they are buying, that is.

Up the street, striking, bright-colored "We're All The Same Color-Stop The Killing" posters hang, pleading for an end to the upward spiral of the black-on-black murder rate. "Fuck The Police", it says around the corner-the NWA song-turned-drug-dealers-anthem, scrawled in big spray paint letters on a wall next to a church. The police raided this block again two weeks ago, disrupting the drug trade. The local dealers are understandably upset.

Despite the seriousness of the moment, it's hard for me not to laugh when I look up and see the billboards facing each other on opposite corners of the street. One billboard portrays a hooded Grim Reaper skeleton, a syringe and the words: SAY NO TO DRUGS. Directly across the street is a giant Schiltz Malt Liquor bull on a billboard fastened to the side of a prosperous liquor store. A war on drugs? A war on some drugs-and some people-is more like it.

Simms pronounces me "clean" and gives back my ID. I explain that I'm the outreach coordinator for Emmaus Services For the Aging, just here to check on an elderly woman that we know. Within minutes I'm on my way again-but not before getting a lecture on one of the elderly men we help on that block. "You might think he's just a nice old man-but he's not, he's a dealer.", Simms informs me. I listen, but even though I've only been at Emmaus six months at this point, I've already heard and seen enough to know that it's not that simple.

***

I grew up about as far from the black inner-city as you can get. I am the youngest son of second generation Scandanavian immigrants raised on a farm/ranch in northeastern Montana, 15 miles from the nearest town or paved road. After getting a bachelor's degree in Politicial Science at Montana State University (not so affectionately known as "Moo U." thanks to the school's agricultural orientation) I came here in 1984 to attend graduate school in international relations. True to my easy-going upbringing, a couple months after I arrived here, I startled a mugger by introducing myself and trying to shake hands with him after he had stolen my money. I'm also "straight-edge" in the outdated parlance of the DC punk community that I am a part of, i.e. I don't drink, smoke or use other drugs. There's little reason for me to feel at home in the city, much less around drug dealing and prostitution.

But where I worked for Emmaus-an area stretching from Thomas Circle in the south through gentrifying Logan Circle to Columbia Heights in the north, from the affluent, white Dupont Circle in the west to embattled, black Shaw in the east-words like "gentrification", "luxury condominiums", "abandoned buildings" and "eviction" became as real and as repulsive to me as the prostitutes, dope dealers and addicts. My time at Emmaus became a journey into another, all-too-forgotten America, a violent, impoverished and increasingly desperate inner-city world. While most of white DC reads about the skyrocketing murder rate, the killings never really become part of our lives. For me, at least for a while, they did. In the process, DC became my home in many unexpected-and sometimes scary-ways.

Emmaus Services for the Aging is a humble, yet surprisingly crucial community organization. When I came to Emmaus in August 1989, they had already been doing outreach to needy isolated elderly in our neighborhood for a dozen years. While the staff is small-3 full-

time, 1 half-time, with a legion of volunteers to fill in the gaps-the help Emmaus provides is about as direct and free of red tape as could be imagined. Our willingness to take on hard cases with little notice has earned us the nickname of "the SWAT team for the elderly" from some of the larger agencies we work with. I immediately appreciated the informal atmosphere and direct contact with people in their homes as well as the feeling of being able to bring small but concrete improvements into people's lives.

Our claustrophobic, single room office is in an obscure corner of a church near Thomas Circle, an area long-known for its bustling commerce in drugs and prostitution. While police and neighborhood efforts have displaced most of the trade off 14th Street to adjoining blocks, nonetheless the many nooks and crannies outside of the church proved inviting for prostitutes and drug addicts as well as homeless people who would take up temporary residence. Syringes, needles, condoms, crack vials-all were common sight in the parking lots and alleys surrounding the building. Across the Circle was the Vista Hotel-soon to become famous as site of Marion Barry's downfall. The White House stands just seven blocks to the south.

Just working in and around the church would have been an education for me. But my job was to go out and find needy elderly people where they were in the community. Increasingly, as gentrification and subsequent sky rocketing rents have forced most of our folks out of the area or into public housing, this has meant the eastern half of our neighborhood-the areas also most impacted by drugs and violence. It was here that I first began to truly know the other DC, the impoverished, black majority.

Two things immediately struck me in my visits. The first was how much the elderly feared the younger generation. The second was how many stories of tragedy they had about their own young relatives. While many of the elderly spoke with hope born of old-time religious fervor and proudly displayed tattered photos of MLK , RFK or JFK, dead icons of a "Promised Land" called America, their grand children watched TV sets full of rich, happy white people and vowed to get that elusive "American Dream" anyway they could. Out on the street there wasn't much hope and promise-just a bitter struggle to survive.

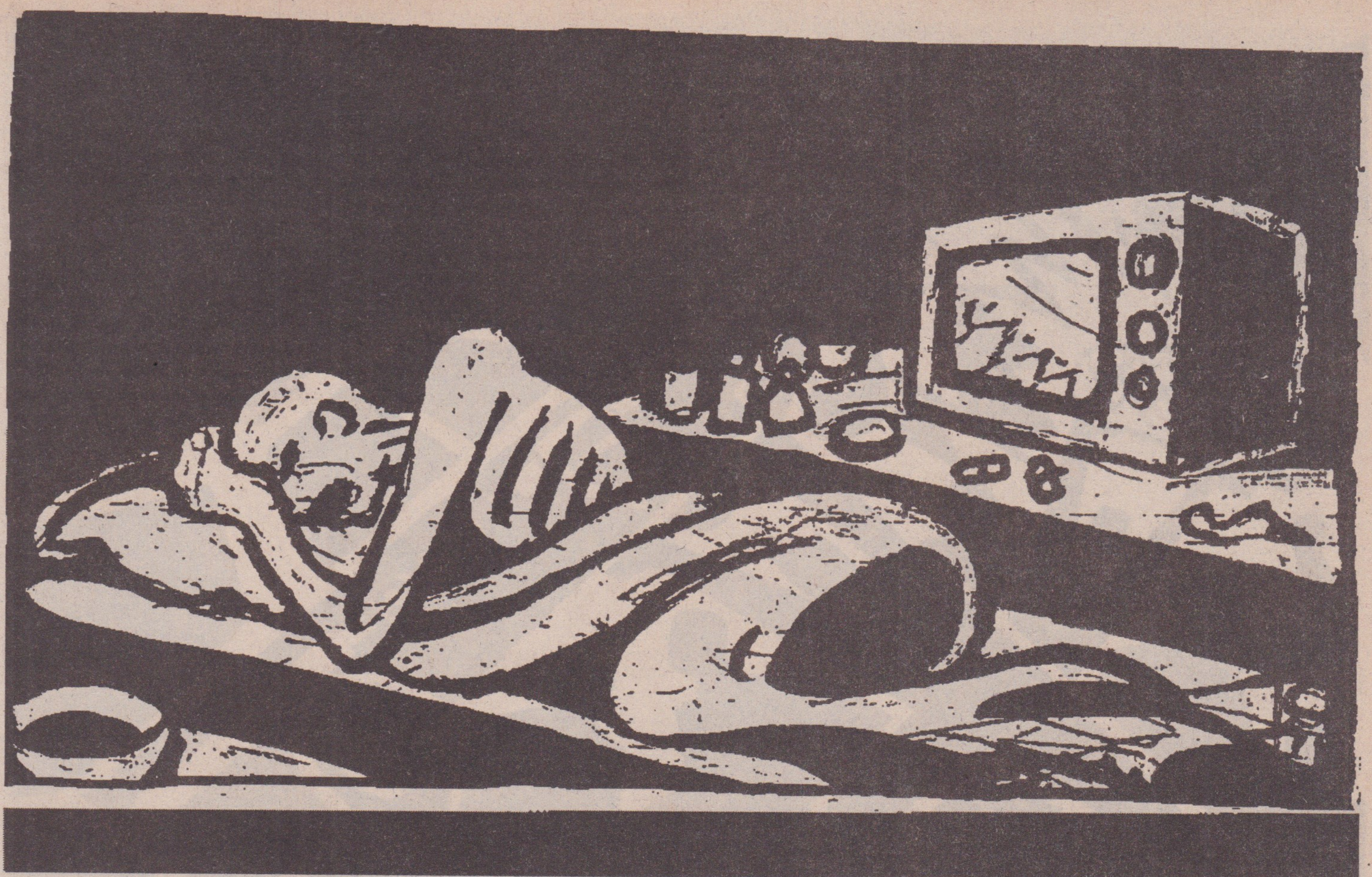
***

Especially on W Street. I had read about W Street shortly after my arrival in DC in 1984. It was a long-standing open air drug market, mere minutes from the 3rd District Police headquarters. I first experienced W Street in 1989 when I walked into the middle of what looked like a military operation-large trucks, SWAT teams with bullet proof vests, shot guns and automatic weapons. It was a drug raid, of course. I just walked past, just slightly unnerved but largely uninvolved, thinking "This will be a good story to tell my friends!" At that point, W was just another street, full of ominous, crumbling tenements with angry looking young men hanging out front. Now, however, it was my job to go into the buildings. The anonymous faces on the receiving end of the drug raid started to become real people to me.

Like Mr. Ames, the man Officer Simms had warned me about. He was a painfully thin 70-year-old man with a heart condition who lived in an austere basement apartment in a tenement on W Street. To descend the stairs into the basement hallway next to his apartment could be a little bit like descending into Dante's Inferno. With neither the front or the back door able to be locked, the basement was used by addicts as a "shooting gallery" with utter impunity any hour of the day or night. Blood splattered the walls where junkies sprayed the gory backwash from their syringes. Users nodded out on the steps. Dealers crowded the front steps and hallways of the building. Needles littered the grass outside, including an area right next to a playground used by kids from the soup kitchen around the corner. Kids on W street grew up knowing the score. One seven year old girl paused from her play to gravely admonish me "you betta' wash yo' hands!" after she saw me throw away a bloody syringe.

Mr. Ames' apartment had a dubious fifteen minutes of fame when it appeared on "City Under Siege" in grainy police film footage. The police said he dealt drugs. Mr. Ames said he didn't, that drugs were brought into the neighborhood by white people to promote black genocide. Moreover, he added, if the police couldn't control what went on the hall, well, he certainly couldn't.

Sources we had in the building were uncertain about Mr. Ames' actual role. It was clear that some of the young men who came in and out of his apartment were involved with drugs including a "step son" now doing time in Lorton on a drug-selling conviction. It seemed like



it could be a simple case of young men taking advantage of a needy elderly person. Only the young men had helped Mr. Ames as well, taken care of him, brought him to hospital when he had a heart attack, gotten medicine and groceries for him. It was clear they had some genuine affection for him. More importantly, no-one had ever been caught doing anything illegal in his apartment.

In early 1990, right before my fateful visit to W Street and surprise meeting with Simms, the 3rd District-perhaps embarassed into action by the sight of this thriving drug market just a stone's throw from their HQ-decided to make a major push to shut down W Street. On a Friday early in February, the biggest raid yet was sprung. Over 40 people were arrested. New secure doors were to be installed on Mr. Ames' building, police security would be provided 24 hours a day for an indefinite period and "troublemakers" in the building were to be evicted. Mr. Ames was among those raided-but nothing was found. Nonetheless, Simms-who I had developed something of a respectful if not quite friendly acquaintance with after our unusual introduction-informed me that Mr. Ames was on a list to be evicted.

The police had no proof that he had done anything illegal-if they had, they clearly would have taken him in, given their obvious hostility towards him. Even the famous tape from "City Under Seige" only showed a package being passed out a window-certainly suspicious, but hardly legal proof of anything. While a building "code of conduct" gave management the right on paper to throw out tenants just on suspicion of wrong-doing, tenants could hardly be legally forced to sign away their Constitutional guarantees in order to rent an apartment. Despite our misgivings about Mr. Ames, Emmaus had no choice but to defend him against what we saw as an illegal eviction being rammed through via police intimidation.

When I told Simms and the building manager of our position, he exploded. A black policeman whose own cousin had died in drug-related violence, proud of his work and his community, he spoke with a frustration born of love. "DC used to be something and now it's shit, thanks to people like these. Do you want other people here to have to live like this?" "People get killed here, you know! " added the building manager heatedly.

As I continued to state our objections to the eviction, Simms made an embarassing confession. The police had raided the wrong apartment. Instead of Mr. Ames', they had ransacked the apartment across the hall. By the time they realized their mistake-45 minutes later-Mr. Ames' apartment was clean. If not for that incredible error, Simms was sure they would have nailed Ames.

Hearing Simms' certainty, I was torn. Nonetheless, an illegal eviction was still an illegal eviction. Once evicted on drug-related grounds, Mr. Ames would not easily find new housing. We had no love for drug dealing-but also no desire to see a potentially innocent man made homeless. In spite of our ambivalent feelings, Emmaus held its position. Ultimately, the building manager and police backed down, Mr. Ames kept his apartment-and I was left with my unanswered questions. Had we helped or hurt? Suddenly, the questions were not academic-they were matters of life and death.

***

"Call me so I can meet you down stairs-it'll be safer that way."

I had shrugged off Flo Johnson's warning with the gentle macho bravado I was raised with. After all, I had been in and out of her building in the Shaw neighborhood many times at this point. I had learned to look like I had somewhere to go, to acknowledge the young men perpetually hanging out in front or inside the lobby and move on without delay, through the darkened halls to take care of our business there. At this point, some marginal progress had even been made in securing the building. Tho the door was generally open-the dealers destroyed new locks as quickly as they were installed-at least the management had replaced some light bulbs. They had even scraped the black paint off the stairwell windows-put there by the dealers for a little extra privacy-so the stairs were not quite so foreboding.

But today as Karland (who worked with Foundry Housing, an agency closely linked to Emmaus) and I arrived, the atmosphere was quietly ominous. The front was deserted and the door was locked. Two young men waited inside, watching us. One pushed the door open for us. As we stepped into the dark and trash-strewn lobby, we could see that the other held a billy club.

For an instant that seemed to last forever, he looked at us. My mind shot back to a moment a few weeks before when I had been mugged on 14th Street, a block from my office. "Stop moving or I'll cap

you...do you want to be a statistic?". My muggers' words echoed in my head. I thought of the time a co-worker had a gun pointed at her while driving on Columbia Road. It was a moment of utter powerlessness, of knowing that your destiny had passed out of your hands...a familiar feeling to people in this building, no doubt, but not so familiar to me as an educated, relatively affluent white person. In this town of ghastly inequality, guns were the great "equalizer".

Then, suddenly, the instant was over. The young man turned away and we went past him up the stairs. They remained, waiting and watching for someone else.

Flo, a longtime Emmaus volunteer and community activist, greeted us at the door with the section of pipe she kept handy for her own protection, scolding us for our foolishness. Flo was not noted for her reticence to speak or act. In the ten years since she had retired, she had done outreach with Emmaus and trained to be a paralegal. When she lived on Q Street in the early 80's, she had led efforts to close a drug house there. When her apartment buiding had been sold for renovation and conversion to "luxury condominiums"-a common story in our neighborhood-Emmaus had helped her to move to this building. There she would be closer to Emmaus and her rent would be subsidized.

Her move had turned into a nightmare of drugs, prostitution and violence. Here, while she did help a few people in the building with different things, she kept mostly to herself and didn't hang outside. She had good reason. Shootings were common in this building. A young man had been killed on the front lawn just a couple weeks before. A vacant apartment downstairs had been taken over by drug addicts and prostitutes. A year before, a man was killed outside of her door. If you asked, Flo could point to the place where they washed his brains off the wall. So, tho it wasn't Flo's nature, she didn't say much to folks and stayed in a lot. "People getting killed, it just does something to you. When you sit inside, all cramped up, it just does something to you. People just coming by shooting..." She winced and her voice trailed off. Still, she had gotten used to it, more or less-you stay out of the way, you stay silent, you survive.

You just get used to it. A scary thought, no? But I was getting used to it, too, to the dealers, to the prostitutes, to the pathetic broken down junkies. I was learning to be silent.

For awhile I had been noticing one particular hooker who hung around Flo's building. She was white, tall, athletic and blonde, generally dressed in a skin-tight leotard. In appearence, she vaguely reminded me of a cousin back in Montana. I often saw her, hanging in the hallway or just outside of the building, drug-dazed and giddy.

One day as I knocked on someone else's door, I saw her walking the wrong way down 12th, a busy one-way street. She seemed even more dazed than usual and was walking in the street against the traffic. For a moment, I didn't see a "prostitute", I just saw a person in trouble. I turned towards her to call out, to try to help-just like I would have back home in a similar situation-but something held me back. I hesitated...and then the person answered the door. I went in. As I stepped through the door way, I saw her disappear down the street.

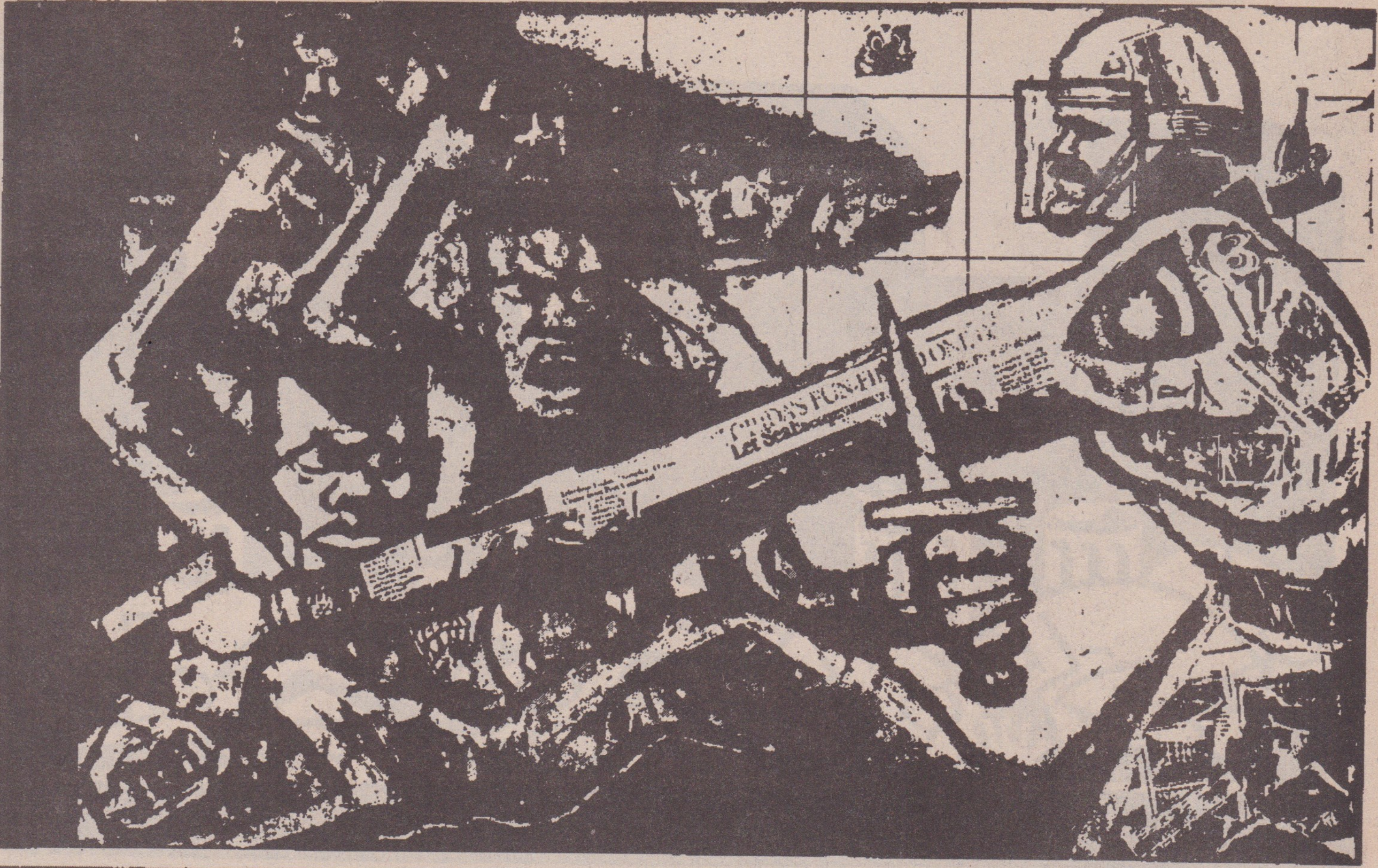
Several days later I saw her face again-in a photo in the Post. Her name was Sherry Larman. She had been murdered and left on the roof of a parking garage.

***

"Now this is what's wrong with my vaccuum cleaner."

The scene was surreal. I had just come to Flo's building with a volunteer to help a neighbor, Mr. George, fix his ailing vaccuum cleaner. When we arrrived we knew something big was up. Police cars were parked crosswise on the lawn. As people milled around, an ambulance screamed away. We hurried up the stairs to Mr. George's third floor apartment. Uniformed cops and plainclothes homicide detectives were all around, taking notes, radios squawking. One asked me grimly who I was. I explained and his face softened. "Oh, the old man's OK-which is more than I can say for this guy", he said, motioning to a body lying in a slowly widening pool of blood in the next room."You sure picked a great time to fix his vaccuum cleaner, tho."

A bullet had smashed through the wall and embedded itself in the back of Mr. George's ancient Frigidaire. Mr. George had been on the toilet at the time-fortunately, since the bullet had burst through the wall just above a chair that he often sat in. One man was dead, another was



critically wounded-the result of a drug deal gone sour, the police guessed. The gunman had escaped and there were no witnesses.

As if nothing had happened, Mr. George painstakingly explained the symptoms of his malfunctioning vaccuum cleaner even as police plucked the bullet from the back of his refrigerator. I was astonished by his calm. Then I realized-what else could he do? Like Flo, he had little money and nowhere else to go. To apply for other public housing would take months, with no guarantee of a greatly improved situation. In the meantime, he had little choice but to deal with it.

***

"Oh what a beautiful chest of drawers!"

I was tired, filthy, sweaty and stinking of numerous undefinable yet undeniably foul odors. My uncomfortable state made it easy to be annoyed with two men who seemed to the very personification of the "ugly yuppie gentrifier" stereotype standing in front of me, admiring a roach-desecrated but otherwise intact antique cabinet. I was here with friends from Positive Force, a punk activist group I volunteer with, cleaning out a house just two blocks from Flo's building. We were here to help out Nellie, an 80-year-old woman who, after much effort, had been reconnected to her family and gone to live with them in South Carolina. Her landlord was upset-understandably-at the horrendous state of his house. There would be trouble unless we got it cleaned out quickly.

Like myself, Nellie had been a rebel against her rural upbringing. She had left her family to be a "G-girl", working for the government during WWII. She had never returned. After two marriages and a career, she had remained in DC after her retirement in the 1970s. Two years ago she been attacked in her house, raped, stabbed 27 times and left for dead. She lived through it all somehow but she never recovered mentally. Her house cleaning stopped, her eating became sporadic, her personal hygiene nonexistent. For these last long, dark months, she had lived with three cats in this house-a roach-infested, chaotic hell smelling of feces-fearing a new attack.

A spurt of righteous anger shot through me as I watched the two well-dressed men enthusiastically appraise her chest of drawers. Where had these people been when she-not her chest of drawers-could have used some attention? Quickly a pang of conscience sobered me. After all, I had lived on 18th and S Street for two and a half years, yet had never met my elderly neighbors across the street till I came to work for Emmaus years later. How different had I been, really, than these new arrivals?

As people picked through the last of her stuff on the sidewalk and I waited for my friends to pick me up, I watched a black man sell 3 small white pebbles of crack to a shaky-looking white man across the street. Another young white professional-also new resident on the block-paused from his scavenging when he heard me express my desire to get out of the neighborhood before night fall and said, somewhat defensively, "Oh you'd be surprised how quiet it is here." I smiled amiably but thought bitterly to myself, no, you'd be surprised.

***

I'm out at a payphone on 14th Street, with my back to the wall behind me, watching people walk by. It's safer this way and, besides, you can see some interesting sights.

Like today, for example. 2 young mothers were sitting in a doorway, drinking giant 40 oz. beers from paper bags while their small kids played nearby, carefully avoiding a pool of vomit left by an earlier drinker. Up the street, another young mother, beer in hand, slapped and scolded her child while two drunk men argued. I frowned, thinking of the award for "Outstanding Community Service" from "Parents Against Dope, Inc." hanging proudly inside a nearby liqour store.

Everywhere I went in our neighborhood there were liquor displays, bus kiosk ads and billboards full of healthy, sexy, affluent men and women, almost taunting the less fortunate who walked by. "Feel the Power", the ads said, "Ride The Bull", selling high potency malt liquors with names like "Power Master" and "King Cobra" to the disenfranchised, the hopeless, the powerless. I knew the horrifying statistics tying violence to alcohol. Tragic stories of what drinking had brought to people in our neighborhood were as common as the empty bottles littering the ground. How were these corporate pushers any different than the crack dealers on the corner? I could see only one

arbitrary distinction: alcohol is legal, crack is not.

I hated the carnage that alcohol brought to the neighborhood. But I could also see why Prohibition hadn't worked-because it still wasn't working today. If there's a strong demand for something-be it alcohol, crack, heroin-there will be a profit to be made by supplying it. Making it illegal will only increase that profit astronomically. You can imprison, indoctrinate, intimidate as much as you want-in desperate times, someone will always be there to take the risk and make the money.

The logical step, together with more programs of social empowerment, education and uplift, would be to legalize and/or decriminalize the drugs. At least the violence-fueled more by the competition for money than by the drugs themselves-would diminish. Logical, yes-but "morally repugnant", "socially unacceptable", "politically unthinkable". Meanwhile, in many cities across the US, murder is becoming all-too-thinkable.

***

"There's no hope in DC, for Afro-American males, there's no hope."

The quiet anguish in Laura Jones' voice jerked me to attention. Laura, a former Emmaus staffperson and long-time resident of R Street had been key in helping organize her block to keep it from gentrifying into another "luxury condo lane" in the early 1980s. Thanks partly to her efforts, the residents of R Street had won public subsidies to renovate and preserve their low-to moderate income dwellings. The community remained intact and, unlike other nearby blocks, R Street has not gentrified or degenerated into a drug market-something Lucy is justifiably proud of.

We laughed sadly about the homeless people crowding the nearby bus kiosks since the closure of the Trust shelter on Q Street by Mayor Kelly at the request of affluent elements in the neighborhood. "They look at you funny if you come in!" Laura crowed. But then her mood shifted again, brought to earth by the dark reality of what we were speaking of. "12-14 year old kids coming up, there's no jobs for them-except McDonald's"-Laura grimaced-"What are they going to do?" She answered her own question. "Drugs. It's the difference between $7 a day and $700. What would you choose?"

I nodded, sharing my own anger at a federal government willing to wage war on "aggression" abroad but not on poverty at home. Laura's face clouded over and she recounted the death of a young relative, a veteran of Desert Storm, now dead at age 25 due to what she saw as government negligence. She paused and launched into an attack on new mayor Kelly. "She's not out for the little person, not like Mayor Barry was", she said, voicing a sentiment increasingly common in our neighborhood. She ticked off the list of cutbacks in AFDC, the youth summer jobs program, drug treatment and aid to the homeless. "She's just like Reagan," Laura hissed, her eyes flashing with anger.

***

"DC's gonna get worse."

How much worse could it get? Already the murder rate had more than tripled since I arrived in DC, up from 148 in 1985 to 483 in 1990. 1991 looked to be even more deadly. It's not really even news anymore, it's our new "normality". What I heard in Laura's voice was what I had heard in so many black households-hopelessness and fear. Virtually every family had a story-a young relative dealing, in jail, on parole, dead. Drive by shootings-once unheard of in DC-were being more and more commonplace, as were gangland, execution-style killings. "Pretty soon there'll be no young black men left." declared one despairing elderly woman. The relentless, out-of-control scream of a popular DC punk-funk song, "Repeater," haunted my days, capturing all-too-well the murderous momentum of DC's dead-end streets. Too many young lives were turning to cold statistics, too many names becoming numbers. Sometimes it seemed like all anyone could do was to just keep count.

But even that was becoming too much for me. Somehow, between the demands of work and the rest of my life, I just couldn't deal. I felt myself becoming hard and bitter and angry. I began to have nightmares of being shot. I would lie awake at night, scared by the beating of my own heart, of the mortality that implied. I burst into tears showing slides of my work to my family in Montana. Finally, after yet another raw, emotional session with a close friend, I knew I needed a break. Even though it felt a little like a cop-out, I decided to leave Emmaus.

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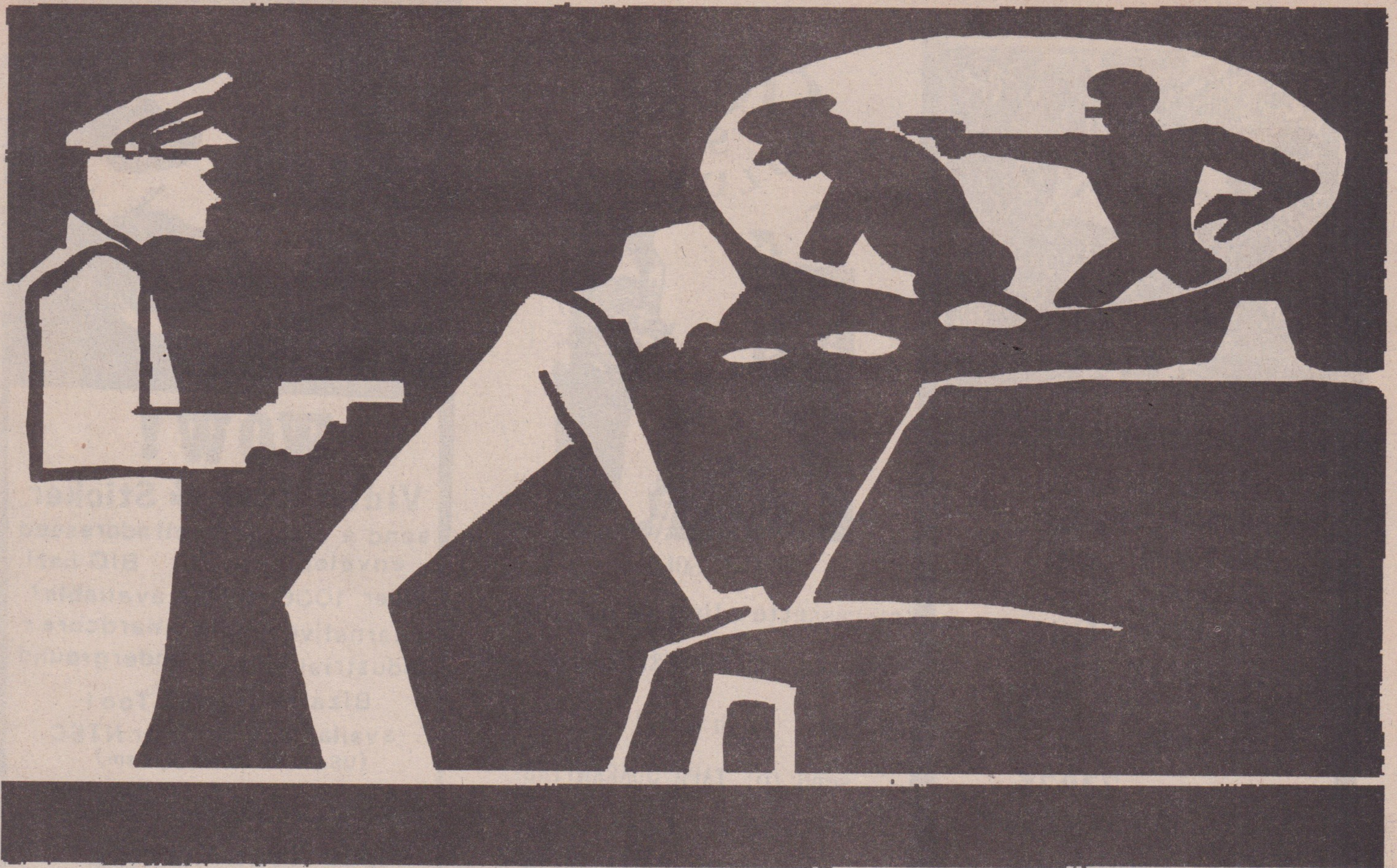
It's November 1991. I'm walking down 13th Street. I pass where



the "Stop The Killing" posters used to hang, respendent and hopeful. All that remains are a few faded rags. The killing goes on. I'm far too used to it now, thinking of how empty I had felt walking past the blood of a 10-year old boy shot at 11th and M Streets a couple weeks before. I'm with the new Foundry Housing staffperson, Cheryl, and it's my last outreach on staff for Emmaus.

We've been up near W Street where the police are seen less and less these days. The new door is working, tho and, at least for now, things seem a bit more subdued. For now. Flo's building remains dodgy-another person was killed around the corner recently-but soon we'll be able to move her and Mr. George into new apartments very near to our office. It's a small victory, to be sure-since we still have friends living in their old building-but small victories must be savored since that's all we get.

Cheryl and I walk by some new graffitti on the street. "We Love You Stink", it says on the bricked up door of the once glorious but now abandoned Whitelaw Hotel. It's referring to Leonard Cole, a 16-year-old gunned down in apparent retaliation for his participation in an earlier drive-by shooting near Dunbar High School. He was the grandson of one of the elderly women on the street. In an alley around the corner by the Vermont Avenue Baptist Church, a policeman recently killed a homicide suspect who slashed the officer's throat before he was brought down by the cop's gun. One of our own volunteers who lives in the neighborhood was stabbed-by a 12 year old boy. There are many, many more stories that could be told, but all the stories are getting hard to remember. They all blend together after a while. I remember when it wasn't like that, when I was a lot more innocent and hopeful. A shiver runs through me. I'm afraid of how hard and numb I've become.

Suddenly, in the block ahead of us I see a small knot of people clustered around a house. And a man holding a shot gun. It's another drug raid. A middle aged woman is lying handcuffed in the frontyard while heavily armed police walk back and forth, their plainclothes made less "plain" by the bulletproof vests bulging conspicously beneath their shirts. After exchanging a few words with them, I laugh and joke with Cheryl as we walk the last few blocks back to the office.

Another story to tell my friends? No. They're sick of hearing and I'm sick of telling. What's the point? It's clear the police are being asked to do a job they can't hope to accomplish. Gentrification is no cure, driving out low-income people as well as drugs. In our country's real war-the battle to bring hope to our blighted inner cities-the Bush Administration is AWOL, nowhere to be seen. Our mayor says the "haves" must help the "have nots"-but as she speak about the "have-nots", the waiting list to get into public drug treatment programs has grown to 9 months, thanks to her budget cuts. Her new anti-crime, "save-our-youth" initiative is, thus far, just a hollow collection of platitudes. Guns are everywhere. Despite its admirable intent, DC's new gun liability law won't change that a bit. Even the drugs are more a symptom than the cause. The economy is worsening. If the present generation on the streets comes from seeds planted in the 1970s, what will the new generation, growing up among all this, be like? I don't even want to think about it.

After I leave work, I walk up Rhode Island Avenue, past the Ramada Inn-another Barry drug landmark-and the General Scott shelter for homeless families to where the National Coalition for the Homeless used to be. I look up at vacant lots and apartment houses closed for renovation. On the steps of one boarded-up building, an empty malt liquor bottle and used up lighter rest. On the boards, scrawled in small letters, is grafitti, heart-wrenching in its near-illiterate futility. It reads: "Jovel of NW Rick of SE To hard hiting boys".

My dismal reverie is interrupted by the honk of a car's horn. I look up just in time to see a shiny blue Mercedes turning onto 14th Street, with the white driver talking on his car phone, impatiently waiting for a defiant black pedestrian to cross. I shudder, filled with despair that these two Americas--so close and yet so distant--may never meet.

This is very hard to write. I wish for an uplifting moral to this story, but there is none. I have no easy answers. I know now more than most how hard it is to really face our responsibility to be each other's keeper, the responsibility I grew up believing in small-town Montana. But face it we must, or our cities will become increasingly ugly, cold and dangerous places to live...and we will grow ever more ugly and cold as a people.

***

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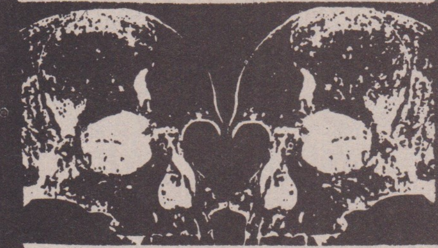

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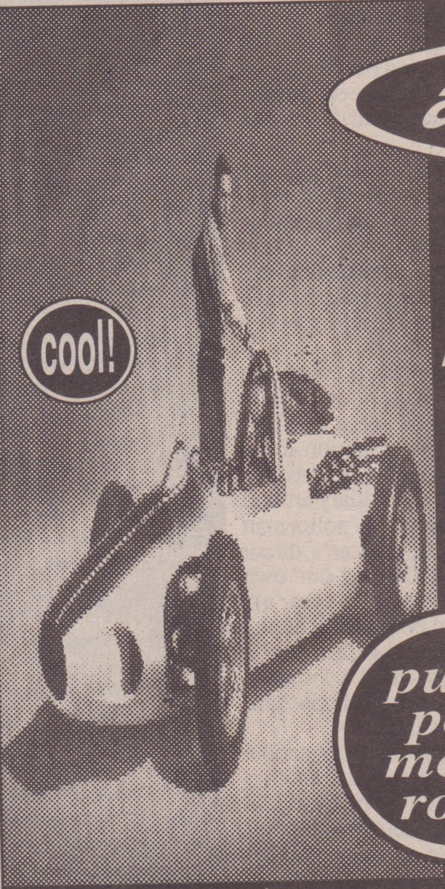

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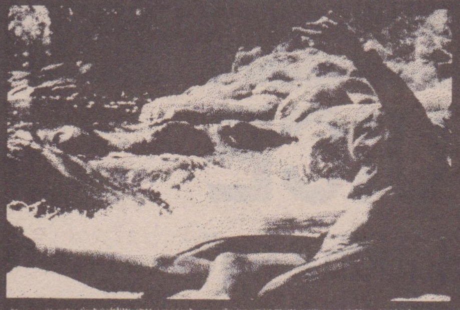

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Minor Threat - In My Eyes (blue label)
Misfits - Halloween
Misfits - Bullet
Misfits - Evil Live
Necros - IQ32 (2nd press)
Necros - Conquest for Death
Neos - Hassibah Gets the Martian...(2nd)
Otto's Chemical Lounge - (on Reflex)
Porcelain Forehead - What The World Needs
Red Tide - Kelp & Salal
Rude Norton - Sea Cruise
Sons of Ishmael - Hayseed Hardcore (2nd pr.)
Ugly - Stranded in the Laneway of Love
Unruled - Time Is Running Out (obscure Montreal hardcore from 1984)
Viletones - Screaming Fist
Viletones - Look Back in Anger

12"

Action - Waiting for the Man
Asexuals - Be What You Want (on First Strike)
Big Black - Sound of Impact (2nd press)
DOA - Triumph of the Ignoroids (VG+/VG+, Uncensored—not the bootleg!; only 500)
Effigies - We're Da Machine
Fair Warning - You Are the Scene
Fear - More Beer (still sealed)
For Against - Echelons
Forgotten Rebels - Tomorrow Belongs to Us
Frenzy - Robot Riot
FUs - Do We Really Want to Hurt You (still seal.)
Husker Du - Land Speed Record (original US press/still sealed)
Naked Raygun - Basement Screams
Nils - Sell Out Young (red cover; still sealed)
Nils - I Am the Wolf (no cover)
Pointed Sticks - Perfect Youth (still sealed)
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Sex Pistols - Spunk
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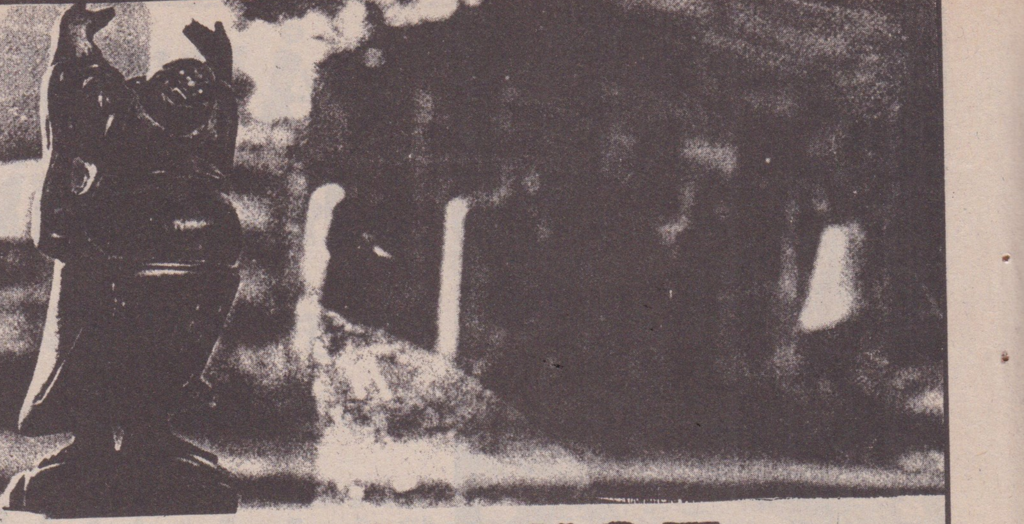

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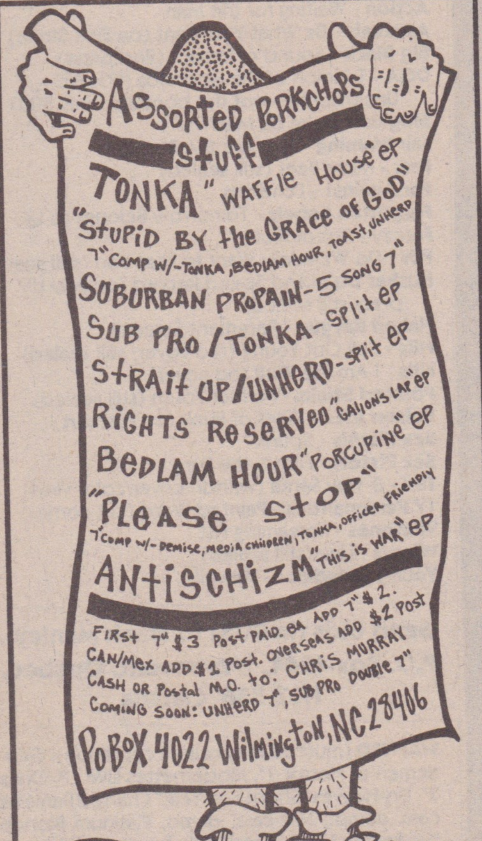

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ABSOLUTE VALUE - tape

Egads! This creeping tendency of people attempting to sing, all pretty like, is driving me up a wall!! For starters, most can't "sing" and it comes off exaggerated, monotonous and/or unemotional and whiny. That's the case here, with a definite need of a rawer throat. The music holds a lot of promise, however, bringing to mind JAWBREAKER, old '77 style punk and SOCIAL DISTORTION. (KS)
($2.00 ppd: Everyone Else Has Fuckin' Labels Records, 353 W. Doty, Madison, WI 53703)

ACID ROTTEN BUT OK - "Quiz" EP

Garagey thrash from Poland with political/enviro-lyrics and some slow and/or acoustic bits. Vocalist sounds as though he's shouting from a long distance away. Includes catalog of DIY music from Eastern Europe. (EW)
(Underground Front, PO Box 2, 44-119 Gliwice, POLAND)

AFFLICTED - "Spirit Spectrum/Astray"

This is the second spooky release from these Swedes. Progressive doom. Lotsa E-string jibbin'. Frankenstein vocals. Mystic lyrics. Muscular music. Nordic cover art. Wonder if they've been keeping "regular"? (CD)
(Relapse, PO Box 251, Millersville, PA 17551)

ALICE DONUT - "The Untidy Suicides..." LP

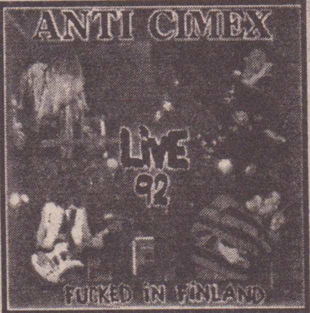
I hadn't heard any ALICE DONUT for quite a while, I was happy to here this one, it sounds quite good. Tell tale high pitched voice and crazy lyrics. The newer songs are quite good. Comes with a lyric book with lots of pictures and weird lyrics. (JL)
(Alternative Tentacles)

AMAZING TAILS - Merry Go Round" EP

Catchy English language guitar pop with concise melodies and a driving energy level. There is some metal influence especially present in the lyrics, but the singing is pretty good, and it moves right along. (MC)
(Hataapu, PO Box 586, 20301 Turku, FINLAND)

ANARCRUST - "Coalescence" LP

"Coalescence" is a definite stand out in an otherwise month of mediocrity. Containing a 32pg. booklet and 8 songs, which if they aren't the most novel of topics (feelings, violence, alcoholism, vivisection, etc...) are presented in a noble well intentioned, and mouth crunching package. (LD)
(Anarcrust, PO Box 56523, 3007EA, Rotterdam, THE NETHERLANDS)



ANTI-CIMEX - "Fucked In Finland" EP

This is the shit. Recorded this January live in Finland, these three songs are fast and brutal, with none of that namby pamby "ooh my baby left me" crud. (LD)
(Dolores Records, Drottinggatan 52, 411 07 Gothenburg, SWEDEN)

ANTISECT - "Live" LP

Jeez, all I wanted was to review the MORAL SUCKLING LP and I got this crummy ANTISECT LP. Don't get me wrong, I love ANITISECT, when the production is decent. Nice packaging, but if you have the original LP, stick to that. Intelligible, but quite muffled. I wonder if someone was standing outside the club (across the street) when they recorded this??? (SB)
(Vinyl Japan (UK) Ltd., 281 Camden High St., London NW1 7BX, ENGLAND)

ASHRAM - "Fractional" EP

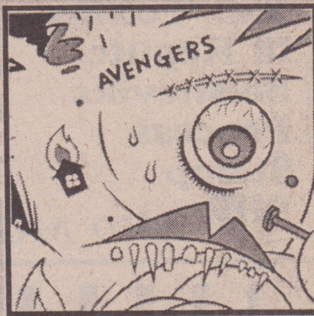
This band has been around since '87, but this is their first record. A definite Swedish sound with good tuneage and musicianship, but I guess I've got higher expectations from the land of ASTA KASK and Ingrid Bergman. (PC)
(Sug Plopp, c/o Sjögren, Södra Fiskargatan 2A, 802 80 Gävle, SWEDEN)

ANTISEEN - "We Got This Far (Without You)/(We Will Not) RememberYou"

The A-side comes across sorta lifeless, a tad too clean and metallic sounding, and suffers in comparison to the way rocking ANTI NOWHERE LEAGUE cover on the flip. (BD)
(Subpop)

ATLAS SHRUGGED - tape

Power-core that ponders in and out of slow to fast tempos, much like ABSOLUTION, lyrically, musically, and vocally. High quality recording, "Flash Gordon" movie samples (!) and impressive musicianship make this "Post"-hardcore project the best of that New York sound I've heard in awhile. (KS)
($3.50 US/$4.00 World ppd: Chris Weinblad, 47 Deerfield Dr, New York, NY 10956)



AVENGERS - "Car Crash/We Are The One"

Early S.F. punk classics, now re-released via Frontier. "We Are The One" is supposed to be an "alternate version", but sounds pretty much the same as all the other versions I've heard. (KK)
(Insipid Records, AUSTRALIA)

BAD GENES - "Rock the Beat" EP

Political commentary on the apathy and ignorance in American society set to SUBHUMANS(UK) style music. Clever wording (such as "Dr. Birkenstocks' Boots") keep this grom being just another PC release. (MH)
($3ppd: Ripe Records, 1739 E. Carson, Box 250, Pittsburgh, PA 15213)

BASSHOLES - "John Henry" EP

These folks play a really great combination of rockabilly and rhythm & blues with a self-assured lack of musical proficiency in the true spirit of punk rock. Add to that a country drawl and Stone Age recording technology, and you've got a sure winner. (DS)
(Sympathy for the Record Industry, 4901 Virginia Ave, Long Beach, CA 90805)

BELL JAR - "Tin Man/Ad Bellum"

Initially I hated this record, then I realized it was supposed to be played at 45 rpm and not 33 as the label states. The A-side has a post punk funk feel with angry ambiguous lyrics. Really good. Dance or mosh take your pick. Manages to stay clear of alternative funk trappings because of its emotional outbursts. B-side is less heavy and more melodic. (RL)
(Happy Kitten Records, 211 East Mulberrry #6, Fort Collins, CO 80524)

BIGDAMNCRAZYWEIGHT - "Might as Well" EP

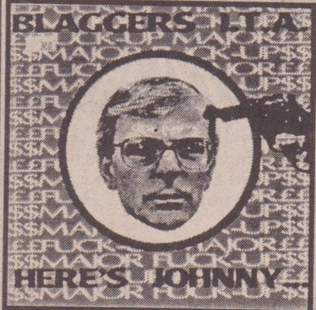
Band from Albuquerque puts out a great debut on a local label (Resin)—thick, distorted vocals, memorable shit. Sub Pop notices, and gets them to do a Singles Club release. If you want the good one of the two, you'll search out the first. The second is still thick, still distorted, but totally 'by the numbers' 'grunge' shit. Oh well. (TM)
(SubPop)

BIKINI KILL - "Double Dare Ya" 12"

Kathleen has one of the better voices in music today, and what she brings to BIKINI KILL puts them over the top. The music here is fairly trashy garage (but keep in mind, they're "activists, not musicians"), but the lyrics are essential and the emotion is passionate beyond tangibility. (KG)
(Kill Rock Stars, 120 State Ave NE #418, Olympia, WA 98501)

RECORD REVIEWS

BLAGGERS I.T.A. - "The Way We Operate" EP
A couple of nice pop songs with funny horns... Content? "Crips and Bloods unite against cops..." Can you spell "presumptuous"? That's all we need, Crips and Bloods running Los Angeles... Their hearts may be in the right direction and it's probably more accurate than a U.S. band writing about the Poll Tax... Nice pop punk songs to say the least. (LH)
(Fluffy Bunny Records, 4 Brackendal Grove, Harpenden Herts, AL5 3EJ, UK)



BLAGGERS I.T.A. - "Here's Johnny.." EP
Noisy, punky, rock music with snotty punk rock vocals. At times, however, the use of jazzy horns make the songs sound as if they could be theme songs of 1970s cop TV shows. (KK)
(W.O.W. Records, UK)

BLAH BLAH BLAH - "Fuzzy" EP
Two piece band from Gilroy CA, land of garlic—sorry guys. This band uses distorted vocals, drum machines and samples to lay down some tunes with a kind of snarly, pounding, sustained guitar concoction. (JL)
($3.50 ppd: Perilous Grooves Records, PO Box 1844, Gilroy, CA 95020)

BLOWNAPART BASTARDS - "Crust In The Wind" tape
"Fuk yoo" punk from the Spike Anarkie school. Noisy, crusty, garage chaos that's hilarious in its intentional idiocy. They hate the fuzz, multinationals, soap (what crusty lad doesn't?), and on top of it all, they say "NEUROSIS Don't Know How To Thrash". Yoiks! (CD)
(806 Highland Ave Squat, Greensboro, NC 27403)

BLUNDER TONGUE - "Long Tall Willie/Third Willie Eye"
This is Jon Wahl of CLAWHAMMER's side project and it is distinguished by his unique vocals. The title cut is an altered LITTLE RICHARD tune with much horn-playing bleating about. There's a bit of an R&B groove parlayed into an almost functional rock 'n' roll song. Look for the debut album "The Secret Life of Aunt Bea." (BR)
(Sympathy)

BOB - "The Peel Sessions" EP
Quite an eclectic offering from this group. Whatever they attempt, be it psychedelic, melancholy art or heads down and balls out punk rock, they execute masterfully, due in part to the production, crisp and bracing, like a Saturday morning in December. (DS)
(Self Rising Records, PO Box 6593, Athens, GA 30604)

BOB EVANS - "Drought" CD
I'm actually keeping this CD, and won't be trading it in for vinyl, so that must tell you something. Place liberal amounts of ROCKET FROM THE CRYPT/DRIVE LIKE JEHU and SOUL ASYLUM into a blender and puree into a very tasty concoction. SKENE certainly has come a long way since the days of "The Caution Comp." (LD)
(Skene! PO Box 4522, St. Paul, MN 55104)

BRAINIAC - "Superduperseven" EP
The first song is kind of a hectic wacka wacka song, followed by another song that I thought was a good contrast and pretty good too. The next side has a fair amount of space sound effects, odd chords and so on. Interesting stuff, tended to wear on me, but it was a real hot day when I reviewed this so... (JL)
(Limited Potential Records, PO Box 268586, Chicago, IL 60626)

BRUTAL TRUTH - "Extreme Conditions Demand Extreme Responses" LP
BRUTAL TRUTH has been hammering my noggin' like no other band the past few months. Stupefying sonic blitzkriegs unparalleled by 99% of the stenchy offerings I've heard this year. These New Yawkers strip down the genre and fuel it to its boiling point. Political lyrics and graphics top off a release resting firmly on the pinnacle of extremes. It torched my turntable. Behold the new grinding messiah! (CD)
(Earache, UK)

BUGJUICE - "Velcro Buddha" EP
Dissonant grungy stuff from Mass. Oh, what the hell, this sounds exactly like DINOSAUR JR. and when they don't sound like the DINOS, they sound like BUFFALO TOM (big difference, huh). Not bad, but there is such a thing as too derivative. (RL)
(Constant Change, 275 Winchester St., Newton, MA 02161)

THE BUGS KNOW BEST/PREGNANT & HOMELESS - split EP
THE BUGS KNOW BEST: These could be some of the most ridiculous vocals ever. Even sillier then YOUTH BRIGADE. Kinda ruins the songs for me which otherwise are almost like the STRANGLERS. PREGNANT & HOMELESS: A lot more listenable than the other side mixing and early MINUTEMEN sound with more fuzzed out guitars. Crazy hyper-speed breaks liven the whole thing up. (LH)
(no address)

BUSH LEAGUE - "Smut/Tied Up" EP
The "Smut" side is my favorite: inventive, smooth transitions from catchy hooks and riffs to strained gruff and throaty vocals and then back to high vocals to match the build up. Passionate and memorable. (SB)
(Better Days Records, 1591 Bardstown Rd., Louisville, KY 40205)

BUTTHEAD - "Volume 1" EP
Finally, a band Jeff Bale can appreciate. With "hard rockin", heavy hitting DWARVES style rock, but not quite rocknroll. Such fun with "fuck you" songs entitled, "Hey Butthead", "Fight", and "Loser". Fans of the Sympathy For The Record Industry attitude take note. (SB)
(Heat Blast, PO Box 491, Eatontown, NJ 07724)

C.I.A. - "Who Cares?" EP
This debut EP from 1983 is still pungent — it's high-velocity political thrash with an unbelievably thick sound. A limited edition of 500, it contains one new track, "Life is a Dog," which is sensational! Get it...if you can. (SS)
(Forward To The Past, no address)

THE CAMPUS TRAMPS - EP
Primitive, poppish punk rock, with an obvious RAMONES influence. Totally excellent. (KK)
(Nightmare Rec., Roermonder Str. 74, 4050 Mönchengladbach 1, GERMANY)

CANDIRU - "Disadvantage Of Surprise" EP
Two stoked blokes who managed to release a slab after tagging along with the GODFLESH wagon train. Prehistoric grind that reduces most other 7"ers into pulp. This came from the same womb as "Streetcleaner" right down to the minimal lyrics about the pain of life (snore). Not original, but truly a massive platter. (CD)
(Relapse, PO Box 251, Millersville, PA 17551)

CANDLE - "Green Grass" EP
This tunefully, melodic mid-paced two song EP has a sincere quality that is put forth in song and layout. Even included are suggestions on how to start putting on shows in your own town. The vocals, drumming and guitar playing all have a yearningness that is a little undeveloped but overall works well. A slight GREY MATTER influence seems an appropriate reference point. (MK)
(Wrenched Records, PO Box 2096, Del Mar, CA 92014)

CARAMEL MONSTER - "No Good Soul" EP
Fucked guitar. Fucked vocals. Rocks like a motherfucker. Raw high energy driving through four great punk songs. Somewhere between old NIRVANA and really old REAGAN YOUTH. Not a dry spot here. (LH)
(Wild West Records)

LOS CERVECEROS - "As long as There's Beer" EP
Slow, heavy, power chord driven punk rock that vaguely resembles "Wonderful"-era CIRCLE JERKS. The intros are great, but then they always drift back into three chord, verse/chorus oblivion. (DS)
(no address)

CHELSEA - "Live At The Music Machine 1978" CD
Classic oi live, digitally preserved forever. Seriously, this is a good idea of what an early CHELSEA show was like, this one in London on Sept 25, 1978. Hits like "Urban Kids" and "Right To Work" are included here, recorded decently. I recently heard that frontman Gene October was Benny Hill's lover. Man, it's always something. (ML)
(Released Emotions, PO Box 132, Acton, London W3 8XQ, ENGLAND)

CORPORATE DEATHBURGER - "We're in Hell Just for Fun" LP
What a terrible name. Basic metallic hardcore which is totally handicapped by inane lyrics about bodies, blood, etc. etc.—except for one song ("First, Next and the Rest") which seems Einsteinian surrounded by the rest of this. Too bad one great song doesn't redeem an LP as it might do with an EP. (TM)
(Progress Records, NORWAY)

RECORD REVIEWS

COCKNOOSE - "The Greatest Band of The 21st Century" EP
They thank GG, ANTISEEN, and the DWARVES on the insert and that should give a pretty good idea of the overall approach. Unfortunately, the clean, powerful production is more suitable for a metal release and the band never really cuts loose.
(BD)
(Laceration, PO Box 442442, Lawrence, KS 66044)

CRACKERBASH - LP
In the tradition of SUPERCHUNK, SEAWEED, and other purveyors of aggro-pop, CRACKERBASH lace poppy rhythms and melody with enough angst and distortion to avoid sounding wimpy. Unfortunately, they don't manage to avoid sounding boring. (DS)
(Empty Records, PO Box 12034, Seattle, WA 98102)

CREATURE DID - "Open Heart Orgy" EP
A heavy 90's punk sound that doesn't go in too much for the wanking overindulgences and concentrates more on power. Pretty decent. (TY)
(1183 Mountain Rd, Torrington, CT 06790)

CRIMPSHRINE - "Duct Tape Soup" LP
At last the release of the comprehensive CRIMPSHRINE record comprised of a compilation of 16 songs from 1988 previously only found on comps and the rather expensive rare European LP. This record nicely captures the spirit and youthful vigor of one of the Bay Area's most influential bands. With great melodic punk with razor blade gargling vocals and catchy songs that have all the right hooks one can not help but fall to the ground and start "lurching". Included is a booklet that puts the whole thing into perspective. All profits go to Berkeley Free Clinic and Food Not Bombs. (MK)
(Lookout Records)

CRUCIFIX/PATARENI - split EP
Yes, it's *that* CRUCIFIX. Classic S.F. politi-thrash recorded live in '84 teamed up with the guttural noise lords of Croatia, PATARENI. If that ain't kooky enough for ya, one side is 33 and the other is at 45. Only 150 copies. What's next, a RAMONES/PATARENI split EP limited to 4 copies? (CD)
(PsychoMania, PO Box 19, Alloa FK10 2YE, SCOTLAND)

CULTURE FIRE - "Release" EP
Four songs here; all different. One has a dirgy sludge postpunk feel, one sounds like a posi-youth anthem, another recalls LOU REED, etc. An odd mish-mash. (WG)
(One Hour Records, 1215 Harney, Omaha, NE 68102)

CYNICS/FRAMPTON BROS - split 45
Two cuts from last year's "Bonograph: Sonny Gets His Share" CD. The first two cuts to appear on vinyl anywhere thanx to Get Hip, the wax junkies that they are. The CYNICS do a nice job of Sonny & Cher's "I Got You Babe" while the YOUNG FRESH FELLOWS-worshipping FRAMPTON BROS. mellow out another cynical SONNY-penned jam. Cool. (ML)
(Get Hip, PO Box 666, Canonsburg, PA 15317)

D.O.A. - "13 Flavours of Doom" LP
First listen: This is even worse than the last CLASH album! The lyrics sound even more like headlines from boring commie newspapers than usual...and it's all so fucking slow and limp. "Beatin' Rock n'Roll To Death", indeed! Fifth listen: What a great album! D.O.A. have evolved a uniquely powerful, complex, and energetic sound. Joey's voice just keeps getting better, and the lyrics address vital social issues with intelligence and humor. So...if you already own all the earlier D.O.A. releases, you'll want this. If you gave up on them with "Let's Wreck The Party," this isn't gonna bring you back. If you've never heard D.O.A., get "Bloodied But Unbowed." (EW)
(Alternative Tentacles)

DEAD IDEAS - "Welcome to the Abyss" EP
A very mid-80's punk sound from this Yugoslavian band, but it's interesting that their lyrics are not angry/political considering the situation in that (ex)country. The semi-melodic female vocals make this band stand out from the Eurosludge. Not bad. (PC)
(Start Today, Voja Zugic, Mokranjceva 12, 2100 Novisad, YUGOSLAVIA)

DEAD WORLD - "Collusion" CD
A gloomy "concept" disc? Apparently so...this pup oozes along and flattens you as if a safe were dropped onto your head from 30 stories up. Echo-ridden, gothic, mucky grind. Tons o' whispy sound FX that'll make your jaw drop as you are rendered helpless to utter anything but, "Dude..." Hefty. (CD)
(Relapse, PO Box 251, Millersville, PA 17551)

DEAD WYLER III - tape
Loony tunes that sound like CRASS trying to cover the CRAMPS at a high school garage band nite. Grunge rock with robotic drums and psychotic tape loops. Creeeepy. (CD)
(201 South 12th #3C, Philadelphia, PA 19107)

THE DERANGERS - "Vote For Me" tape
Maybe I'm partial to this because the foofie-haired cover fellow looks like me before shearing, but this is really funny! Nerdy, simple, BOWIE-ish songs about losing your pants in France and dancing with aardvarks. Definitely not something to smash the system to but worthwhile. (KW)
(Burnie Ash, 18 Princeton Street, Medford, MA)

DIDJITS - "Little Miss Carriage" 12"
True to DIDJITS form, this record is a scorcher. The snotty vocals keep getting snottier, the guitars keep getting faster and more distorted and the whole mess gets tighter and punker. Only five songs leaves me wanting more. (MH)
(Touch and Go Records, PO Box 25520, Chicago, IL 60625)

DIME BAG - CD
Raw, disgusting, distorted sounds. Full-on garage sound. Screaming death vocals, super distorto guitars, pounding fills and drum beats!!! Reminds me of good old punk rock. DIME BAG claim to be a portion of the sound track to "Our Collapsing Civilization". They're as punk as it gets with an attitude like that! (SM)
(Heat Blast, PO Box 491, Eatontown, NJ 07724)

DISPOSABLE NONE - tape
They're back with more disposable brilliance than before. Six killer metal punk tunes. Well structured, plenty of thrash for any mosh pit. A cross between NO USE FOR A NAME and D.R.I.! (SM)
($2.00 ppd: Al Baroni, 1495 N. 8th, Fresno, CA 93703)

DISRUPT/TUOMIOPAIVAN LAPSET - split EP
AGATHOCLES is king of the split EPs, but DISRUPT is now gaining quickly with MAN IS THE BASTARD taking up the rear. Another excellent DISRUPT outing. These six crusty crooners can whip out the quality dual vocal trade-off thrash as if they were tying their collective shoes. T.L. are new to my ears but these Finns plow through four buttock-burners with the speed and fury you'd expect from a band whose name is so hard to spell. Buns. (CD)
(Ecocentric Records, Dresdener Str. 30, 5400 Koblenz, GERMANY)

DOGMA MUNDISTA - "Destiny or Greed" LP
Powerful punk and thrash with simple structures, pounding rhythms, and occasional guitar wanking, which in this case prevents the sound from being monotonous. Good lyrics address alienation in modern society in a way that's both very personal and very political. Some songs are in Spanish, and the entire LP is quality material with no filler. Muy fuckin' bueno! (EW)
(Mundista Humanista, PO Box 943, Reseda, CA 91335)

DOTS - "How To Write A Pop Song" EP
Late '70s style new wave with a dash of humor. In other words this is a novelty record. In addition to their 4 hokey originals there is a goofy version of PINK FLOYD's "Interstellar Overdrive". Hey fella's, I'm not laughing. (MC)
($2 ppd: AAI, 251 Pleasant St., N'han, MA 01060)

RECORD REVIEWS

ELEPHANT - "Yeah/Same Thing"
Now that MUDHONEY blows, these guys may be able to take their place. While their last single was a bit more downbeat, "Yeah" is an upbeat noisebomb and "Same Thing" has infectious pop overtones. (WG)
(Resin Records, 2300-B Central S.E. #198, Albuquerque, NM 87103)

ENNUI - "Olive" EP
This seems to alternate between pop and hardcore. The vocals are sub-par, and the songs have weird meandering parts, but "34 Page Book" is a cool poptune. (MC)
($3.50 ppd: Slamdek, PO Box 43551, Louisville, KY 40253)

FEEDBACK RECYCLING - EP
Ape crushing, nerve splitting, chunky style mash-core with plenty o' meat on its bones. Four thundering, metal fringed, mosh tunes and not a lemon in the barrel. Harder hitting than Mike Tyson and a hell of a lot nicer, I imagine. (CD)
(Ecocentric Records, Dresdner Str. 30, 5400 Koblenz, GERMANY)

FINGERS - "You Get On My Nerves/She's (A Bit) Unkind"
This sounds a lot like all those no name UK punk bands that released one 45 and quickly disappeared back in '77. Buried hooks, and no production give it that one-take "recorded in actual garage" charm. Unfortunately the sleeve panders a bit to the teenybopper market by exploiting their good looks. (BD)
(Bag Of Hammers, PO Box 928, Seattle, WA 98111)

FLIPPER - "Nurnberg Fish Trials - Live" LP
These 8 songs were recorded live/digital in 1991, but much of the material ("Sacrifice," "The Lights," "Love Canal") are well over a decade old. These guys invented the sound: long, dirgy punk with loads of feedback and screaming. Sometimes powerful, it lacks the freshness of the "Live at Target" sessions. (SS)
(Musical Tragedies, PO Box 12034, Seattle, WA 98102)

FLOKONS GIVRES - "Born To Be Vedg" tape
Totally amazing Canadian hardcore sung in French. They're at their best when they get angry and hit 100 mph but their catchiness and unique vocals make the goofy sounding songs winners as well. A nice sloppy feel really adds to the old-fashioned homemade punk rock appeal. Great! (NN)
(PO Box 143, Succ-c, Montreal, PQ, H2L 4J7, CANADA)

FRICTION - "Makeshift" EP
Sounds pretty cool, melodic, energetic, vocals are a bit droning. Side two has one of those instrumentals with a phone conversation in the background. Good stuff here Rad color vinyl too, It's kind of a swirl aqua color. (JL)
($3.00 ppd: Shakefork Records, PO Box 9711, Downers Grove, IL 60515)

FRANKO, TED - "Santa Beer Reindeer/ Santa Baby"
Silly yuckfest Christmas novelty record here folks. Some old dude singing tunelessly over a confusing "heavy" riff singing about Santa's reindeer. Flip side is same old dude "rapping" about Christmas. This Ted fellow sounds a little like a cross between Fred Blassey and Lou Albano, I dunno....(HD)
(Nawpost, PO Box 245, Buchannan, NY 10511)

FUMES/SHEEP SQUEEZE - EP
A good match up here as both bands deliver three cuts of no frills, two-chord garage punk. Fave cut is "Family Affair" by the FUMES while the SHEEP SQUEEZE lyrics have never been more ridiculous.
(Recess, PO Box 1112, Torrance, CA 90505)

FUN BUG - "Tezbinetop" EP
If pop-punk is your cuppa tea, then this will fill you up nicely. Happy and whoa-oh-singalongy but kinda typical Brit-pop. Still a good debut foreign release from Lookout Records. (PC)
(Lookout, PO Box 2301, London E17 9DA, ENGLAND)

GALLEONS LAP - "Themes and Variations" LP
I didn't like this record at all. Although the vocals were punk at times the music reminded me of really bad MEGADETH. Hard rock with no power. (RL)
(Scorch, PO Box 95363, Seattle, WA 98145)

THE GARBAGE AND THE FLOWERS - "Catnip/Carousel"
I'm not sure where (if at all) this NZ band fits in the whole Expressway scene but this more on the psychedelic than noise side of things. A bunch of gurgling guitars battle it out on the A-side while the flip reminds me of early THE SCENE IS NOW with its off-kilter folk/drone/trad approach. A good one. (BD)
(Twisted Village, PO Box 9102, Waltham, MA 02254)

GARGOYLES - "Without End" CD
More DEAD BOYS/STOOGES sounds with the occasional ghoulish twist from these S.F. natives. The new material is pretty consistent with their earlier singles., so if you like them you'll like this. (ML)
(Sympathy)

GLORIUM - "Dive Bomb/Chemical Angel"
This band has a threatening, somewhat disconcerting sound. "Dive Bomb" is a mixture of styles all the way from MONSTER MAGNET to FUGAZI. The good deep vocals are accompanied by thumping guitar, funky bass and decent harmonies. Changes in momentum hold one's attention. I like it. (BR)
(Glorium, 947 E. 50th, Austin, TX 78751)

GOD IS MY CO-PILOT - "How I Got Over" EP
Sophisticated New York City spoken word, jazz saxophone, art noise, pointless meanderings. Female/male trade-off vocal drivel. Way too intellectual. Excellent cover by Fiona Smyth. (BR)
(Ajax Records, PO Box 805293, Chicago, IL 60680)

GOD IS MY CO-PILOT - "Gender Is As Gender Does" EP
Four more fucked up songs by this great and totally damaged band. Somewhere between the EX and a guitar repair shop. Taking up the gender issue this time around with semi-scary, semi-silly lyrics. Cool. (LH)
(Funky Mushroom, PO Box 100270, Brooklyn, NY 11210)

GOD ROD - tape
This looks like a legitimate product, so where's the vinyl?? Six songs on this tape, all punk! Monotone vocals, octave guitar types! Some thrash, some slow stuff, ranting screams and a few 'fuck yous'! It doesn't get a whole lot punker than this! (SM)
(Sheik Records, 2654 W. Pico Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90006)

GODSPEAKS - "Scapegoated and Demonized/Indestructible"
Pretty generic boogie "rock" stuff which at times comes frighteningly close to JANE'S ADDICTION. "Scapegoated..." starts off sounding like it could've been NO MEANS NO but ends up sounding more like ALICE IN CHAINS. Pass. (HD)
(Limited Potential, PO Box 268586, Chicago, IL 60626)

HARD-ONS - "Dateless Dudes Club" LP
This LP features four new songs on one side and a live set from March 1992 on the other. The new stuff mixes in their penchant for metal-wank leads over basic punk guitar. The songs are fairly polished leading me to think they won't grab me like their other records. (MH)
(Waterfront Records, AUSTRALIA)

HEAD - "Powerfist" EP
Wow! There are a number of really excellent things about this record. Besides the fact that it's excellent head bouncing punk rock: none of the three songs is over two minutes; there's an excellent instrumental; the lyrics don't seem to make any sense, and; the band has listened to far too many RAMONES records. (KK)
(PO Box 9144, Seattle, WA 98109)

HEAD/METAL MIKE - split EP
You should all know who METAL MIKE is by now (x- ANGRY SAMOANS). Here's yet another gem from this guy—the pop-inspired "David Crosby's Yacht" with in-your-face guitar and bass. HEAD are more SAMOANS-esque with the snotty vocals and three chord punk. "The magic 8 ball is the future." Believe it. (MH)
(Steve Priest Fan Club, PO Box 23184, Seattle, WA 98102)

RECORD REVIEWS

HEADSLAVE - "Dissension" tape
Mighty cool post punk that lingers in that indescribable STEEL POLE BATH TUB realm. Nice use of repetition makes the heavy parts extremely powerful. Then they just wig out and give you something to groove on. Tinny synthesized vocals and dark lyrics also provide a nice edge. (NN)
(Claw Records, PO Box 3324, Vancouver, BC, V6B 3Y3, CANADA)

HIJOS DE NADIE - "El Puto Sistema' EP
Live recording of this Puerto Rican band, as their masters were stolen. Apart from the live sound quality, it's pretty basic, straightforward hardcore. Lyrics aren't so straightforward - advocating pacifism in one song, violence in another; a pseudo possessive ode to a failed relationship.. seems a bit sketchy....(TM)
(Computer Crime Records, 74 Osborne Ave., Norwalk, CT 06855)

HONCHO OVERLOAD - "Miserable/Sugarfoot"
The A-side here is a groovin' tune which reminds me of punk rock gods NUISANCE with a touch of slower SOUL ASYLUM. Boogie, you gotta love it. The B-side has more of an Amphetamine Reptile feel. Not as good. (RL)
(Mud Records, 201 North Coler, Urbana, IL 61801)

HUMPERS - "My Machine" LP
This Long Beach band's album came out in 1990 in Croatia of all places, but because of the Balkans war it never got distributed. You can check out their two 7"s on Sympathy to hear their brand of punk, though here they are more like a '77 UK band meets DOLLS/HEARTBREAKERS, while live it's more like SAINTS/COWGIRLS raging. Great stuff. (TY)
(Listen Loudest c/o Zdenko Franjic, Samoboroska 107, 41090 Zagreb, CROATIA)

I.N.D. - "Maxed" EP
This is scary music that some people probably love. But to me it sounds a tad too much like speed metal with those echoing vocals. Egads! (KG)
(Watchmen Records, PO Box 1115, Lockport, NY 14094)

IMPULSE MANSLAUGHTER - "Sometimes" EP
Completely freakin' unglued manic chaos. I'm just glad that these loons are still at work dredging up some high-caliber, hackle-raising compositions. There are five burly, piledriving spazz attacks gracing this wax. All of 'em are top drawer I.M. material in the classic sense but even more fierce. Oui oui, sez me. (CD)
(Mind Control Records, Mittelmuhlgasse 1, 7322 Donzdorf, GERMANY)

INDIGNANT FEW - "Street Smart Girl" EP
Snot nosed punk in the BLANKS 77 style, but really fucking stupid. Yeah, okay guys, nihilism's punk and all, but any band which yaps about "It's where they grow assholes and queers" in one song and "We'll pick up a hooker and we'll do her again and again. Let's rip her, beat her, tear her apart. We're the INDIGNANT FEW and we've got no hearts" in another, is weak little boy shit. (LD)
(no address)

INTENT TO INJURE - "Habit of Thought" EP
Brutal hardcore that carries itself well musically (it's got that rad, warm bass sound and total screaming vocals), but the lyrics seem angry in a violent way with that "I'm gonna get you back" taste. (KG)
(Striving Togetherness Records c/o Udo Meixner, Gottfried-Semper-Weg 36, 8580 Beyreuth, GERMANY)

IRONSIDE - "Neutered Innocence" tape
A UK incarnation of US straight edge moshcore. Basic thrash with simian vocals. Five guys. Five tunes. It would be awesome if Raymond Burr was really in this band. (CD)
(3 Paddock Close, Bradford, BD12 9LB, ENGLAND)

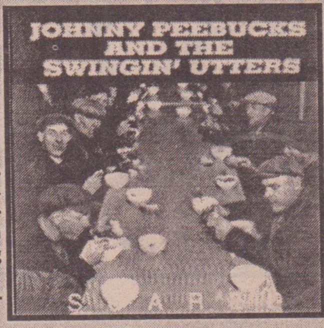
IVICH - "Sculpteur de Cris" tape
Here's an amazingly cool tape full of 13 French hardcore songs. Even though the pace is frantic at times and the vocals are often screamed, IVICH leaves lots of room for melody and tune. Comes with neat lyric book (tout en français). And I hear Eric is starting to organize D.I.Y. shows just outside Paris. Drop him a line for more info! (KG)
(Eric Mirguet, 4 Ave. Kennedy, 94410 Saint-Maurice, FRANCE)

JACK WITH KILLER - "Stupid Heavy Metal" tape
A far cry from heavy metal, JWK return to crank out five rip-roaring hardcore tunes with sporadic vocals that give this release a hectic but goofy feel. Speedier than their previous tape, this stuff is straight-forward thrash. They really want to be heard. Check them out! (NN)
(1-17-21-205, Kataura, Kanagawa-Ku, Yokohama-Shi, Kanagawa, 221, JAPAN)

JESUS CHRIST SUPERFLY - "Big Shit/ Rocket Scientist"
Oh yea! What most people will instantly find attractive about this first release on Rise Records outta Austin is the awesome Frank Kozik cover, and it's no less than a total revolution in 45 sleeves. The band rocks out as well, getting upset at cops, insulting people, all kinds of shit. Good band, good songs, good package. Winner. (ML)
(Rise, 506A W. 14th St, Austin, TX 78701)

THE JESUS LIZARD - "Gladiator/Boilermaker"
THE JESUS LIZARD make another bid at best band in the fuckin' world. Coming close with these super tight, powerful tracks. "Boilermaker" is the big winner with an almost sing-a-long vocal structure. Cool cover art as well. (LH)
(Touch & Go)

JOHNNY & THE SELF ABUSERS - EP
The two tracks from their classic '77 Chiswick 7", plus two live tracks (which are basically worthless). Typical '77 British punk - raw, hard and melodic. Reminds me of THE STOOGES. Hard to believe these guys later became THE SIMPLE MINDS. (KK)
(no address)



JOHNNY PEEBUCKS & THE SWINGIN' UDDERS - "Scared" 10"
You get the feeling, when first hearing this beautifully marbled slab, that you've heard all these songs before, that they're all covers of classic English '77 punk hits. The CLASH, S.L.F., SHAM, UNDERTONES all come to mind. But actually, they're all originals (except a tribute to the REZILLOS), done in that rough rocking catchy post r'n'b style. Fucking excellent. (TY)
(Quality Of Life, PO Box 170073, San Francisco, CA 94117)

JOLT - "Proof of Total Collapse" tape
This fuckin' rules, plain and simple. Totally catchy pop punk with a good hard edge (not an ounce of sap here). Gravelly vocal style somewhere between CRIMPSHRINE and SOCIAL DISTORTION. Can't believe music this good can come from Fremont, but buy it anyway. This is the shit, as they say. (OP)
(3089 Langhorn Dr, Fremont, CA 94555)

JOLT - EP
This is the only Shredder release I've liked in quite some time. It's like Mike Ness singing for the "Turn It Around" Gilman period E. Bay kinda poppy, but not queasily so, and still basically punk thang. Nice. (LD)
(Shredder)

RECORD REVIEWS

JONESTOWN - "Live" EP
Pretty fuckin' great sounding for live recordings. Captures the band's live fire which is very different from in the studio. Pounding crazed rhythms with walls of guitar noize. Manic vocals (or should I say "Dan-ic"). Rumor is this Twin Cities band has split... (LH)
(Hippy Knight Records, Box 1281 Windsor 3181, AUSTRALIA)

JUNK FOOD SOCIETY - "Trokk 16 (Oh! Oh!) LP
The mood is catchy, upbeat, and tight—coming off more like ska in the same way that NOFX do, with all the hooks and riffs. Repetitive grundgy guitars and effective bass work, in the vein of CHRIST ON PARADE, and in no way simplistic tempo changes. Quite good! (SB)
(Progress Records, PO Box 5133, 7002 Trondheim, NORWAY)

KAPTEENI PERKELE - "Tico Tico" tape
Vicious early 80's style Finnish thrash. Three-chord, toe-tapping, knee-slapping, air jamming, galloping outbursts. A rip-roaring conveyor belt of "yahoo" hardcore. (CD)
(Edu, Ankkurikan 1, 95400 Tornio, FINLAND)

KICKBACK - "No One Gets Out Alive" EP
Tight aggressive powercore in the heavier NY style, but from France. Slow chunky guitars are a plus and really make your ears bleed. Lyrics are angry and intelligent and never once talk about beating the crap out of someone. Right on! (NN)
(Inner Rage c/o Jean-Marc Dablin, 5 Rue A. Fleming, 95460 Ezanville, FRANCE)

KILLTECH - "the World War Four" EP
First time I heard this I must admit that I didn't think it was very groundbreaking or anything, but I gotta admit it grows on you. This is your basic rockin' post-punk 4-songer, but these New Yorkers have some interesting ideas. A full LP would tell the story... (ML)
(591 Albany Shaker Rd, Loudonville, NY 12211)

KLAJBERI - tape
Good, old, bluesy, rock 'n' roll, slathered in funk breaks and occasionally garnished with deep, soulful vocals. The foreign accent couples a drugged-out sounding slur with a fuzzed, trippy guitar. (DS)
(Nova Aleksandrija, Beograd, YUGOSLAVIA)

LAG WAGON - "Duh" LP
Surprisingly rockin' debut album. Tight, tight, tight hardcore, catchy in the vein of NOFX (well...) and early DAG NASTY. Tight is the key with high speed breaks and shameless tempo changes setting this band a step over some of their hardcore peers. Lyrics range from real smart to real dumb ("Beer Goggles"?). Great music despite lame cover art. (LH)
(Fat Wreck Chords, PO Box 460144, San Francisco, CA 94146)

LANDFILL - tape
This has gotta be one of the more original tapes I've heard in many moons. Complex and punchy,aggro punk with keyboards substituting for the bass guitar. Best of all, it actually works. Coupled with solid riffing, awesome drumming, and barking vocal power, this four song effort is a gem in the desolate landscape of cassettedom. (CD)
(1704 Sunrise, Norman, OK 73071)

LAUGHING HYENAS - "Crawl" 12"
If I had to describe the LAUGHING HYENAS in one word, it would be desperation. This four songer follows in the same tradition. Although they now have Todd Swalla (ex-NECROS) on drums and a new bassist, their sound is still downbeat and STOOGEy, characterized by Mr. Brannon's jackal-like vocals. Although I think I like their earlier records a bit more, the title cut is great, shifting from light guitar picking to outright noise, and "Living in Darkness" burns with anger. (WG)
(Touch and Go, PO Box 25520, Chicago, IL 60625)

THE LEONARDS - "Move/Thinking About It"
Redefining "generic" for the 90's. Power pop with all the ingredients but no flavor. I'd say these guys still have potential, and if you're not too picky about your pop you may go for this. (PC)
(Red Planet, 2531 Sawtelle Blvd. #49, Los Angeles, CA 90064)

LINE DRIVE - "The Few" EP
From North Carolina comes another new hardcore band with a mid-tempo style in a similar vein with a lot of straight edge bands that have brought their tempo down. Done in a non-generic, intelligent manner, lyrics and layout express the advantage of striving for a poison free existence. My main gripe is that the sound production is a little quiet. (MK)
(New Start Records, PO Box 10110, Winston-Salem, NC 27108)

LIQUID COURAGE - "'A' for Effort" tape
A five song demo tape, many styles, groove rock, jazz, experimental fusion, rock, not at all thrash! Not to say it's not punk, some of the lyrics are as punk as you can be. I'd say these boys have a heavy overdose of RED HOT CHILI PEPPERS/FAITH NO MORE! Put it to vinyl boys! (SM)
($4.00 ppd: PO Box 5068, Pleasanton, CA 94566)

LITTLE DEBBIE - "Thank You For My Vitamin" EP
I really liked this one. Fast punk rock with various touches and influences which indicated some new wave damage. The lyrical topics kind of wacky and dumb. Hey, give em a break—they live in Athens, GA. (MM)
(Weedeater Music, PO Box 5013, Athens, GA 30604)

LOOK AROUND - "Signature of the Soul" tape
Songs about Barry Manilow, hate, nutrasweet, hate, beer, hate, love, hate, hate, etc, moshed out New York hardcore style with grungy heavy parts bouncing off hardcore and funky beats, much like BREAKDOWN or KILLING TIME, or their stated influence of SUICIDAL TENDENCIES.... (KS)
(407 Lake St #B-11, Ithaca, NY 14850)

LUNATIC INVASION - "The Selected Ones" CD
Gothic grind that straddles the fence between "ordinary" and "generic". The production and musicianship are stellar but the seven numbers they perform here didn't always have me boogie-ing in the aisles. They borrow two scoops of cheeziness from the NOCTURNUS college of metallic, atmospheric keyboards. It does kick ass in spurts, but rather than being glued to my speakers I found my interest wandering to thoughts of Don Knotts in red stockings. Not a good sign... (CD)
(no stinkin' address)

LUNATIC INVASION - "Destined To Die" EP
This has been out for a while but if you haven't picked it up yet, you should. Blistering noisy grindcore with fuzzy production. Sure it's nothing new, but it's good. Lyrics lean towards the gore/psychopath oriented stuff. (NN)
(W-Pieck-Str. 9, 0-1600 Konigs, Wusterhausen, GERMANY)

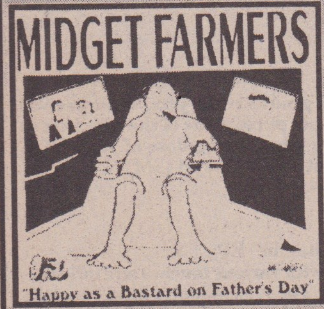
MAD MONGOLS - "Mongolian Chop" EP
Grrr, these guys are mad all right. Awww, they scream on every song. Aieee, maybe they're mad cause the bass player uses a slap bass instead of an electric one. Yoww, they shouldn't be, it sounds cool. Eeekk, file under mid-tempo Japanese melodic punk with screeeeaaammms. (MmmmmmmM)
Vinyl Japan, 281 Camden High St., Camden Town, London, NW1 7BX, ENGLAND)

MEAT SHITS - "Make Me Cum" EP
Okay, I'll give you one guess...if you gave up already, stand in the corner and study your noise encyclopedia from cover to cover. For all of youse still wearing the dunce caps, imagine a band comprised of derelicts who have a "poon" fixation. That band is the MEAT SHITS and they're noisier than the garbage man on Wednesday morning. The first and last word in genital-core. (CD)
(Psycho Mania, PO Box 19, Alloa, FK10 2YE, SCOTLAND)

MECCA NORMAL - "From the Surface/Upside Down Flame"
Yet another record from this veteran guitar & vocal duo. I used to kinda dislike this band but Jean Smith's voice is starting to really grow on me. They're that sort of band I guess—they take some getting used to, but then you're hooked. These songs are a bit more accessible and "nicer" than other stuff I've heard by them. Worth checking out if you're into that Olympia sound. (PC)
(Dionysus, PO Box 1975, Burbank, CA 91507)

RECORD REVIEWS

MELVINS - "Love Canal/Someday"
The MELVINS doing FLIPPER covers, as if FLIPPER didn't have enough problems of their own! Well, they can hide their shameless little torsos of wasted flesh for good now! Most punks will dig "Love Canal," but Buzz shines through on "Some Day" for me. Clear vinyl five inch record!! I think the MELVINS have every size records available now. Wait til FLIPPER hears "Sacrifice" on the "Lysol" LP. (SM)
(Slap a Ham, PO Box 420843, San Francisco, CA 94142-0843)



MIDGET FARMERS - "Happy As A Bastard On Father's Day" EP
Wacky, thinly produced P-rock that leaves me thinking that these boys would have been legendary if they were a Gilman band circa '87. Sorta SEWER TROUT meets ISOCRACY with a little PUBLIC HUMILIATION thrown in for good (?) measure. Punk, though. (ML)
(MF Satanic Cult, 1650 Branch Valley Dr, Rosewell, GA 30076)

MIKE REP & THE QUOTAS - "Stupor Hiatus Vol.2" LP
Although mainly known for the obscure cult classic "Rocket To Nowhere" from '76, Mike Rep has been active in the fringe Columbus scene until the present. This overdue retrospective compilation is filled with tremendous psychedelic/oddball rock (about half covers) that I can't recommend highly enough. (BD)
(Siltbreeze, PO Box 53297, Philadelphia, PA 19105)

MILKSHAKES - "Red Hot/Dull Knife"
This week's BILLY CHILDISH entry features a cover of the BILLY LEE RILEY rockabilly classic on one side, and an early 60's proto-surf instrumental on the flip. Enjoyable as always. (TY)
(Damaged Goods, PO Box 671, London E17 6NF, ENGLAND)

MINDSLAM - "The Piglet on Acid" EP
Sloppy pop punk. Pretty catchy songs, but not really weird or good enough to overcome poor playing. Some good hooks though. (GF)
(PO Box 9961, Stanford, CA 94309)

MINDSLAM - "S/T" EP
Pop punk with males/female vocals. It's very D.I.Y., but it still is barely passable. You can tell they go to college. Next...(LD)
(PO Box 9961, Stanford, CA 94309)

MINOR THREAT/FAITH - split LP
Seeing THE FAITH live was probably one of the most significant events in my life. It inspired me to form REAL ENEMY, and later HALF LIFE. And got me going 100% on punk for years. So while it's great to hear a set from the Wilson Center in '82, it bums me out cuz this is a bootleg, as far as we can tell anyway. Why don't people with live tapes call up the bands (after all, everyone is still alive) and see what they can work out as far as royalties or whatever. Then we could enjoy good records like this. (ML)

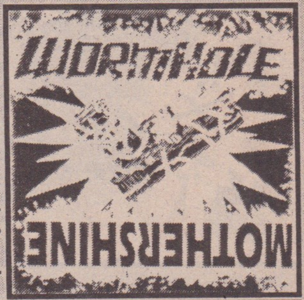
MINORITY - "There's a War" EP
Scratchy guitars atop mid-tempo, melodic hardcore makes for an excellent 7"! Smooth vocals that still have edge singing thought-about lyrics. Definitely give this a try. (KG)
($3 ppd: Steven Dilly, PO Box 8649, Austin, TX 78713-8649)

MISSING FOUNDATION - "Assault On Your Life/Man In The Arena"
A band I guess of some notoriety and history both of which I am ignorant of. "Assault" is a moody percussion poundfest with layers of samples, drums and a constantly bleating singer intoning the title over and over again. After a while it approaches a real EINSTERZENDE/CAN type of ambience. "Man..." is more of a chargin' guitar-grind thing reminiscent of FLIPPER. Pretty damn cool and certainly perks up my curiosity about their other records. (HD)
(Dutch East/Lungcoat Records)

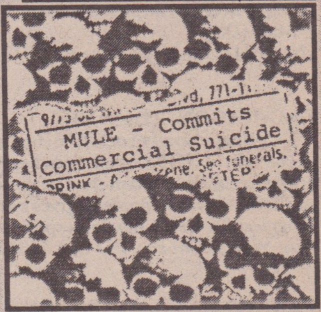
MODERAT LIKVIDATION - "Nitad" EP
As it says on the record, 'Hardcore Guaranteed'. 3 of the 8 songs on this were also on their 1984 EP. They manage to play fast, abrasive hardcore with enough hooks that even Jeff Bale remembered them from back then. Maybe it's time I moved to Sweden.... (TM)
(Dolores Records, Drottninggatan 52, 411 07 Gothenburg, SWEDEN)

MONOMEN - "One Shot" EP
"One Shot" is off the "Wrecker" LP. The non-LP B side has two tracks, the first being a DEAD MOON cover "54/40 Or Fight". The other is an instrumental called "Reset". This record ain't essential unless you're a big MONOMEN fan. (MM)
(September Gurls Records, Fenitzerplatz 4, 8500 Nurnberg, GERMANY)

MORAL SUCKLING - "Reach" LP
Night and day difference from their debut release about 1 1/2 years ago "More War Toys" EP. I thought that release was great, but this LP blows it away. Has a British sound to it, reminiscent of early 80's political English punk bands, but with more punch. Must be heard to be believed. (SB)
(Profane Existence, PO Box 8722, Minn, MN 55408)



MOTHERSHINE/WORMHOLE - split 45
These Pittsburgh, PA bands exemplify two major trends in 90's "alternative" music. MOTHERSHINE being *very* Seattle® sounding; if Tim heard this, he would think it's not Punk(©1992 T. Yohannan) enough and I would have to agree. WORMHOLE, on the other hand, provide a killer dose of Angry Screaming Female™ Punk© which is nothing original but very enjoyable anyway. So there. (PC)
(Ripe, 1739 E. Carson St. Suite 250, Pittsburgh, PA 15203)



MULE - "Commits Commercial Suicide" EP
I think I've reviewed every record these guys have done, and that's jes fine cuz they are purty darn good. Angry punk rock, no stranger to these guys (two ex-original POISON IDEA members), played well. "Good attack", as Jeff Bale once said in 1983. All right then. (ML)
(Highly Collectible Records, PO Box 27532, Providence, RI 02907)

MORTICIAN - "Mortal Massacre" EP
I listened to almost this entire record at 45 without realizing I had it on the wrong speed. The impact is denser at 33, which is good. MORTICIAN delivers exactly what you'd expect: Possessed, steamroller grind with vocals that sound like a golem with a mouth full of marbles. Too bad there isn't a lyric sheet so I can sing along with "Drilling For Brains". (CD)
(Relapse, PO Box 251, Millersville, PA 17551)

THE MUMMIES - "Stronger Than Dirt/Your Love"
Good, old-fashioned, garage rock with appropriately muddy recording. They'll kill me for this, but there's a strong KINKS sound here, especially when the guitar backs up the vocals. A-side is a single from their latest LP. (DS)
(Telstar, PO Box 1123, Hoboken, NJ 07030)

MUMMIES - "Never Been Caught" LP
Even more than their debut EP, this owes a lot to the '60s trash of the SONICS, replete with that distorted, trebly sound. Messy, raw, and ear-splitting, this album never really transcends its genre, but it's damn effective at what it does. Recommended. (SS)
(Telstar, PO Box 1123, Hoboken, NJ 07030)

RECORD REVIEWS

MUZZA CHUNKA - "Loaded/Openhouse"

L.A. Punk (term used loosely) *(and for LaVella, that's saying something-TY)* Rock band with decent production and tunes. Bet Cake from Flipside likes these guys. Probably good on an 'on' night at Raji's. Now, if they can learn to swallow... (ML)

(Bong Load Records, PO Box 931-538, Hollywood, CA 90093)

NEANDERTHAL - EP

God, am I glad Tim gave me this to review. Now I can tell you all that the bastard who released this had no authorization. It's a crappy quality bootleg of previously released songs. I wish the worm who released it was in front of me now cuz I'd break this disc across his schnozzola and force him to eat it. All NEANDERTHAL material will be officially re-released on Slap A Ham soon, so if you stumble across this one-sided piece of shit, break it in two. (CD)

(Sound Company, GERMANY, no address..fucking coward)

NEGATIVE APPROACH - "Live" LP

Two blistering sets by N.A., once Detroit's finest, now Detroit's retro-active heroes! This LP sounds great! My problem with these type of bootlegs are these songs are all previously released! This type of egg white hero worship is exactly what punk is against! N.A. gets all the hype, while there were a lot of other bands in that era that went unnoticed; SON OF SAM, LATIN DOGS, DISSONANCE & ANTI SOCIAL. But then again they weren't friends with Barry, Corey or Tesco! (SM)

(no address)

NO COMPLY - "Fight No More" EP

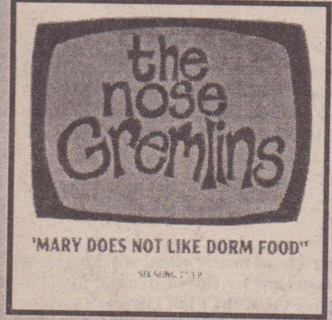
Straight out of 1982. Short, quick bursts of energy. They have a handle on writing great songs that don't go on more than necessary. Not the same NO COMPLY that brought you the "Club Dick" EP last year.

(Better Days Records, 1591 Bardstown Road, Louisville, KY 40205)

NOMEANSNO - "Betrayal, Fear, Anger, Hatred" EP

These are four songs from '81 when NMN was a 2-piece featuring the Wright bros. Every song sounds different, and probably few comparisons could be made to describe them as a whole, but you can still actually tell that these people and their sound became the band as we know them today (ie. focused vocals, those precise drums, that certain quirkiness...). (KG)

(Wrong Records, PO Box 3243 Vancouver, BC, V6B 3Y4, CANADA)



NOSE GREMLINS - "Mary Does Not Like Dorm Food" EP

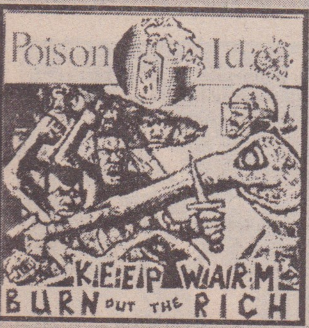
Four of the six tracks are instrumentals which, although they contain bits of surf melodies, sound little like conventional instrumental fare. In fact they sound a lot like the two vocal tracks, a raw, vaguely ALLish sound that is hard to pin down. A pretty fun release despite one of the dumber band names I have ever heard. (BD)

($3.00 ppd: Geekmo, PO Box 4424, Lubbock, TX 79409)

OCEAN OF MERCY - "Every Second" EP

Sounds like Dischord with a crunchy, metal edge. The powerful guitars and drums mixed with emotional lyrics make this a good one to listen to when you're pissed off and it's raining outside. (AI)

(Oasis Records, 32-34 77th, Jackson Heights, NY 11370-1810)



OLY GUNGHU FIEST - EP

These guys combine " a multi-cultural smorgasbord" of sound styles with a horn player that keeps every thing on edge with that manic horn sound. All of the songs are quite different which make it all very interesting, plus their theme includes beans, which is good: "And from out of the darkness cometh fourth light unfolding it's mystery, and there was a bean, and from that bean there were many offsprings giving birth to an OLY GUNGHU FIEST." Rad! (JL)

(Noiseville, PO Box 124, Yonkers, NY 10710)

190 PROOF - tape

Snot nosed punk with some awkward, creative rhythms and garage band sensibility. Pretty pumpin'. I don't know what to make of a song called "Gutter Bitch". Sounds like stupidity working overtime. Musically, it's groovy though. (CD)

(3 Crossbow Ct., Newport News, VA 23602)

PAINKILLER - "Buried Secrets" CD

A freaky, tweaky noise-jazz-grind excursion into tonal anarchy. John Zorn, Mick Harris (ex-NAPALM DEATH), some other goof, and two guys from GODFLESH swirl into and out of a 'stream of consciousness' jam session. The result is a drug trip without the drugs. Not at all shabby but the previous efforts of all parties involved are far superior. I'm sure throngs of college radio flunkies are gonna pretend this is way better than it actually is. (CD)

(Earache, UK)

PHLEG CAMP - "Twilight Pink" EP

This new record shows a new direction for this band. Time has allowed them to hone their style and develop their very own unique sound. Dark, organic, raw, filtered music winds on with a mesmerizing drone that maintains a definite song cohesion. With a Touch & Go influence and an experimental instrumentation with a direction reminding me of THE EX. This record constructs its own thing. (MK)

(Allied Recordings, PO Box 460683, San Francisco, CA 94146)

PINHEAD GUNPOWDER - "Fahiza" EP

Dude, this record fucking rocks. The debut EP from Aaron Cometbus's dream band where he gets to boss around famous Bay Area scenesters Bill (MONSULA), Mike (ex-FUEL), and Billie Joe (GREEN DAY). The musicianship and recording are excellent as are the lyrics and the tunes which include a hell-o-rad cover of JONI MITCHELL's "Big Yellow Taxi". Powerful and catchy, an instant classic. (PC)

(Lookout, PO Box 11374, Berkeley, CA 94701)

PLATYPUS SCOURGE - "Life is Colder" EP

Although I rather like platypi, this is a band who doesn't sound like their name. If VERBAL ASSAULT played dark gloomy postpunk, this is what it would sound like. An interesting hybrid. (WG)

($3 ppd: Outback, 5255 Crane Rd, W. Melbourne, FL 32904)

POBUNA - "Putevi Bez Izlaza" tape

70's style punk here, with enough variety to keep it interesting. Wavers between jangly cowpunk and rough, but poppy, BUZZCOCKS type stuff. (DS)

(Dordevic Dr Srecko, Milana Sarca 4, Beograd 11030, YUGOSLAVIA)

POISON IDEA - "Keep Warm Burn The Rich" EP

As if the legitimate records weren't hard enough to get, here's a boot of the Oregonians live in Germany. Quality varies from fairly bad to mediocre. Lyrics and a German interview are enclosed. Not a bad package, but it pales in comparison to their official live LP. (NN)

(Ministry Of Love, PO Box 1328, 5300 Bonn 1, GERMANY)

POORS & LEGS - "Ummgebrecht" EP

Metallic damage HC, with these weird shrieky vocals. In places the guitar is somewhat reminiscent of the 1st DIE KREUZEN LP, but no where as good. This is interesting, but I haven't decided yet. (LD)

(Jörn Grossörscehnster 16, 2800 Bremen 1, GERMANY)

POUNDED CLOWN/HORNY MORMONS - split LP

Two Sacramento bands come together on this split LP. HORNY MORMONS dish out funny garage pop ala TOO MUCH JOY with a touch of 60's punk. With lyrical gems like "He stuck his hand in an animal's anus, He was looking for love in all wrong places" how can you resist? Guaranteed to amuse. POUNDED CLOWN is a little more punky with a hella cool horn section (DICKIES meets HERB ALPERT?). I suspect this band doesn't take itself too seriously either. This record is a must for you "stoopid punk" types. (RL)

(Very Small Records, PO Box 8223, Emeryville, CA 94662)

PRIMITIVE TRIBES - "More Fun in Corporate America" tape

Anti-corporate, apocalyptic punk angst with old Adolescents-style vocals. Stong bass grooves and admirable guitars show this band has potential, but methinks they need to get a mite more. Deserves aplause. (KW)

($5 US/$6.50 world ppd: Sean Mahoney, 4417 N. Lynch, Flagstaff, AZ 86004)

RECORD REVIEWS

THE QUEERS - "Love Me/Webelos" 2xEP

As luck would have it, us common folk finally get a chance to take home two of the records that changed the course of 20th century civilization. The 6-song "Love Me" EP was released in 1982 and the title cut became an anthem of sorts in 1984. while "Kicked Out of the Webelos" fueled the burgeoning legend. Now you can find out why the RAMONES cover the QUEERS. Buy this package and enjoy one of the best punk bands. (BR)
(Joe King, 148 Lafayette Rd., North Hampton, NH 03862

QUINCY PUNX - "(Me)" EP

You want GERMS? You got it, albeit a 90's pisstake. The sleeve is obviously plagiarized, and the music is too. And while the lyrics are meant to offend (Tesco style), it's hard to take these guys seriously...sorta like a midwest version of FILTH. Fun. (TY)
(THD, 2020 Seabury, Minneapolis, MN 55406)

RANCID - EP

Very rockin', raw Berkeley punk with Matt and Lint. Though the lyrics can be a bit ridiculous ("Battering ram right on right on right on thru to you"), I found this record to be surprisingly enjoyable in a moshing-at-Ruthie's-Inn sorta way. "I'm Not the Only One" is a singalongable and intelligent standout. For the punk at heart. (PC)
(Lookout, PO Box 11374, Berkeley, CA 94701)

RANDOM CONFLICT - "Internal Visions" CD

Rabidly nipping at the heels of their EP, comes a homegrown CD by this trio of growling Alabama inhabitants. Punk lyrics lace the tuneage which I would call "crossover" if this was 1985. The production is a mite off-kilter and the bass tone sounds like it's being channeled thru an Atari video game, but he lack of polish gives this its charm. (CD)
(Peer Pressure Productions, 4023 Lucerne Dr, Huntsville, AL 35802)

RICOCHET - "Evolve" EP

Tight, rocking metal influenced hardcore that integrates both fast paced and chin nodding mosh grooves. The drumming is quite tight and interacts well with the guitar playing. Sometimes a N.Y.H.C influence comes across and at other times an Italian H.C. feel is present. The only drawback is the production which has a nasally quality. (MK)
(Ricochet, 4167 Sunburst, Waterford, MI 48329)

RITAM NEREDA - "Oi! Ain't Dead" tape

Yugoslavian Oi!. These disciples of Mr. Clean pull off a better Oi! effort than most UK bands these days. As pumping as Arnold and more catchy than herpes simplex. Polish up them Docs and snap those suspenders cuz RITAM NEREDA is rearin' to boot yer ears. I'm glad these guys exist even if their country doesn't. (CD)
(Branko Kunovskik, Gocka 47/10, 11090 Belgrade, YUGOSLAVIA)

ROMULANS - "Alias Lovely/In The Corner Of Your Room"

This piece of '60s garage-psych has a thick instrumental sound with slightly feedbacked guitars and good vocals that aren't too far up front. A polished effort, and a catchy tune. (MC)
(Susstones, PO Box 6425, Minneapolis, MN 55406)

SAHT - tape

Rollin' Yugo-punk with a tub just swimming full of hooks and singalongs. Head bobbin', simple, catchy p-rock. I like what they're doing even though I don't know what they're saying. (CD)
(Dorkevic Dr. Srecko, Milana Sarca 4, Beograd 11030, YUGOSLAVIA)

SAIRAAT MIELET - "Tippa Tappaa" EP

On comes this melodic, catchy intro. Like a train, in comes these totally insane vocals. Holy fuck. Great punchy fast hardcore—loads of melody (without any loss of impact). But what a fucking voice. Re-release of this Finnish S.E. band's second EP. Wow. (TM)
(Highly Collectible, PO Box 27532, Providence, RI 02907)

SCHLEPROCK - "Gotta Get Out" EP

Melodic punk with metalish guitar. Pretty catchy and powerful. Early L.A. punk style. Works well. (GF)
(Kool Records, PO Box 3246, South Pasadena, CA 91030)

SCUM PUPS - "Babykill" CD

They got the hair, they got the flannel, but this is Nottingham not Seattle! The SCUM PUPS are a UK 3-piece that sound like TAD on downers with like Peter from COFFIN BREAK on vocals. At any rate, these guys are pretty good but should check out FLOP, but, of course, that would only make them sound like SNUFF. Am I losing you yet? (ML)
(Sycophant Records, 8 Orchard St, Newthorpe, Nottingham NG 16 2EL, ENGLAND)

SEMINAL RATS - "A Grand Bouffe/Head Rush"

Heavy punk sound with neat lead guitar bits without crossing over into obnoxious wanking. Both songs reminded me of the first UPRIGHT CITIZENS LP. Worth searching out or write to... (MM)
(Dog Meat, GPO Box 2366V, Melbourne, AUSTRALIA)

SEMINAL RATS - "Life in the Necropolis" LP

Out of Australia, these guys excel at hard-hitting grunge punk ala the HEARTBREAKERS, RADIO BIRDMAN, or the LAZY COWGIRLS. Attesting to that fact is this double record set recorded live in Melbourne in 1989. The sound is pretty clear and well recorded if a little echoey. (MH)
(Mr. Spaceman Records, PO Box 548, Pascoe Vale 3044, Victoria, AUSTRALIA)

7 YEAR BITCH - "Show Down" 10"

This numbered edition picture disc contains 6 songs of metal-edged guitar-heavy rock. Similar to BABES IN TOYLAND with the angry screeched vocals. (MH)
(CZ Records)

SHARK CHUM - tape

With a mane like SHARK CHUM, you'd think these guys were a coupla 13 year old kids who only played minimal bass and wrote songs about underwear. They aren't. This Seattle trio knocked me outta my La-Z-Boy® recliner with 12 raging, no frills, straight up hardcore blows. Pissed, old style punk and oi dashes with an '80's U.K. thrash tempo. Meaner than "Jabberjaw" himself. (CD)
(PO Box 99253, Seattle, WA 98199)

SHINY BEAST - EP

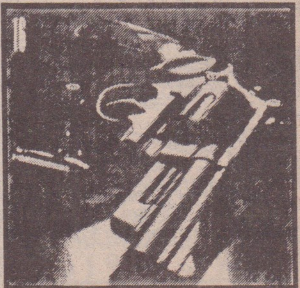
Art-damaged retards prepare for preschool music class, wacko guitar licks, solid rhythms and bass lines bound together by fluent drums, distorto vocals! Sounds as if MOUNTAIN and STEEL POLE BATH TUB were to have a sleeveless flannel jam! (SM)
(Boner, PO Box 2081, Berkeley, CA 94702-0081)

SINKER - tape

Two ex-JABBERJAWers manage to break the East Bay mold and play slow, moody punk with hoarse, anguished vocals. After these three songs were over, I was dying for an album. (DS)
(cassette & 3 stamps: Adam, 3907 Peidmont Ave #5, Oakland, CA 94611)

16 - "Door Prize" 2xEP

This is the band HELMET wish they were. Take a great groove, repeat it until you're totally tense with anticipation, swing a tempo change like a sledge, all the while coming off as being totally spontaneous. Total 'Blood in the Throat' vocals complete an almost perfect picture. Where the fuck have they been hiding? (TM)
(Reverb Recordings, PO Box 4592, Orange CA 92613)



RECORD REVIEWS

SIXTEEN TONS - "Triggerhappy/Bonesaw"
This I think is the follow up to their LP on Abstract Sounds. The band says that "Trigger Happy" is about guns, and "Bonesaw is about knives. How can you go wrong there? If you like stuff such as DERELICTS/ZIPGUN you'll like this. Yeah. (LD)
(Mud Records, 201 N. Coler, Urbana, IL 61825)

SLAUGHTER SHACK/STOMP BOX - split EP
Both bands here tread the line between metal and punk, maybe falling over to the metal side. SLAUGHTER SHACK gives a full on metal number, then a hardcore one, while STOMP BOX hits a WHITE ZOMBIE groove, complete with samples. Fans of guitar heroics take note. (WG)
(Summit Records, PO Box 995, Boston, MA 02123)

SLOWPOKE - tape
Can you say slow, heavy, and powerful? It takes a really good band with this kind of description to catch my attention. This ain't BLACK SAB retro garbage, this is actually good. This sounds like SLAG meets BLISTER. This is worth listening to. (OP)
(4405 Murwick Dr, Arlington, TX 76016)

SMALL - "Finished Ore" CD
This is up-tempo rockin' 90's emo punk, the way the kids like it these days. Damndest thing though, the singer sounds like Cher sometimes. Weird. Extra points for the pro-pot chart included inside. (ML)
(Mysophobic, 365 N Arthur #A68, Kennewick, WA 99336)

SMALL/PIPE - split 45
SMALL is pretty good—mid tempo pop rock which sounds a little too much like DINOSAUR JR. but is pretty crunchy. PIPE does a garagey punky one, real cool snarled vocals, with some twists which make it a real nice song. (GF)
(Matt Label, PO Box 52707, Durham, NC 27717)

SNAPCASE - "Comatose" EP
High energy chugga-chugga hardcore, thrash and metal (the good kind). Interesting use of flutes (??), but somehow the whole package is a bit too artsy for me. At least it's high quality artsy. I left it on 33 for 1/2 the record before I realized it was a 45, works either way. (SB)
(Victory Records, PO Box 146546, Chicago, IL 60614)

SOCIAL INSECURITY - "Living With Your Nationalism" EP
While this may not have the best sound quality I've ever heard, as they note, they did do it themselves. I find the spirit of this release inspiring. Nifty green vinyl with raw punkuality for this 8 song debut, more on content then quality, which many can appreciate. "Punk is the true alternative to mainstream boredom and the revolutionary's way to have fun and enjoy life." Right on. (SB)
(Anok And Peace, 3332 Peachtree, Lima, OH 45805)

THE SOLAR LODGE - "The World is Yours" CD
Hard driving drums, D.O.A. style. Power pop hooks and melodies. Flannel, full on flannel! Girls and car crashes, vocals reminiscent of SOCIAL DISTORTION and SHATTERED FAITH!!! Collage radio beware! (SM)
(Beat Butchers Kungs Holmsstrand 141, 11248 Stockholm, SWEDEN)

SPORE - tape
Slow groove oriented metal (some call it hardcore) with a NIRVANA influence. The cover looks like it should've been a DEVO cover. Musically it reminds me a bit of NEUROSIS, so basically if you have the GRINCH LP then you'll like this. Zzzz. (OP)
(3854 Lancaster Ave, Philadelphia, PA 19104)

STRONGHOLD - "Ad Infinitum" EP
This Dog House Records release has a slowed grooving pace and an introspective mood in a similar direction to a lot of the more recent Revelation Records material. The guitar has a tuned down, rumbling tone with a slight VERBAL ASSAULT influence, while vocals are interspersed well through out the music mixing spoken and yelled styles to provide for interesting song structure. (MK)
(Dog House Records, PO Box 8946, Toledo, OH 43623)

STUMP WIZARDS - "Fine/I Know Your Name"
These guys play thick, riffy punk'n'roll with almost enough guitar power to make up for fairly typical tuneage. You can bop your head to the okay A-side. (SS)
(1302 Carlisle Rd., Campbell, PA 17011)

SUCK - "Bottom Heavy" tape
Super distorto vocals, 4 track recordings, bad dubs witch fade out, loose wandering guitars, punk as all get up and go! I dig it! More of this stuff should surface soon! Sounds like a cross between WEEN and UNSANE. Even a tribute to dope sick Charlie. (SM)
($3.00 ppd: 51 Paul Sullivan Way, Boston, MA 02118)

SUCKDOG - "Kiss Your Lips/The Night I Killed Mr. Kiss Express"
More performance/stream of consciousness type eh... "pieces" from her. Side A is a collaboration with fellow Drag City records labelmate SMOG and is more of a rambling echoey laden incoherence fest without much redeeming quality. For Side B, Ms. S. reverts to her woman-(love)child persona and gushes personal about "Mr. Kiss Express" (Lisa's imaginary masturbation figure, as she explains) and even name drops the PAIN TEENS. All this over some sorta spastic low tech synth-electro rhythm. Sorta cutesy in a arty sorta way. (HD)
(Smilin' Ear, PO Box 47655, San Antonio, TX 78265)

SUPERCHUNK - "Mower/On The Mouth"
Yet another great release from this 'oh so awesome' band. The A-side is a slow dittie with their usual "I'm not in too good of a mood" lyrics. The flip is an up-tempo (almost punk) number with ringing guitars and emotion to match. I put these guys up there with MEGA CITY FOUR and SAMIAM as the best guitar punk pop bands period. (RL)
(Merge Records, PO Box 1235, Chapel Hill, NC 27514)

THE SWINGIN' NECKBREAKERS - "Diggin' a Grave" EP
Totally enjoyable primitive twangy 60's garage combo. Excellent hooks, strong singing. Listen to the poignant lyrics of the A-side, "Diggin' a Grave," about catching a deadly disease from making love. Straight-forward, unpretentious rock 'n' roll. Highly recommended. (BR)
(Telstar Records, PO Box 1123, Hoboken, NJ 07030)

TAD - "Great Last Meal Deals" LP
I love the man, and the band, but can't stand bootlegs—we've been through this before. Decent recording on a good night last year at Club Lingerie. Now please buy Mr Doyle a bucket of chicken or two. (ML)
(no address)

TERMINALS - "Witchdoctors/Psycho Lives"
Arguably one of the interesting "traditional" (read: not DEAD C) bands on the New Zealand Xpressway label. Overall not as brilliant as the "Do the Void" 7" but still swell in my book. "Witchdoctors" is a haunting, VELVET-esque, violin-driven drone number which strikes the right combo of ambiguity, dread and prettiness. "Psycho Live" is more of an upbeat dissonant guitar-lines song. A band which generally tries to tread more interesting ground than your average Flying Nun types and for that I'm awful glad.
(Feels Good All Over, PO Box 148428, Chicago IL 60614)

TEST OF TIME - "Refugee" EP
Mosh hard to this one kids. Four slow-to-medium paced HC tunes that harken back to letter days SSD with a bit of NYHC thrown in. (TY)
(Inner Rage, no address)

THANKLESS DOGS - "Yesterday is Gone/Never Knowing"
Charlie Thunders, Justin Manitoba, Jeff Ramone. What a supergroup. This sounds so much like the HEARTBREAKERS it's scary. (MM)
(Bag of Hammers, PO Box 928, Seattle WA 98111)

RECORD REVIEWS

THOSE WHO SURVIVED THE PLAGUE - tape
Fairly standard punk with occasional bursts of hardcore. Vocals lead the way, jumping back and forth between a witch's cackle and a psychopath's slur. (DS)
($5 ppd: Trost, Andreas Hollering, Schonborngasse 16/6, A-1080 Wien, AUSTRIA)

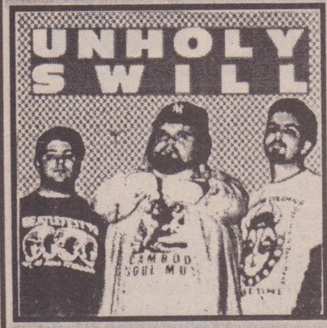
TIMESCAPE ZERO - "Welcome to the Kali Yuga" tape
Mid-paced hardcore with proficient, tumultuous metal riffs a lá CRO-MAGS, with lyrics that stab in the general direction of loss of pride, relationships, and the time of "Kali Yuga"...which I'm clueless about—was that the villain in Conan 2??? (KS)
($3.50 ppd: Radikill Terrorist Records, PO Box 820407, South Florida, FL 33082-0407)

TOXIC NARCOTIC - "Populution" EP
Hardcore that's so heavy it jumps right off the scale. Fast or slow these guys really kick ass. The only thing better than the singer's gruff vocals is that the whole group often sings at the same time. The effect is amazing. A must for anyone into power, speed, and exceptional heaviness. (NN)
(Rodent Popsicle, PO Box 335, Newton Ctr., MA 02159)

TROTSKY ICEPICK/VENA CAVA - split 45
Two L.A. bands pay tribute to the SAINTS in the one way they know how... for better or for worse. While remaining mostly true to the original versions, both bands manage to bring out more rock then punk from these classic tunes. TROTSKY ICEPICK score a little higher because A) "I'm Stranded" is a better song than "This Perfect Day" and B) they have a cooler name. (LH)
(Calamity Sound, PO Box 94565, Pasadena, CA 91109)

TRUTH AGAINST TRADITION - "DiscrimiNations" EP
German HC that has originality within its heavy 1992 style. Despite the thin production, there's lots of power conveyed through the lyrics and emotion. (KG)
(Equality Records c/o Corey v. Villiez, Irisstraße 19, 6700 Ludwigschafen, GERMANY)

TWERDOCLEB - "The Gnat" EP
Full-on weirdo punk rock! Four songs on this slab of meat, range from hardcore to noise jazz. Synthesizers, whistles and weird vocals make this release enjoyable! A cross between THE MONKEES and BUTTHOLE SURFERS early recordings! (SM)
(Scratch, 317A Cambie St., Vancouver, BC, V6B2N4, CANADA)



UNHOLY SWILL - "Hellgoat/Bad Yams"
These guys aren't going to go away antime soon, so I guess we better start paying attention, no matter how painful that might be. Noisy, fucked up "post punk" (my favorite expression this month) that makes the left side of your body go limp. Sorta like if THE DWARVES were in their 80's and were angry about something. (ML)
(Noiseville, PO Box 124, Yonkers, NY 10710)

UNHOLY SWILL - "Oniontown" LP
Continues where their previous 7"ers left off: big, rude scalding swabs of sound. Sure it's the standard dm-bs-gtrs format, but it sure as hell sounds like the meters were in the red the entire time this was being recorded. Thus imparting an otherwordly, buzzy, distorted ambience. At certain more lucid moments, I could almost hear a certain PUSSY GALORE sense of garage rock deconstructionism, but then it's instantly back to can banging. Does not get any more primitive than this. Good for what it is, but an entire LP? (HD)
(Swill, PO Box 124, Yonkers, NY 10710)

UNSANE/SLUG - split 45
Each band covers the other's song. UNSANE does "Breathe the Thing Out", a nice endeavor a lá BIG BLACK. SLUG out-noises "Streetsweeper" with relentless guitars and rampant screaming. Fans will enjoy this pup. (WG)
($3 ppd: PCP Entertainment, PO Box 1689, NY, NY 10009)

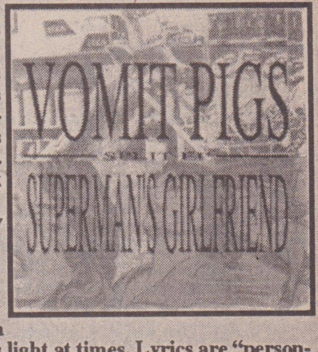
VMJ/SHIV - split EP
VMJ plays heavy sludgerock that should make SOUNDGARDEN look over their shoulders with worry, while SHIV delivers a disposable noiserocker. I believe this is "alternative rock". (WG)
(Caffiene Disk, PO Box 3451, New Haven, CT 06515)

VACANT LOT - "Cheers To You" EP
Down at your corner bar you'll find these lads! Every song is full on thick neck music! Basic oi music, which is just fine with me! Cheers to you! Drink up! (SM)
($3 ppd: Force Majeure Records, PO Box 39148, Detroit, MI 48239)

VAGINAL JESUS - "Jesus Saves...His Pennies" EP
An anti-Jewish, anti-Black tirade that's probably (hopefully) meant to be funny. Whether a joke or not, this record ain't as clever as these guys think. Metalish hardcore, over-the-edge lyrics, and too chicken to include their address. I'd love to see what'd happen if they played out live. (TY)
(no address)

VERBAL ASSAULT - "Exit" 10"
Everyone's entitled to get experimental, but this lacks the focus and spontaneity it needs to be interesting. There are only fleeting glimpses of the old crunch and power amid the sluggish string picking, syncopated bass lines, and monotonous rifforama on this three song posthumous release. (DS)
(De Konkurrent, PO Box 14598, 1001 LB Amsterdam, NETHERLANDS)

VOLKSWHALE - "Pile O' Shit" tape
Dave the SOCKEYE guy is keeping himself ever prolific with his monthly release. Beyond comprehension, this is the odd-fest that we've come to know and love (?) from VOLKSWHALE. Disturbed keyboard damage that's most akin to early DEVO demos. God help those who order this cassette. (CD)
(PO Box 2143, Stow, OH 44224)

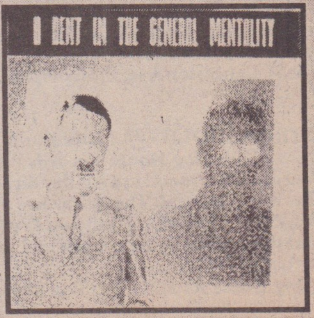


VOMIT PIGS/SUPERMAN'S GIRLFRIEND - EP
Legit reish of three of the four tracks from one of the more sought after artifacts of the early Texas scene backed with a couple of unreleased tracks by another Dallas group of "Too Late For The Trend" fame. Great garage punk with that peculiar streak of Texan insanity. (BD)
(EV Records, 75 3rd Ave, Box 2009, New York, NY 10003)

WESTON - "Thursdaytown 1981" EP
Mid-tempo melodic HC that's got a fairly good guitar sound but tends towards light at times. Lyrics are "personal", and are fairly uneventful. (TY)
(Mammy Records, 338 Vine St, Bethlehem, PA 18015)

WOOL - "Mayday" 45
A 2-song job from ex-SCREAM. It's definitely better than that band's latter days, though the heavy/slow sound seems geared for MTV listenability. (TY)
(Bong Load, PO Box 931538, Hollywood, CA 90093)

YOUTH BRIGADE - "Come Again" 12"
Well, they're back... Five new songs on this 12" with a sound reminiscent of "What Price Happiness" era YOUTH BRIGADE. I suppose some of you are rolling your eyes and shaking your heads with memories of THE BRIGADE'. Well, don't worry. This is good melodic punk/rock with lyrics that reflect a new maturity (2 songs are about getting older). Let's hope they keep it up. (MM)
(BYO, PO Box 67A64, Los Angeles, CA 90067)



V/A - "A Dent in the General Mentality" EP
A selection of six punk bands from different areas in Connecticut. Styles range from mid-80s hardcore to more melodic punk while each band incorporates their own view of the "scene" in their lyrics. "Security" by GUNK was the standout, but also worthwhile was the cut by the WUSSIES. MAILMAN, EXERCISE IN FUTILITY, SHIT and PANAMA'S UNCLE contribute cuts as well. (MH)
(Vandal Children Records, PO Box 26085, Hartford, CT 06126-0805)

RECORD REVIEWS

V/A - "Apocalyptic Convulsions" 10"
A Chris Dodge wet dream featuring ANAL CUNT, MAGGOT SANDWICH, JESUS CHRUST, DISRUPT, MEAT SHITS, INFEST, PSYCHO, AS-SUCK and lots more bands with logos in dripping, gothic letters. (TY)
(Ax/ction Records, PO Box 623 Kendall Sq, Cambridge, MA 02142)

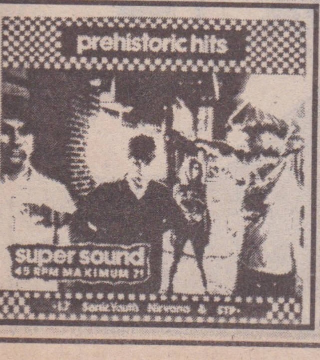
V/A - "BG Hronika 02" tape
It's good to finally realize that PATARENI isn't the only Yugounit cranking out good stuff. Twelve ass-blistering bands do their darndest on this collection. Among others, E.H.E., MARSHAL'S KIDS, HOGARI, ROTTEN SAUSAGE, and RIKVERC careen across the tape deck. Worth tracking down. (CD)
(Sunjka Dejan, 80. Nova 1/12, 11030 Beograd, YUGOSLAVIA)

V/A - "Free Yourself" CD
A comp of German and American bands. While the lineup hints to some possibility, it doesn't seem to come through. Bands like LAG WAGON, UPRIGHT CITIZENS, SUBMACHINE, RESIST, DETONATORS, RICHIES and HALLRAKER have all managed decent or good records in the past, but nothing here is all that memorable. Having some previously released material didn't help. Put out by Ox, the German fanzine. (TM)
(Ox Productions, Joseph-Boismard-Weg 5, 4300 Essen 14, GERMANY)

V/A - "Fuck All Governments" EP
The long awaited project from two of Portland's longest standing politically active punk bands, DEPRIVED and RESIST, both inspiring a flock of new blood of the same ilk (but refer to the scene report for that). Knowing how powerfully moving these bands can be live, I don't think recording does them justice. While they're two very separate bands with two sounds, there is a common mid-eighties UK punch, which many have likened to CONFLICT. All hail Portland. (SB)
(Profane Existence)

V/A - "In The Spirit Of Total Resistance" 2xEP
Few people are aware of the meaning behind the slogan "500 Years of Resistance", and feel distanced by the protests. Most think,"After all, it was 500 yrs ago, right?" This project (a 64 pg booklet and 2 EPs) puts the focus back on the connection between the modern day institutionalized and internalized racism and hatred, and how and where it all started on this continent. 7 bands explore a non-conventional format: JONESTOWN, LOS CRUDOS, HUASIPUNGO, MAN IS BASTARD, POLLUTION CIRCUS, ONE BY ONE and DOGFIGHT. (SB)
(Profane Existence)

V/A - "It's Your Dreamgirl" EP
This split EP features two of Dekalb's finest tortured sound outfits. The FESTERING RINYANYONS contribute COWS-like Noiseville swill with lots of stuff going on without any apparent concern about the specific direction. The MERCURY PLAYERS wallow in a similar murk with special MELVINized vocals dragged the chains about. Not happy and carefree. Makes you think bad thoughts. Try it. (BR)
(Big Yucky Record/Bovine Records, PO Box 2134, Madison, WI 53701)



V/A - "Prehistoric Hits" EP
There's this weird trend in bootlegs to assemble these "dream" compilation packages. Imagine a compilation with L7, SONIC YOUTH, NIRVANA and STP... Demo and live recordings with not a whole lot of thought put into the collection. Funny how SONIC YOUTH can actually benefit from noisy bootleg production. Actually, the whole thing sounds pretty good to me. (LH)
(no address, stupid)

V/A - "Neapolitan Metropolitan" Boxed Set

A boxed set of 3 singles from the oh so conceptual folks at Simple Machines. Each single represents a city, Washington, Richmond, and Baltimore. Of course the label on one side of each single is a map of part of that city. The music is in the alternative pop vein, and includes fine tracks from, LILYS, WHORL, BRATMOBILE, and others. Although some of the tracks have appeared elsewhere it's the right package at the right price. (MC)
($10 ppd: Simple Machines, PO 10290, Arlington, VA 22210)

V/A "Pusmort View" CD
Well, a retrospective look at the Pusmort label. Contains samplings from the most releases, and some stuff that's released only in extremely small quantities. More unusual stuff: two otherwise unreleased ROCKET FROM THE CRYPT songs that I think are far and away their best, a great COPASS GRINDERZ song, and lots of what you'd expect from SIEGE, FINAL CONFLICT, ATTITUDE ADJUSTMENT, SEPTIC DEATH, et al. A 'Japan only' release, so good luck...(TM)
(Toy's Factory Records, no address)

V/A - "Shabab" LP
This comp is a benefit for Al Ard, an organization which helps finance economic activity in Palestine, and comes with an inner booklet describing the background of the Palestinian struggle. Musically, the (mostly Italian) bands share strong bass grooves in a L.U.L.L. style sound. Bands that stand out here include CLIMA FAMILIARE, IMPACT, ACCIDIA and DETRITI. (AI)
(Blu Bus, Via Bramafam 14, 11100 Aosta, ITALY)

V/A - "Smells Like Grease For Peace" EP
ROCKET FROM THE CRYPT rip it up with "Cha Cha Cha", a hazy echoey fuzz-drenched smoker. DEAD BOLT growl their way through their psychotic "Down in the Lab" which sounds like a crazy scientist listening to JOY DIVISION play surf guitar. (MH)
(Standard Recordings)

V/A - "Son of Blleeeeaaauuurrrrgghhh!!!" EP

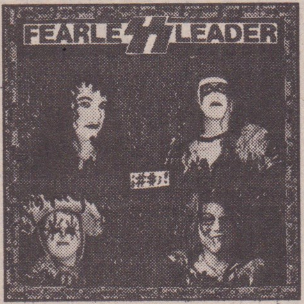
Talk about various artists! Chris Dodge does it again. On a special swirly hot pink marble slab o' vinyl we have 52 bands: A small sampling... DISCHANGE, MAN IS BASTARD, CROSSED OUT, DESTROY, RESIST, DUH, MELVINS, CAPITALIST CASUALTIES, DISRUPT, PLUTOCRACY and HIATUS, for a total of 69 songs. Could it be better then the first?? Me thinks so. Must be heard to be believed. The best "totally sounds like shit" record of the year. (SB)
(Slap A Ham, PO Box 420843, San Francisco, CA 94142-0843, USA)

V/A - "Tic Tac Toe" EP
This comes with a zine of the same name. There's not a lot of info., but here goes: GIGANTOR covers "Halloween", CHEMI is metallic grind. CALMAZE is HC which brings to mind SPERMBIRDS. LIMBO BOYS are inadequate dirgey metal. PEACE OF MIND are adept but unamazing HC. (LD)
(B Schulman, Wittenkamp 24A, 3000 Hannover, GERMANY)

V/A - "Weird Sex" - LP
12 very weird, noisy, pop punk, experimental bands from the York area. All the bands throw down fine tracks. My favorites are SLUDGE GHAUT, SAD, DAMNED SNOT BISCUIT, HEARD & SCUUDBUZZ. The songs are intertwined with snippets of porno or horror samples. Definitely enjoyable. (SM)
(Ugly Music, 106 Vage Royal House, Newport Court, London, WCZH7QA, ENGLAND)

V/A - "Which World" EP
The 4 French bands here are, M.A.D., N.D.E., THINGS CHANGE, and FLY'S FUCKERS. An early '80s hardcore influence prevails. The N.D.E. track is good but these bands are far from breaking new ground. (MC)
(Hollow Dream, 14 rue De La Concorde, 45000 Orleans, FRANCE)

HELL YEAH



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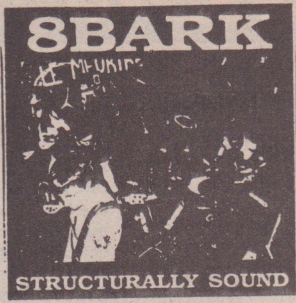

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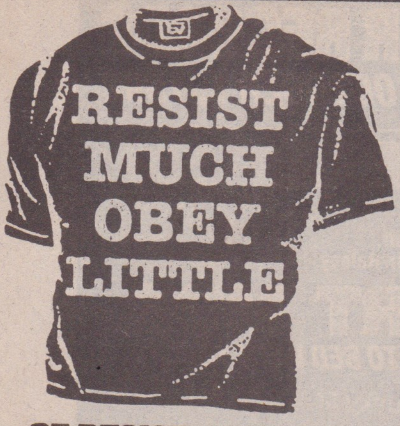

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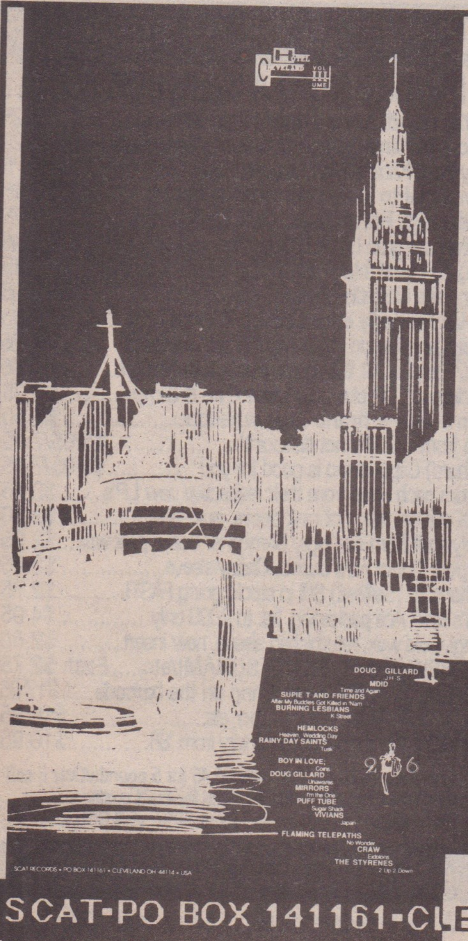

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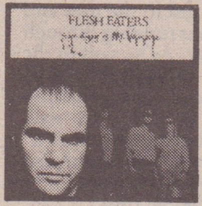

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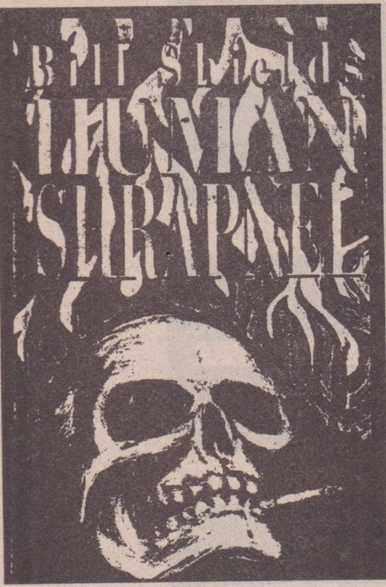
Reviews by: (TR) Trent Reinsmith, (?)



Bill Shields, *Human Shrapnel* (2.13.61, P.O. Box 1910, L.A., CA 90078) 63pp.

Bill Shields is a Vietnam veteran trying to come to terms with what he did in the past and also with what is running through his mind today. As he says in the lead poem, "I thought if I shared blood with a reader, my goddamn hells would be easier to walk through barefoot, but they aren't." A man possessed by demons that he cannot exorcise no matter how far and how fast he runs.

The format of the book is all poetry, but none of it ever falls in to a pathetic whining self-pitying mode. It is all straight in your face and more than a little ugly. The writing here is powerful enough to physically drain you at some points. None of this poetry is filler either; it is all worth your time to read, and while the original reading will not take you all that long, these poems and images from them will stay with you for a long time.

Shields writes about his problems, no one elses and this is like a part of a man's diary for you to jump into and look at the world as he sees it. A world that treated him like shit for doing what he was told was the right thing to do. Stories of bringing home Agent Orange, a daughter that died because of the poison he carried home, kids born deformed or stillborn due to their father's exposure to Agent Orange, friends being sent home for the cost of a stamp and a half, bodies scattered for acres due to claymore mines, chunks of human flesh sticking to trees ad him, suicide dreams, basically Shields throws hell right in your face. As Shields says in one piece, the only thing Vietnam Vets every won at was having the highest rates of alcoholism, drug abuse, divorce, mental illness and suicide than any other group in America. I bet it makes a man feel good to know that the only thing he ever won at was death and dying.

These poems are not meant to be run through with no thought; read them slowly and then sit back and let the horror soak in for awhile and then maybe you'll know 1/1000th of the hell that Bill Shields went through as a nineteen year old boy and hell he goes through everyday as a grown man with memories of war so clear he can taste them.

Being born during the war I was never really exposed to it until much later and what I was exposed to was diluted, but it still affected me and horrified me. Bill Shields fills in the parts of the war story that they didn't show you on the news or teach you in history class. This book is essential reading for everyone that ever wanted to know anything about war and the horror that follows the war. (TR)

***Unfinished Business- The Politics of Class War* (A.K. Press, 3 Balmoral Place, Sterling FK8 2RD, Scotland, UK)**

The last ten years were termed the "decade of disorder" in last year's collection of articles of Class War. Ten years which had seen them regularly grab newspaper headlines with their no holds barred combination of left wing anarchism and imaginative attacks on the rich and powerful.

It is no secret that much of the left watched with bemusement and envy as this small organization grabbed a voice far out of proportion to its size. In desperation they threw accusations of fascism and racism against them trough the pages of left wing newspapers and journals. None of these had a shred of evidence to back them but the threat of Class War required such black propaganda.

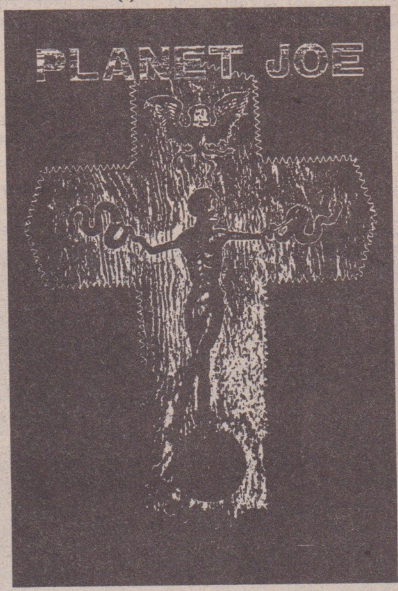
When all these were countered, the final attack left was to say that Class War was an expression of the "underclass". An unsophisticated and uneducated response to the hopelessness much of the working class of Britain faced. Consequently, its attacks on the police, the rich, etc., were understandable expressions of frustration but lacked any political theory on vision beyond a nihilistic urge to destroy.

The publication of "Unfinished Business" will surprise many of these commentators. The book starts from the basics of their theory and reveals the underlying beliefs that has driven their ten year assault on all who stand in the way of the working class. It's analysis of class, Capitalism, and the state is backed with an historical and economic understanding missing from much of the writings of the left. Instead of worshiping at the grave of Marx, Class War have questioned the basis of their ideas. This gives their politics an intellectual strength while much of the left have relied for too long on a combination of naivete and wishful thinking.

Their conclusion that out of the wreckage of ideology, capitalism and Marxist-Leninist there is the potential for the recreation of an independent revolutionary movement within the working class brings echoes of the cycles of riots and uprisings that have littered the eighties and nineties. They are aware of moving from these isolated explosions to the social revolution they envision will involve much civil disorder and much self-education for the working class.

Their belief that this education process will sow the seeds of the classless society they struggle for is the central assumption of their politics. Its positive view of working class peoples' potential to control their lives, communities and workplaces is a stark contrast to the patronizing view of the rest of the left who appears to see the engine of the revolution move as a stubborn horse they've taken to water and who refuses to drink.

Cynics will say that life is not like that. Without a leadership, no two people will agree. Perhaps the most surprising part of this book puts pay to this. The book was written by the hundreds of members in the organization and through a process of discussion and debate has reached this final form. It is that strange thing, an interesting, uplifting and inspiring book written by a committee. (?)



Joe Cole, *Planet Joe* (2.13.61, P.O. Box 1910, L.A., CA 90078) 140 pp.

Anyone who has ever heard Rollins throw down at a spoken word gig or has picked up ones of his books has heard the name Joe Cole. And when Rollins mentions that name you know you are in for one hell of a righteous tale. For those of you unfamiliar with Joe, he was Rollins best friend for a few years. Joe was killed 12-19-91 during a robbery. Joe was shot in the head by two men in front of the house he and Rollins lived in.

This book is Joe Cole's tour diary from the las Black Flag tour and first Rollins Band tour. Joe was the roadie on both of those tours. Tho book is introduced by Rollins and he lets you know just what Joe menat to him. He also lets you know what Joe was about to others and himself. That intro. is short sweet and to the point. From there we roll into Planet Joe.

Before you roll into the main diary part of the book Joe traces his past life for you. From the time of his birth up to the time of the tours. It is a rather interesting life story, nothing too tragic, just a bit out of the ordinary. After the JOe's intro we barrel into the tours.

Joe's diary for the final Black Flag tour starts in Westwood, CA on 12-17-85 and closes up on 6-27-86. Joe was on the road with Flag, Gone and Painted Willie for over six months and in that six months time you saw a guy go through a lot of different mind sets. A lot of little changes. Joe starts off not knowing what the hell he is doing, is he doing the right thing for the right reasons? You get a picture of a young man confused about his direction in life. He's going on this tour and has accomplished nothing in life. You get the idea sometimes that Joe doesn't really think too highly of himself, like in the very begininng of the diary when he says "There is no escape, no hope, no savior. I am in hell going down even further." At the begininng of the tour Joe is more or less a lost soul.

The tour diaries are written just as you or I would write in a diary, they were not originally for mass consumption and therefore are not written in the style of someone that is attmepting to write the Great American Novel. It's just plain and simple to the point writing. Not great, but not bad by any means. Anyway, back to the tour...

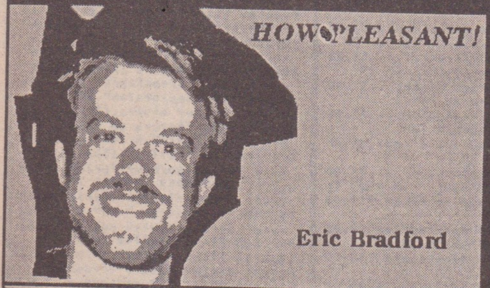
As the tour goes on you see Joe get a little more confused on some days and then turn around and get so focused. Again you see someon who is just a little lost trying to find somewhere to go, a direction that is right for him. There are some really great stories in here amongst all the soul searching, the best one being his massive acid trip that is totally mind blowing (to him and the reader). The tour rolls down its six month stretch and by the end Joe Cole has found out a few things about himself and closes the tour that had a lot of bad along with the good on a pretty high note.

BOOK REVIEWS

The Rollins tour is shorter and less hectic for Joe starting on 4-27-87 and ending 6-24-87. It is more of the same as the Black Flag diaries with some stuff that I've heard Rollins speak about before thrown in. Most notably the Minneapolis police story, which I am pretty sure appeared on a spoken record somewhere.

This stuff is by no means earth shattering material, but is nice to get to hear some stuff straight from Joe instead of through Rollins. You get a picture painted for you of a young guy confused about his place in the world, a little sensitive than most people and brutally honest. And for all the looking up to Rollins Joe did I get the feeling that Rollins felt the same way about Joe. Joe Cole seemed to be an all alright straight-forward cat, a real rarity in these days. All I can say is that if you heard Rollins speak about Cole and liked what you heard you will enjoy this book. (TR)

MOVIE REVIEWS



Eric Bradford

You may have noted in the past that I'm a fan of documentaries, pseudo-documentaries, and any other type of celluloid that trumpets itself as being representative of the human psyche and/or condition. The filmmakers certainly aren't driven by the promise of financial gain, because everyone knows that the market isn't big enough to finance any Spielbergian mansions. This usually results in movies that are made because someone cared so much about a situation that they drained their savings, put their credit on the line and begged friends and family for the $$$ to put out a movie that would show the rest of the world what was going on.

Brother's Keeper is a documentary about the Ward brothers, who live in a shack on a central New York farm, and the trial that results when one of them is charged with the "mercy killing" of the fourth, sickly brother that had lived with them their whole life. Initially, it seems pretty obvious that the accused - Delbert - is guilty as charged. He had signed a confession, his brother Roscoe had confirmed that Delbert had told him of his brother's imminent demise, and many of the townsfolk, while sympathetic to the brother's situation, seemed to feel that one of them could very well have wrung Bill's neck as they would that of a "half-dead tomcat." As the film progresses, the directors slowly change their portrayal of the brothers' living situation from that of a disgusting, pathetic group of lowlifes to a charming picture of America's rich rural tradition personified. Where the beginning of the film showed the brothers as three stinking hulks who snarled at everyone a lot, at the two-thirds mark they're dancing with the locals, who had put together a series of benefits to cover the costs of their legal defense. The film finally makes the leap from documentary to docudrama during the trial, when a second medical examiner is brought in to testify that there is no actual medical evidence to support the claim that the 65-year-old man was strangled, and in fact his investigation showed the cause of death to be heart failure.

It's a great story, and the directors do a fine job of making it compelling enough to "make you hold your water until the end" (as Spalding Gray says in the trailer). The true value of this film, however, lies in its depiction of the deepest reaches of rural America. It's appropriate that this movie will probably only play in major metropolitan markets, because only city dwellers can truly benefit from exposure to the hard-bitten, ultra-jaded farming man's lifestyle. The theater that I went to was full of San Francisco hipsters who were shocked or just amused by the conditions that these bumpkins lived in, and by many of their philosophies of life. This reaction is best summed up by Connie Chung's brief piece on the case, which the audience hears while watching the brothers' reaction to it as they watch it themselves. She opens with an incredulous description of "a place that time forgot... farming as it was done 200 years ago... a squalid hovel that most of us would find revolting." Meanwhile, the Ward bros. calmly comment on how Connie's presence made brother Lyman get out of his sick bed and clean himself up for a change.

I've had plenty of exposure to people who weren't a whole lot different than the Ward brothers while living in Maine and Vermont, and I think I've got a pretty good idea of what they're all about. If you've lived in a city all your life, or have never actually talked to a farmer for any length of time, then you owe it to your ill-defined work ethic to check out this movie. I guarantee that it'll do more for your world view than ten cheez-whiz bus tours of Europe and a trip to Tijuana combined.

VIDEOS

Reviews by: (DM) Devon Morf

V/A - "Girls Bite Back"

This professional looking video was originally shot in Europe in 1980 but not released domestically until 1992. Footage and interviews with SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES, THE SLITS and GIRLSCHOOL are prominent though there are also appearances by NINA HAGEN, ZAZA and some less known Berlin bands. The interviews focus on a "women in bands" theme and all the performers interviewed have varied and interesting views on sexual gender vis a vis music. (DM)
(Video Music Inc., PO Box 1128, Norristown, PA 19404)

V/A - "Out of Focus Video Zine #1"

The title is accurate at times, but this video still manages to win me over with a charisma all its own. The interviews and live footage of SPITBOY, GAMEFACE, GREEN DAY, PAXTON QUIGGLY, VOODOO GLOW SKULLS, and the A.G.'s are all memorable and distinct. A high budget video this is not, a fun video this most definitely is. (DM)
(Bob Byrne, 1326 Fredrick Ln., Naperville, IL 60565)

JEFF DAHL GROUP - "Video Compilation"

A 60 minute video featuring a vast amount of live footage and some unmemorable and minor interview sequences. The live material rocks and showcases an assortment of originals and cover songs at a number of different venues. SAMMY YAFFA, CHEETAH CHROME, and the late STIV BATORS all make guest appearances. Cool stuff. (DM)
(Ultra Underground, PO Box 1867, Cave Creek, AZ 85331)

2000 DS - "Frontline Manoovers"

This video documents a large catalog of the SQUATTERS' songs at a number of live shows. The video is more like a visual documentary of the band visiting and playing at squats and communes throughout Europe. Clocks in at 41 minutes and comes with an informative booklet which contains history and info on 2000 DS from their origin in February '88 on. (DM)
(Tribal War Records, P.O. Box 20012, Tompkins Sq. Sta., NY, NY 10009)

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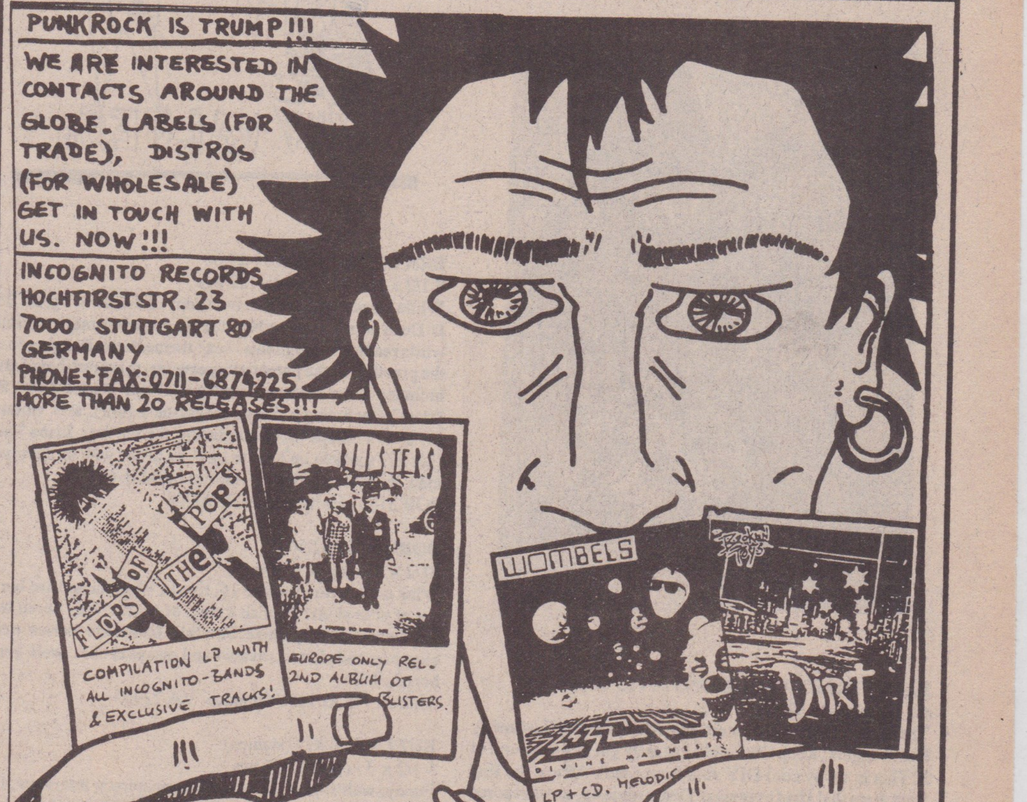

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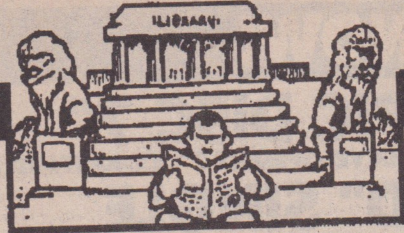


BETWEEN THE LIONS

Reviews by: (SB) Suzanne Bartchy, (PC) Paul Curran, (JD) Joe Donohoe, (LH) Lance Hahn, (HH) Harald Hartmann, (JL) John Lyons, (TJ) The Judge, (JX) Jux, (TM) Timojhen Mark, (KO) Katy Odell, (KP) Kirsten Patches, (NR) Natasha Riggins, (LV) Louanne Voskans, (EW) Eric Wilson, (MW) Matt Wobensmith

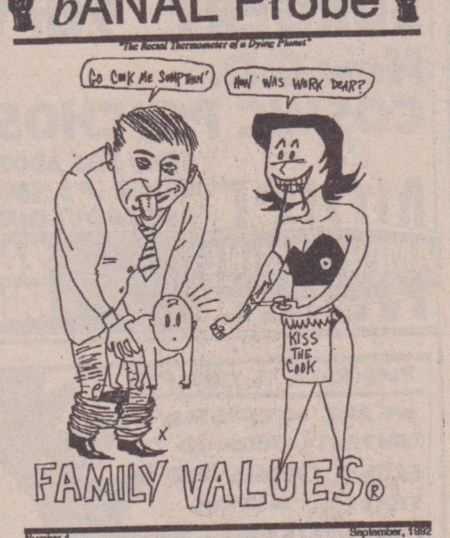
THE ADVENTURES OF TAD MARTIN #4
This isn't really a 'zine. It's more like a short story, and the cover looks like a comic book. The story is kind of a Blade Runneresque thing 'bout a race car driver and his green-eyeballed girl. It's so bogged-down in style that there's no room for any plot. It's mildly enjoyable, but also pretty sexist which I'm sure would turn a lot of readers off. The graphics are cool (except for the nude women) featuring stencils and Pixies-ish photographs. (PC)
Iconografix / 621-b S. Main St. / Plymouth, MI 48170

ANTI #7 / free in Atlanta, subs $6 /yr elsewhere
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 16 pgs
Scene report from Atlanta, Georgia. Interviews with The Fumes, Spiney Norman, and the universally beloved Mr. Bobby Steele. Reviews. Austin scene report. They promise no politics and keep it. (EW)
POB 20442 / Atlanta, GA 30325

ARROWHEAD #1 / $2.50
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 76 pgs
Long stories, Prisonshake interview, scene report on Flint Michigan, San Francisco tour report of a sort, that's kind of pissy I might add. There's a ton of pages and a ton of writing, but there was only a pinch of interesting material, although overall this looks pretty decent. Lots of record reviews; lots, lots. (JL)
POB 13133 / Flint, MI 4850-3133

BACKSTREET ABORTIONS #1 / $3.00 ppd
6 x 8 - copied - 32 pgs
The cover says in bold letters "No Metal Please- To Smelly Headbangers: Keep Out" and I instantly got a chuckle out of it. This is a way cool DIY zine from South Africa, the first from there that I had ever seen. Demo reviews, scene reports, and local gossip seem to be the mainstays here. Nice job, and essential to anybody interested in the going-ons of the land of apartheid (South Africa, that is, even though that applies to the US as well). (MW)
POB 51465 / Raedene / 2124 / Johannesburg / S.A.

BANAL (sic) PROBE # 4 / $1.00 ppd
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 8 pgs
"The Rectal Thermometer of a Dying Planet" is their motto. Wow. A perfectly twisted cover , and a tidy little zine this is. Not a lot to talk about, but the pieces on "family values" and assorted commentary were good and right on target. Very much a newsletter, this zine is for networking, so get it. (MW)
Dru Blood (yes, another one!) / Oyster Publications / 1015 E. 49th / Austin, TX 78751



BEN IS DEAD #20/21 / $3.00
8 1/2 x 11 - newsprint - 112 pgs
While I was excited to receive a copy of the always great Ben Is Dead in my review-bin, things got even more exciting while reading through this "sex" theme issue. Ranging from the practical to the potentially perverse, this must-have issue includes a sex-related board game, sex stories from the "stars" (including a Sassy magazine editor), and vibrator reviews. Perhaps most interesting for me was Juana Fauk (get it?)'s article on how to have an affair with an involved man; believe me, this girl knows her shit. (LV)
POB 3166 / Hollywood, CA 90028

BORED #1 / $2.50
81/2 x 11 - xerox - 68 pgs
What do you do if you're 16, live in Virginia and are bored out of your skull? Publish a zine, of course. Any bored teen out there can sympathize with this. Inside are stories, news clippings and photos, reviews and essays about ...well, being bored. (NR)
Andrew / POB 215 / Quinque, VA 22965

BUZZ KILL #7 / (stamps)
5 1/2 x 7 - copied - 20 pgs
Funny, well sort of, Danzig/Dio conspiracy interview, live show reviews, Real life gun stories, record reviews (and how) There are mucho record reviews here. Ho hum. (JL)
POB 43950 / Phoenix, AZ 85080

CACTUS PRICK #6 / $1.00 ppd
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 22 pgs
It looks ugly on the outside, but don't let that deceive you, because this is a real well-done zine. Aside from a few in-things that went over my head, there are excellent interviews here with Jesus Lizard and Three Day Stubble. The photographs that appear with these are worth the cover price alone - that David Yow guy is fucking wacko! Good reviews and kitty porn make up the rest of this. Tons of jerkoff material here, even if pictures of cats turn you on. Go for it. (MW)
1265 E. Univ. #1014 / Tempe, AZ 85281

CHANGE ZINE #0 / free
7 x 81/2 - xerox - 40 pgs
One-man college radio staff type production whose object seems to be educating folks on the wild wonderful world of underground music, from college radio pap to punk to rap. Send for one now before he raises the price! (NR)
Patrick / Trinity College Box 904 / Hartford, CT 06106

CHARETTE'S EYEVIEW #6 / $1.50 ppd
8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - xerox - 40 pgs
An aspiring editorial cartoonist offers a bunch of cartoons, plus editorials and personal vignettes, political info reprinted from other sources, assorted quotes from famous people. Nice effort that could benefit from higher-tech production. Charette realizes this and pleads for subscribers to fund improvements. Free ads for bands that send tapes. (EW)
POB 5055 / Fall River, MA 02723-0404

CLOUDBREAK #2 / 50¢ ppd.
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 44 pgs.
Eric's got the look you want to know better—SxE with a sense of humor. "Straight edge is not long sleeve T-shirts with slogans down the sleeves... (it's) getting fucked on Robitussin and Cook's beer." Also, a good anti-Hardline rant that actually takes on the issues. File under "Reference." (TJ)
Eric / 834 West Deerfield / Springfield, MO 65807

COMICS FROM THE EDGE #1 / $1.75ppd
8 x 6 - xerox - 28pgs
Not bad! Comics must be difficult to make as one needs to express a point of view while being humorous. This zine comes close to that with most of its strips, but some others I found simply lacking. (HH)
De Medici Press / POB 492 / Burlington, NC 27216-0492

CONVENIENT LIVING #1 / Stamps
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 52 pgs.
Some really great stuff here from A. and M. - a story chronicling M's trip to a Pro-Choice demo on a anti-choice chartered bus, some reprints on meat-eating, leaky coffins, and hunting. Interviews with Iron Prostate and Bobby from Seven League Boots. A good read. (TM)
POB 5063 RPO 2203 / New Brunswick NJ 08903

CRANK CALL #1 / $3.50 + stamps
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 8 pgs.
I don't know why the price is so high, they've got nothing to justify it. Yeah, I'm into "grindcore" bands, but it seems like everyone is interviewing the same ol' bands. I think I've read ten interviews this month w/ Entombed. Type is so small I can hardly read it and the pictures are unclear. Amazing what passes for "a zine" these days. Perhaps if it were free...nah. (SB)
2260 Green Oak Ct. / Thousand Oaks, CA 91362

CUTTHROAT #4 / $1.50 ppd.
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 16 pgs.
Sort of your run-of-the-mill hardcore fanzine... A bunch of reviews, a blurb about religion and lots of interviews with bands like Econochrist and Necracedia. (LH)
POB 323 / Pompano Beach, FL 33061-0323

DIXIE PHOENIX #4 / $1.00ppd.
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 44pgs.
From what I have been hearing about this zine I was a little disappointed, I had been expecting something crispier maybe. A lot of effort is made here to decriminalize Southern Culture and Southern pride while not endorsing racism and while I have no problem with that, the argumentation is sloppy. There's also a lot of moody fiction, poetry (groan) and talk of promoting punk, folk and jazz though very little musical criticism is evident. (JD)
3888 N. 30th / Arlington, VA 22207

FEEDBACK #1 / $1.50 ppd
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 24 pgs
First of all, could you ever really trust a band with someone named Popeye? A bit predictable in it's content and nothing ground-breaking, but for the first issue Feedback has it's heart in the right direction. Political without being too overbearing, this issue is mostly made up of interviews with Spitboy, Struggle, Farside and Lifetime. Look for other one word named bands in future issues... (LH)
26 Mary Ellenla / Erial, NJ 08081

FFWD #1 / $1 ppd.
6 x 8 1/4 - copied - 34 pgs.
Attention collectors: I'll bet you 100 dinars that this is the only zine in existence with the word "NASLOVNASTRANA-JECRNOBELA" on the cover! Other than that, it's pretty generic Euro-hardcore zinefeed: Discharge, D.R.I., Napalm Death, Exploited, and Motorhead (!). (TJ)
Milan Mrden / Nova Skojevska 15 / Beograd 11090 / Serbia / Yugoslavia

FILTH #3 and #4 / free
16 x 10 - newsprint - 12pgs
Issue 3 is devoted to our wonderful automobile culture. It has a lot of those amazing facts kind of info, plus a lot of humor. Loaded with the coolest graphics. Oh yeah, send them your used record reviews for future issues. (HH)
Filth / 1357A So. Van Ness / San Francisco, CA 94110

FILTH #4 / .29 stamp
newspaper
A good mixture of weirdness and humor blended in w/a dash of seriousness. This issue is a focus on 1492-1992 - 500 years. Covers mostly the Bay Area. Quirky and free, free, free!!! Just had a benefit at Komotion International. (SB)
1357 A South Van Ness / San Francisco, CA 94110

FLIPSIDE #80 / $2.50 ppd
8 1/2 x 11 - newsprint - full color cover - 136 pgs
A decent issue of this leading LA rock mag, with good interviews with L7, Jesus Lizard, 7 Year Bitch, and a bunch more. Lots to read, lots of filler, and crap thrown in as well. I'm glad I don't live in LA. (MW)
PO Box 60790 / Pasadena, CA 91116

FUCK ME? NO FUCK YOU? #2 / .29ppd
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 20pgs
Got to hand it to the name. Editor Freud is a pissed off queer punk down in San Diego. Don't blame him for being pissed off being the person he is in that locale. Highlights of this zine includes the suicide tips for yuppies, cops & klansmen, the low point all the murderous advice, like how to procure over the counter industrial shit to kill people with. Hey Freud! Think about who the hell might read your zine okay! Maybe somebody who hates queer punks. Free patch included. (JD)
PO Box 4085 / San Diego, CA 92164-4085

FUCKTOOTH #5 / .50+ 2 stamps
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 24 pgs.
Queer zine w/ a real life look at how society reflects it's attitudes towards ho-mo-sex-u-al-it-y. Insightful was the 3 pgs of clippings from mainstream media TV and newspapers, get educated! Artwork, letters, and best of all is the piece written from experience on gay bashing. An article on the "zine scene" was pretty offensive. "All these little zines start up with the hopes of pleasing the zine Gods...like MRR, you know, those punk rock legend guys who everyone seeks approval of." I'm tired of everyone thinking MRR is a bunch of guys. Fuck you. (SB)
1298 Som #130 / Mayfield Hts, OH 44124

GARBLES #4 / 24p stamp + 3 IRCs
6 x 8 3/4 - copied - 24 pgs.
Stuff you'd say while passing notes in class—tee hee! If I ever meet the editor, I will respectfully instigate a kiss—and that's got nothing to do with Ros' gender. Personal, clever stuff with no entangling roots. (TJ)
5 New House Close / Canterbury, Kent / CT4 7B0 / England

GIRL FIEND #3 / send a stamp
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 12 pgs.
This was addressed to Jux so I hope the scene doesn't mind me doing this review. Sure is a lot to read for such a little zine. Jam packed with real life stories of wanking off, girly boys and much more. Fun to read even if some of the typing is a bit too close together. Besides, what other fanzine calls itself a zinette. (LH)
Christina / PO Box 960 / Hampshire College / Amherst, MA 01002

GLUT #1 / $2 ppd
81/2 x 11 - offset - 28 pgs
This "Jersey Beat" publication focuses on singles, something that Jersey Beat lacks. Also included are good articles for bands hoping to put out their first single (which, speaking of glut, is written by the inexhaustible Ben Weasel), band interviews and an interview with Singles Only Label manager Nick Hill. (NR)
Jersey Beat / 418 Gregory Ave / Weehawken, NJ 07087

GOORGH!! #11 / $3.00 ppd
8 1/2 x 12 - copied - 28 pgs
Written in French, Goorgh covers both punk and non-punk acts featuring interviews with Fugazi, Fishbone, Megacity Four, Wet Furs, and others. Also features reviews and a short piece about cannabis. (LV)
6, Allees de la Chenaie / 33200 Bordeaux / France

GRIND #3 / $2.00ppd
8 1/2 x 11 - offset (glossy cover) - 40pgs
Zine with a rundown on grrrl/foxcore/bytch/punk bands that the editors like, Burning Bush, Tsunami, 7 Year Bitch as well as some scary stuff on Operation Rescue plus competent and unpretentious record reviews. (JD)
POB 2830 / Mesa, AZ 85214

GUNK #3 / $1.00 ppd
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 44 pgs.
The usual zine stuff - letters, an interview with Naked Aggression, zine reviews, movie reviews, etc. This doesn't just add up to a usual zine though - there's a ton of personality here that makes it entertaining. One of those zines whose xerox / slapdash layout really fit the overall feel. Three women here really have a sense of purpose that 's missing from so many projects. Excellent. (TM)
16 Lord Stirling Road / Basking Ridge NJ 07920

H-HETKI #2 / $2.00ppd
9 x 6 - printed - 24pgs - Finnish
This zine has interviews with the Finnish bands Mental Indisposed, Lempikaakoa, and Sim, an article on youth resistance in Europe, record reviews, and a review of the magazine Freaks. This fanzine is totally cool for those into the finnish scene. (HH)
H-Hetki / POB 13 / 00281 HKI / Finland

HAG #2 / $2.00 ppd or trade + postage
7 x 8 1/2 - copied - 40 pgs.
"I don't think we should punish the criminal (the rapist) by killing his child" Dr. John Willke, past President of National Right To Life. Does this piss you off? Good, it should. This is one damn angry zine, angry without apologies, and it's about time. Pro-girl doesn't mean anti-boy. Zine covers everything from jealousy to homophobia against women to how dealing w/ anger doesn't have to mean hating everyone. Damn inspiring zine, I've read it about 5 times so far. (SB)
1359 Sylvan Ct. / Healdsburg, CA 95448

HAGL #21 / $2.00 ppd
8 1/2 x 12 - copied - 30 pgs
Displaying overt working class identification, the editor of Hagl addresses politics in both musical and non-musical coverage alike. This issue contains interviews with Resist, The Stab, Andy Martin of The Apostles, and Marky of Vice Records. Also, there is commentary on the recent British elections, a guide to the mechanics of putting out fanzines, a blast against Victorian morality, and some letters and reviews. (LV)
Trev / 57 Briardene / Burnopfield / Newcastle-Upon- Tyne / NE16 6LJ / England

HOLNGESHER #2 / $3.00ppd
12 x 8 1/2 - printed - 48pgs -French
A pretty cool zine that hopefully will be coming out on a regular basis. This issue has interviews with Nursery Crimes, The Lost Lyrics, Les Cadavres, and Miseria y Kompania. Plus this zine has loads of reviews and contact addresses. (HH)
14 Chemin des Roches / 41350 Vinevil , France

INDUSTRIAL COWS #4 / $2.00 ppd
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 56 pgs
Self=proclaimed straightedge zine consisting almost entirely of interviews and photos. Bands chatted with in this issue are SSD, Arise, Momentum, Prohibition, and 1.6 Band, and the interview questions focus more on music than on philosophies. I should add that this fanzine struck me as being quite visually attractive, especially given the artistic restrictions of using a xerox format. (LV)
68 Daniel Dr. / N.Kingstown, RI 02852

INTERNAL CONFLICT #3 / $5 airmail
8 1/2 x 12 - copied - 36 pgs
A political zine from Johannesburg South Africa with lots of socio-political commentary. Focuses on animal rights, anti-government, and anti-racist issues. Has interesting graphics and an intense cover. (KP)
Renato & Elli / POB 51465 / Raedene / 2124 Johannesburg / South Africa

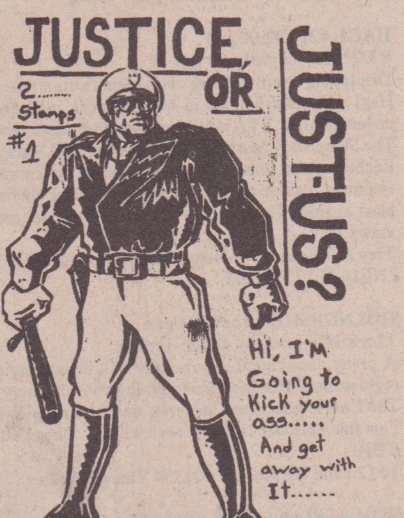
IRON FEATHER JOURNAL #12 / $2 ppd
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 49 pgs
An interesting underground computer network zine that tells you how to make smoke bombs, a pirate TV station, how to upgrade your modem and has info on pirate cable TV boxes, a listing of environmental groups, an article on police extortion, and reviews techno bands. (KP)
POB 1905 / Boulder, CO 80306

JERSEY BEAT #47 / $2.00ppd
8 1/2 x 11 - newsprint - 68pgs
Jim Testa brings us Screeching Weasel, Senseless Things, the Lemonheads, both versions of Letch Patrol and Faith No More. What! Gasp! That's not Punk Rock! So what? I learned more from that interview about the "system" from two aware and unpretentious insiders (who admit the music industry's fucked) than I have from a google of the punk "we'll never sell out man" star interviews I've had to wade through. Damn knowledgeable record reviews too. (JD)
418 Gregory Ave. / Weehawken, NJ 07087

FANZINE REVIEWS

JUNK MAIL #5 / $3.00 ppd
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 44 pgs - Japanese
A nicely put-together zine written primarily in Japanese but with some English (partially in a Raunch Hands interview and a few reviews). Also included is a Jeff Dahl interview, The Squirrels, scene reports, and graphics. Squarebound glossy cover, even. (LV)
Mayumi Takeda / 3-23-30 Biwajima, Nishiku / Nagoya, Aichi, 451 / Japan

JUSTICE OR JUST US? #1 / 2 stamps
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 10 pgs
This zine tells of some personal experiences in the local scene in Mnpls. and the staff expresses some of their opinions about sexism, violence, P.C.ism, and one person tries to spread gossip about Felix of P.E. and looks like a fool, but on the next page is a cool article about how gossip sucks and there needs to be more unity amongst punx. (KP)
Michael Wood / 1276 Wilson Av. #230 / St. Paul, MN 5510



KICKBACK #2 / $1 ppd
8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - xerox - 32 pgs
Scene report from Melbourne, Australia. Interviews with Bored!, Cringer, Soda Can, Justice Strategy, Rumblefish. Reviews. (EW)
POB 317 / Chelsea 3196 / Australia

KUNG-FU GIRL #3 / $2 ppd
8 1/2 x 12 - 61 pgs
This one threw me off cause I didn't see the note saying it read from right to left, back to front! Creative, inspiring and funny. The prank ideas made me laugh and there's lots of interesting rants (not that I agree with them all) on virtual reality & sex, abortion, life & art, modern day hate, and punk vs. Nirvana, computers, etc. Thought provoking and enjoyable reading. (KP)
1600 NW 4th Av. Apt. 16 / Gainesville, FL 32603

MAGPIE REPRINTS #2 / free or trade
12 x 8 - xerox - 112pgs
A huge zine of radical political articles, the bulk of this issue going to Noam Chomsky and Diamanda Galas, but also has articles on Native Americans, pop culture, gays and war. Pretty cool even if most of the information is obtainable elsewhere. (HH)
Circustime / POB 33691 / Decatur, GA 30033

MISSING FINGERS #3 / $1.50 ppd.
Well...it all seems to be filler. I was reading this waiting for something to catch my interest and it just never happened. A clueless editorial about "PC," poetry, dumb graphics, and worst of all...White Boy! Uuuugh. (PC)
POB 3608 / Tuscaloosa, AL 35486-3608

MOO COW #5 - $1 ppd. or 50¢ & 2 stamps
Excuse me but: Aaaargh! Dude, use your spell-check function (it's in the menu). Nouns that begin with vowels are preceded by "an" not "a." And finally: lose the Zapf Chancery. Zapf fonts kill punx. Now that that's out of the way, let's get to the review. If you're into reading about things like vegetarianism, New England Straightedge gigs, arguments about the difference between "right/wrong" and "legal/illegal," then this may interest you. This did succeed in showing me that there are a lot of varying opinions in the punk scene and, as moronic as some may seem, they are all valid. (PC)
38 Larch Circle / Belmont, MA 02178

MOTORBOOTY #6 / $3.00
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 68 pgs
A very professional looking 'zine with some really dumb cartoons (apart from Lloyd Dangle's "Detroit is for Voyeurs") and very wordy articles/essays which are kinda interesting but I find the writers to be much too clever for their own good. The interview with a guy who played Bozo the Clown is pretty cool, and a lengthy article about the "Motorbooty Generation" provides a few witty comments on the over discussed, patronized twenty-something generation. Still not worth three bux. Steal it. (PC)
POB 7944 / Ann Arbor, MI 48107

MUGWUMP #3 / $3.00 ppd
8 1/2 x 11 - printed - 40 pgs.
Enormous amount of information here, just judging by the volume of type. Interviews/ articles about Sharon Tate's Children, Smallfish Ghosttown, Schwermut Forest, and the Stooges. As it's all in German, there's really a limit to how much I can say. Loads of stuff here, anyway....(TM)
Alexander Pfeiffer / Geisbergweg 21 / 6200 Wie-Nordenstadt / Germany

OUTPUNK #1 / $1 ppd.
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 36 pgs.
Are you one of the millions who hears the question "Why are there so many queers in punk rock?" and says "Huh!?!" This journal—the least cliquish queerzine I've ever read—is for you! Send for it, and start getting all the inside jokes told in your midst. (TJ)
POB 170501 / San Francisco, CA 94117

P.C. CASUALTIES #2 / $2.00ppd.
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 18 pgs.
This zine was addressed to Mykel Board (who doesn't do reviews) so that should tell you something. The editor starts out bemoaning the way politcal correctness has reduced the scene to a bunch of whiners and then goes on to give us what is, for the most part, a sex positve zine (though mostly on the homo side). Not much here really besides a "queer" Buzzcocks interview and a porno Marlboro ad. (JD)
PO Box 7505 / Ann Arbor, MI 48107

PAVEMENT #0 and 1 / no price listed
51/2 x 81/2 - xerox - 22 pgs and 32 pgs
Better than usual comix from England along with interviews of UK artists. If you've seen *Girl Frenzy*, see what should have been printed nice and glossy...Pavement! (NR)
Peter Pavement / 5 Park Road / Redhill, Surrey / RH1 1BS / England

PAVEMENT #2+3 / $1 or 50p if yer got it!
8 1/2 x 6 - copied - 48 pgs
If you want to be able to start conversations with the pierced-nose crowd at the comic shop, commit this zine to memory. Seriously, this is the raddest collection of underground comics I've ever seen. Could well become the Dischord of artzine-land. (TJ)
5 Park Road / Redhill, Surrey / RH1 1BT / UK

PEOPLE UNDER NO KING #4 / $2.00 ppd
8 1/2 x 14 1/2 - copied - 52 pgs
Subtitled "The 'Life Magazine' of Bay Area Punk", this is largely composed of entertaining band photos but also includes a really good interview with Mike Stand of Gilman and another with Toad Liquor. There's also Bay Area, Santa Barbara, and Central Coast news, and descriptions of Bay Area fanzines. The editor's enthusiasm for punk shines through the pages of this zine. I like this a lot. (LV)
2163 43rd Avenue / San Francisco, CA 94116

PUNKS-N-BONDAGE #2 / 2 29¢ stamps
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 14 pgs
"Being a wild kinky s/m male skinhead punk crossdresser is a real joke here in old Hickville." This sentence starts off a really great piece about wild sex from a radical punk's point-of-view. Aside from that, most of this zine is made up of appropriated material from MRR and such. Not that it's dull stuff, just unnecessary considering the fact that it's already so widely known. Still, if this zine decides to go all out and give us a bunch of original material, we could be in for a real treat. Get it for the classifieds. (MW)
P.N.B. / 4336 Byesville Blvd. / Dayton, OH 45431

REAL LIFE IN A BIG CITY #51 / free
8 1/2 x 11 - newsprint - 52pgs
This is put out by Debi Dip from Long Beach's the Red Aunts. A long Vertigo interview, editorials on witchcraft and compact disks and allright CD and record reviews. (JD)
Debi Dip / 6520 Selma Ave #332 / Los Angeles, CA 90028

REPTIL ZINE #6 / $3.00
8 1/2 x 11 - color offset - 36 pgs
This is a zine from Spain, it looks like thrasher magazine (has a full color skating photo on the cover) I seem to have forgotten my Spanish so I'll have to give you the highlights. Scene reports, Green Day, Go!, L7 and HHH interviews. record reviews. Pretty cool zine. (JL)
S.M.P. / Apdo Correos 23175 / 08080 Barcelona / Spain

RISE #1 / $1.00 plus postage
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 16pgs
No interviews or lengthy articles here - just some record and zine reviews, Ace Backwords comic strips, and a few brief comments on music and the music industry. (LV)
Robert Sing / POB 13934 / Savannah, GA 31416

ROCK AGAINST SEXISM #5 / $3 plus postage
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 36 pgs
With the objective of critiquing sexism in popular music and to provide a forum for bands whose music displays progressive political directions, RAS raises issues which many MRR readers will likely find interesting and relevant in spite of the lack of punk content in this zine. Lengthy interviews with Bongwater and Consolidated as well as a transcribed staff discussion on "political correctness" and some reviews. (LV)
POB 390643 / Cambridge, MA 02139

RUST BELT # 2 / $1.00
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 20 pgs
Pretty basic zine from Minneapolis, has letters, reviews, show reviews, an interview with the band Conspiracy and full page classic movie spoofs. Not much depth, but still ok, I think they like hate mail and getting put down or something? (JL)
2425 Lyndale Ave S. upper / Minneapolis, MN 55405

FANZINE REVIEWS

SCOURGE #1 / $2 ppd
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 36 pgs
Pretty cool lookin' cover. Lots to read here that's both political and at the same time very conscious of scene events. I'm not sure what the big deal is with Propagandhi is. They seem pretty cool. This zine seems pretty cool. I can't quite decipher the problems. It's their first issue and there already seems to be controversy so they must be pushing some of the right buttons. (LH)
POB 163 / Notre Dame De Lourdes / Manitoba, ROG 1MO / Canada

SCRAM #1 / $3 ppd
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 42 pgs
A new "ongoing journal of quality cultural effluvia". Starts with a review of a musical by and for 7-11 managers. Alcohol & potato chip reviews, cartoons, show reviews, huge interviews with 8 Ball Scratch and The Muffs, chances to win dates with the editors. Good coverage of the "SF bar scene" that isn't always covered in MRR. Eager for contributions. (EW)
690 Haight St / San Francisco, CA 94117

SECOND GUESS #3 / $1.50 ppd
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 26pgs
This zine out of Reno, NV tells about some funny pranks and scams, has some interesting interviews with Mykel Board, The bands Local H, and McGob, has some very honest zine and record reviews, and columns on censorship, "love", and the Reno scene. It also has a good layout. (KP)
POB 9382 / Reno, NV 89507

SIKA APARA #1 / $4 pp to Europe, $5 elsewhere
8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - xerox - 60 pgs - Finnish
Det har ar ett Finnzine! Hey, if there are any punks in the Bay Area who read Finnish, MRR needs you to review zines! Almost all band interviews. They also have a huge list of records for mailorder. (EW)
Jari Juho / V Storg 11A / 63342 Eskilstuna / Sweden

SIKA APARA #2 / $3.00ppd
8 x 6 - printed - 60pgs - Swedish
A "fucking raw" hardcore fanzine with discography of Discharge, interview with Anti-Cimex, and a reprinting of a 10 year old zine, Brutal (Choas), plus much, much more. Excellent! (HH)
Jari Juho / v. Storg 7B / 63342 Eskilstuna / Sweden

SIMBA #1 / $3.00ppd
12 x 8 - offset - 28pgs
This zine has interviews with Richie from Underdog, and the band Struggle. But the zine's strong points are the articles on feminism and evolution. This zine seems like it's sure to get better with future issues. (HH)
20 Brangwyn Way / Brighton / Sussex / BN1 8XA / UK

SLUG & LETTUCE #27 / .29 stamp
newspaper
Continuous source for the best pictures from the punkest shows & comprehensive guide to all the coolest zines (expanded to 2 pgs. and 5 reviewers). 3 pgs classified ads (still free), record reviews and traveling tips for Germany. Still, the best part is the inspiring "Some Thoughts", which gives me this opportunity: Chris, thanks for sending the writings, I really enjoyed it! Sorry I haven't written back yet! (SB)
Christine / POB 2067 Peter Stuy. Stn. / NY, NY 10009

SOUR MASH #6 / 25¢ + stamp
4 1/4 x 5 1/4 - copied - 16 pgs.
All ya gotta do is scrounge up some change, use condoms and vote, and Bingo! You get to join Räzl's little club, which is as yet unnamed. Just say the password—"Branwyn Biggle-stone"—and read this brainy mini-zine at bus stops where people can see you. While you're at it, ask about the stickers. (TJ)
361 60th St / Oakland, CA 94618

SOUR MASH: ABERDINE & ZAIDA #5 / 25¢ + stamp
4 1/4 x 5 1/4 - copied - 16 pgs.
For those of us who impudently missed it, this classic girl-meets-boy, girl-uses-boy teen punk sex story has been reprinted from *Rutabaga* zine, complete with the hate mail it inspired at the time. Warning: may cause arguments and boy(girl)cotts. (TJ)
361 60th St / Oakland, CA 94618

STEP OFF #2 / $1 ppd.
Not a whole lot to read here but I like what little there is. A good fresh, personal perspective on the punk scene and related bits. I'll look forward to more. (PC)
Eric Fortner / 3876 Oakes Dr. / Hayward, CA 94542

SUBTERANEANS #2 / $1.00 ppd
8 1/2 X 11- copied - 20 pgs
I thought this zine was real neat, the guy who wrote it has a good sense of humor and keeps you interested in reading further. The copy job is mediocre and the layouts are cut and paste, but who cares, it has personality that holds it all together. (JL)
POB 602 / Nogales, AZ 85628

TRENDY POSER DIGEST #1 / Free
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 24 pgs.
How can you dislike a zine that's free. Free is free. No losers, y'know? Unlike a lot of free zines, this one is good enough to actually pay money for. Fun stories, Dunkin' Donut reviews (I sorta thought they were all the same), Mall Punks board game and a seering attack on Sassy magazine (one of my secret pleasures). Cool stuff. (LH)
10 Spring Mountain Rd / Califon, NJ 07830

UNIT 33 #3 / free
8 1/2 x 12 - 41pgs
Lots of record and show reviews, Goofy interviews with Monsula and Fuzz, some good poetry, scene reports from Utah State Prison and Flagstaff Az, tales of a road trip to CA, and some funny "hate" mail. (KP)
Unit 33 / 8360 E. Marlena Cir. N / Tucson, AZ 85715

VERA KRANT #19 / $2.00
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - color offset - 28 pgs - Dutch
While my inability to read Dutch prevents me from commenting on the written text in Vera Krant, I will say that the splashes of color thrown selectively throughout this zine make it unbelievably eye-catching. And if you can read Dutch, you can have the additional pleasure of reading about Jesus Lizard, Steelpole Bathtub, Mecca Normal, and more. (LV)
Oosterstraat 44 / 9711 NV Groningen / Holland

VERBOSLAMMED #3 / $1 + 29¢ stamp
51/2 x 81/2 - xerox - 24 pgs
This zine concerns women's rights, illustrated mostly by reprints of articles from magazines or newspapers. More interesting were the articles penned by Rebecca Verbo herself. It would be nice, if possible, to see more of her or others' writing in issue #4. (NR)
1715 15th St #E / Boulder, CO 80302

WHITE BREAD #9 / $1 and two stamps (?)
8 1/2 x 11 - xerox- 24 pgs.
(Changes names every issue but sticking with *White Bread* from now on.) A very good *Fan*-zine with a lot of personality and variety. Kinda *Sassy* influenced (in a good way). I really appreciated the coverage of good music that some people would not consider "punk" but is just as important, especially the Juliana Hatfield interviews. Don't be fooled by the sorta generic graphics, everything in it is worth reading. Makes me wanna get to work on my 'zine. Grooooovy. (PC)
Brandon Stosuy / RPO 4601 / PO Box 5063 / New Brunswick, NJ 08903-5063

011 / 93 #3 / $3.00ppd
8 x 5 - offset - 56pgs - Serbian
This zine is centered around the English scene, has interviews with Red London, Red Letter Day, and UK Subs. But also has tons of info on Yugoslavian bands such as Shaved Women, AWOL, Sikoly, and UBR. (HH)
Dordevic dr Screcko / Milana Sarca 4 / Belgrade 11030 / Serbia / Yugoslavia

More wonderful thoughts from more wonderful minds.

ANDY'S CHAIR #1 / $1.00ppd.
Real life horror stories from the Desert Storm "police action." Comix, Sonic Youth trivia
Wow Cool Records / PO Box 847 / Schenectady, NY 12301

BABY SUE #11 / $1.50ppd.
Arrogant humor. Baby Sue lists and reviews punk and indie music with our deformed child Sue saying things like "My asshole's pretty" in the margins.
PO Box 1111 / Decatur, GA 30031-1111

BANDZINE #1 / .50ppd.
Believe it or not this zine just dedicates itself to one band each issue. This issue the band is Samiam.
Craig Roze / PO Box 95 / Montrose, BC VOG 1PO / Canada

BLOWIN' CHUNXX #5 / $1.00ppd.
Anarchy, feminism and an article on the 404 Willis Collective in Detroit.
75 Stanton Rd. / Brookline, MA 02146

D.A.M. ZINE #4 / $1.00ppd.
Skate zine with interviews. Shelter and Green Day featured.
8647 Cox Rd. / Indianapolis, IN 46241

DISEASED CULTURE #1 / $1.00ppd.
Interviews with Sludgeworth and Pigface. Copy double sided next time and save the tree yardage.
Kenyon Klakowicz / 423 W. Belmont / Chicago, IL 60657

DON'T BE AFRAID #1? / $1.00ppd.
Interview with Resist, feature on date rape and other gender material. Actually lists the contents on the back.
Mike Stewart / TESC Bldg. / Rm 208 / Olympia, WA 98505

ELEVENTH HOUR #1 / $2.00ppd.
Middle of the road hardcore/straightedge fanzine.
555 W. North Apt. 1 / Decatur, Il, 62522

FIGHT BACK #1 / $1.00ppd.
Political anarchy zine. Anti-police stuff, animal liberation stuff.
Southern Black Cross Distribution / 3 Florence Place/ Tweed Heads NSW 2485 / Australia

GREEK FANZINE #4 / $1.00ppd.
I still can't read it. Husker Du retro article, SubPop feature and interview with Honey Dive.
Bill Pavlides / 17 Pindou St. / 13231 Athens / Greece

GRIM EXISTENCE #1 / $.79ppd.
Reviews and rambling about everything the editor thinks is wrong with everything.
25350 US 19 N#11 / Clearwater, FL 34623

GOAT #1 / $1.00ppd.
Boiled Angel toned down a bit. Lot's of morbid pictures of the accidently dead. Underground video and comic reviews.
S. Lopez / 9253 Birch St. #1 / Spring Valley, CA 91977

HARMFUL MATTER #1 / .50ppd.
Queer appearing punk zine with some anti-Hardline stuff.
PO Box 3642 / Terre Haute, IN 47803

HEARD TOO MUCH ABOUT #3 / $1.00ppd.
Very sloppy punk zine with paste up articles on anarchy, vivisection ect.
719 John St. W / Listowel, Ont. N4W 1B6 / Canada

HUH ZINE? #5 / $2.00ppd.
That's what this made me say. Noise Culture, Dr. Kerkorvian Machine Suicide Band.
4809 Ave. N # 118 / Brooklyn, NY 11234

THE INCOGNITO REVIEW #1 / $2.00ppd.
Above average ska zine.
POB 1091 / Palatine, IL 60078-1091

THE J. CRUELTY CATALOG #5 / $1.00ppd.
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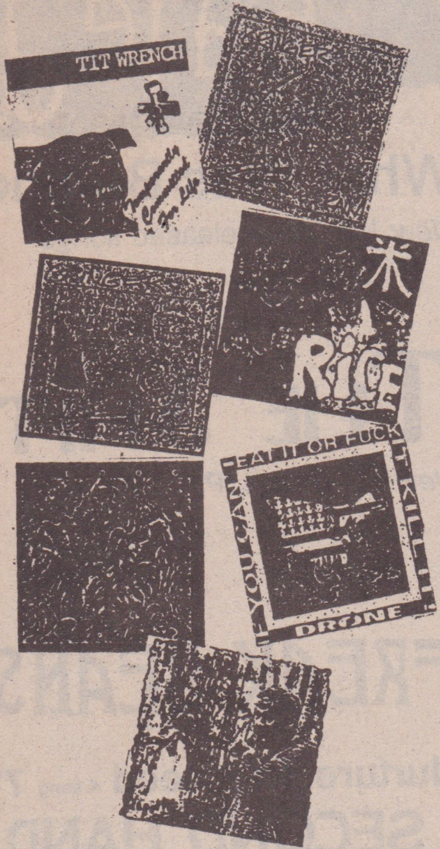

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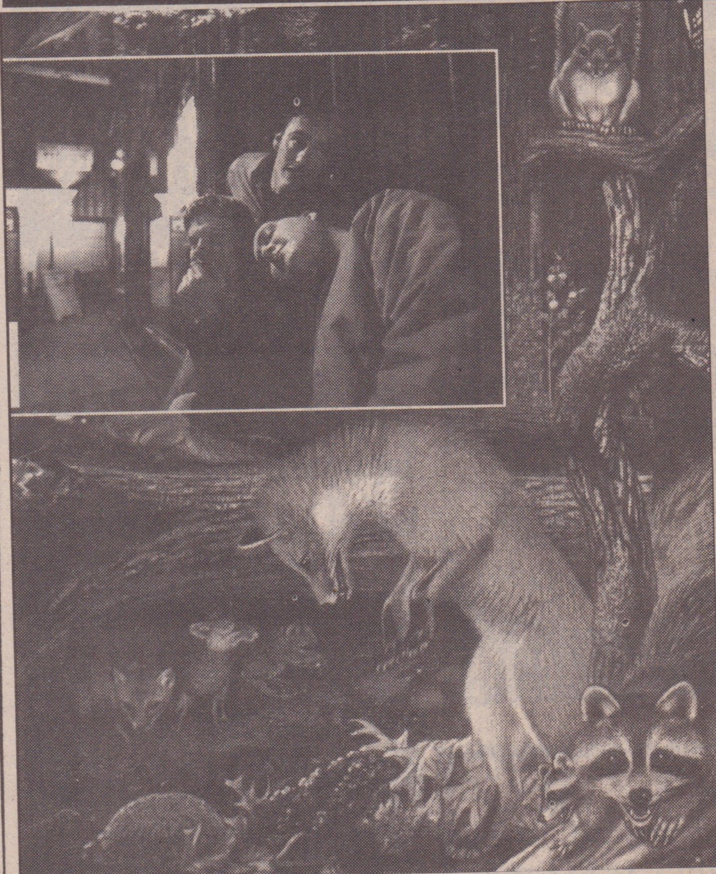

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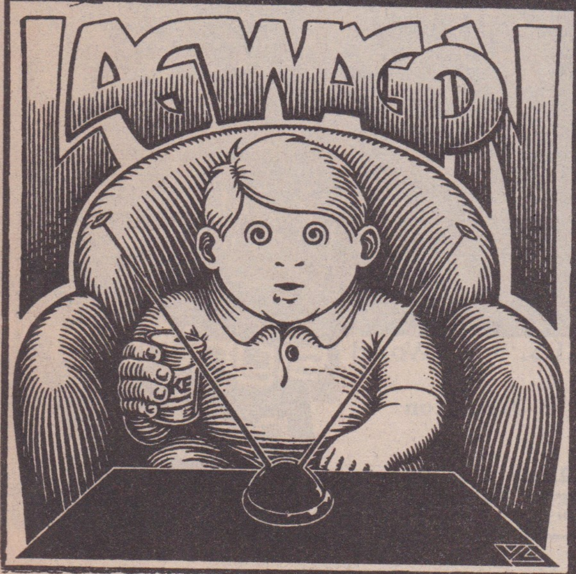

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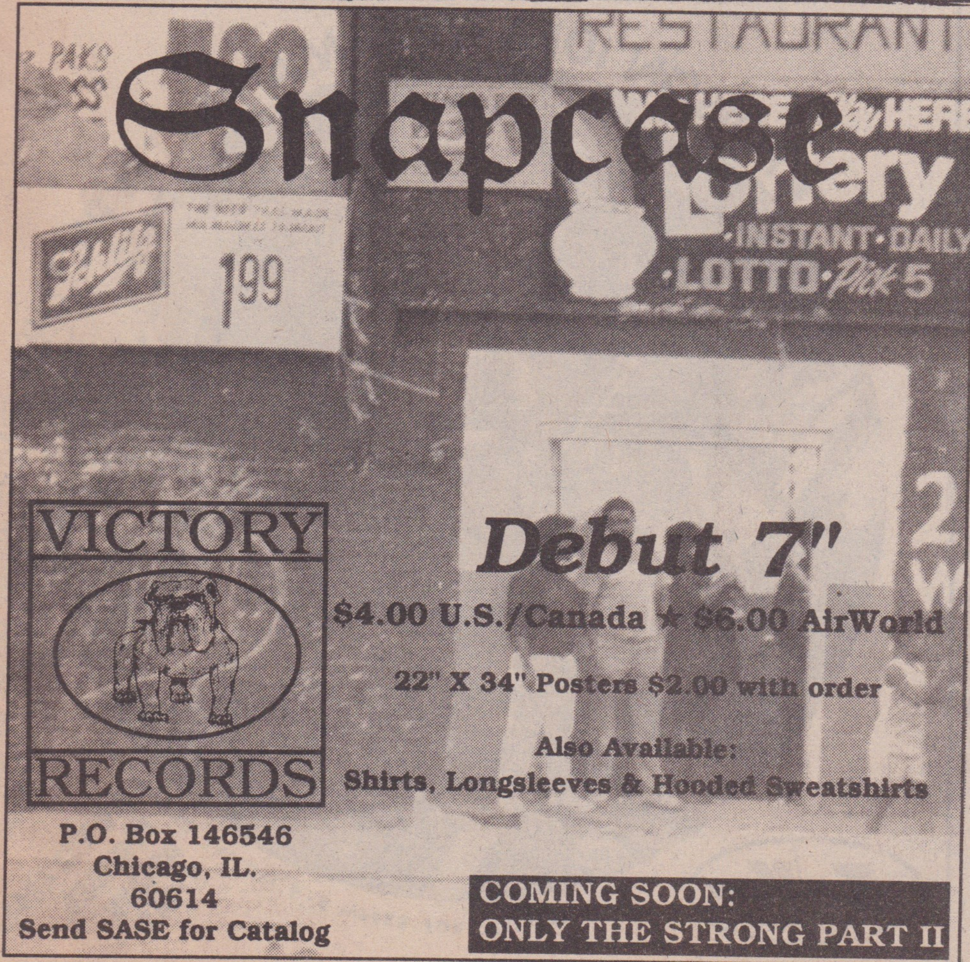

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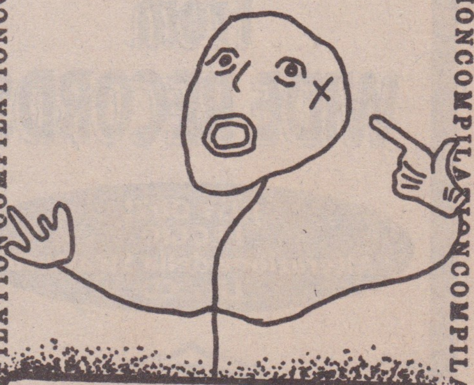

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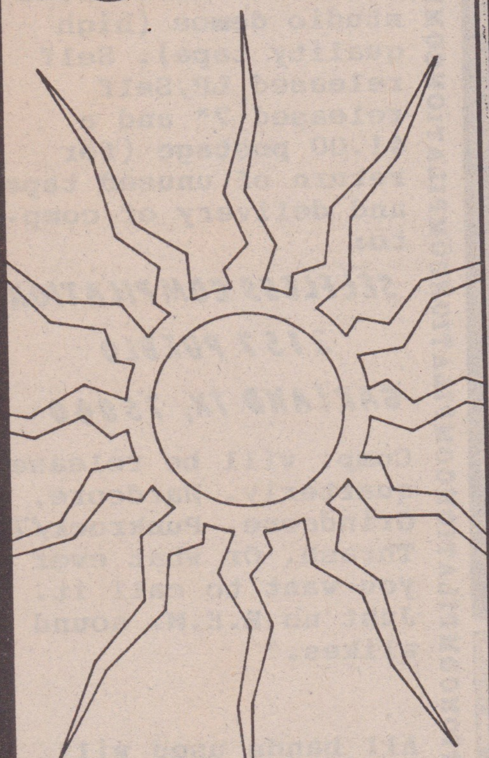

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Refurbishing Special Operations

from article by Louis Wolf — *CovertAction Information Bulletin*, Fall 1992, 1500 Massachusetts Ave., NW #732 Washington, DC 20005

Sponsored by Technical Marketing Association of America, a joint military-industrial conference on special operations, low-intensity conflict (SO/LIC), and drug interdiction (May, 1992) was evidence that SO/LIC, born under President Kennedy and discredited by the war in Indochina, had been refurbished to fit the New World Order.

The executive branch has initiated and Congress has acquiesced to the formal bureaucratization of a whole new structure at the Pentagon to promote SO/LIC. This agenda was launched in April 1987 by the creation of the U.S. Special Operations Command (USSOCOM) based at MacDill Air Force Base, Tampa, Florida, and by the October 1989 appointment of an Assistant Secretary of Defense for SO/LIC —now James R. Locher, III. Between October 1990 and Dec. 1991, there were more than 2,000 special operations teams (from one to thousands of persons each) in 75 countries. There are now some 46,000 active-duty, and National Guard and Reserve special ops personnel. Since Aug 1991, Locher's "special assistant" has been Robert "Gene" Gately, who joined the CIA in 1955 and worked in Japan and Thailand.

In March, 1992, Director of Central Intelligence Robert Gates named Army Maj. Gen. Roland Lajoie to a new post, Associate Deputy Director of Operations, and created the Office of Military Affairs concurrently. The ascension of Lajoie underlines the fact that Gates is seeking to assuage the Pentagon special operations brass, and their allies in Congress, while trying to keep the CIA in charge of the unfolding process.

Much of the new thrust in and justification for SO/LIC is its application to the drug war. At first, the military was reluctant to become enmeshed in drug interdiction. When, however, the White House began to throw money at the problem, "Everyone wanted a piece of the action." Bush increased his request to Congress from $3.1 to $3.4 billion for Fiscal Year 1993 to fund USSOCOM research, development, testing, systems procurement, intelligence, naval and aviation programs, and classified activities. Smiling broadly, Army Col. Dave Bryan, of Gen. Colin Powell's Joint Chiefs of Staff J-6 support element, told those attending the SO/LIC conference, "Our budget is being slashed. But after all it's still a lot of money, isn't it?"

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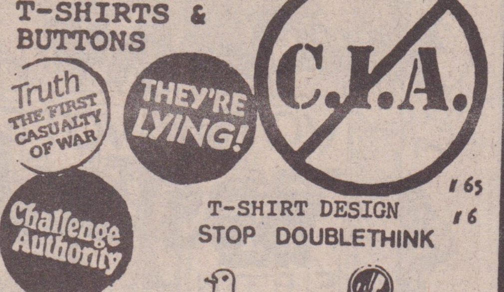

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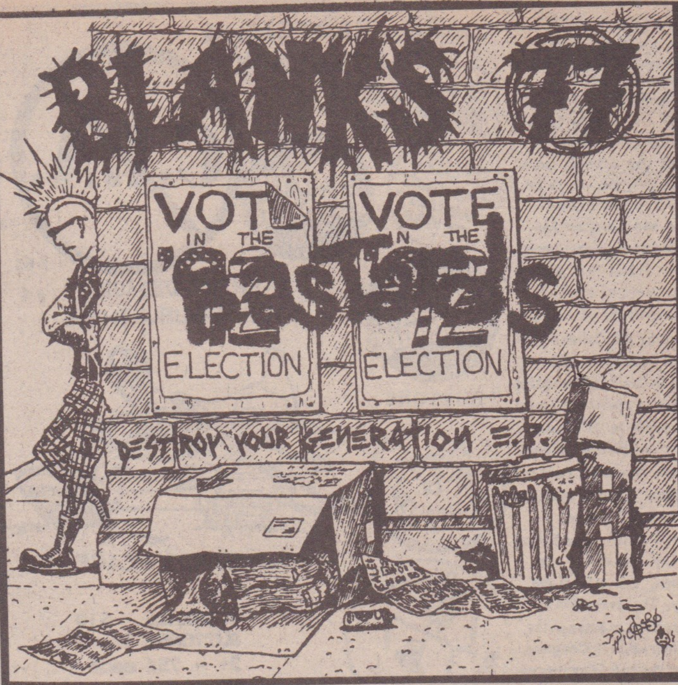

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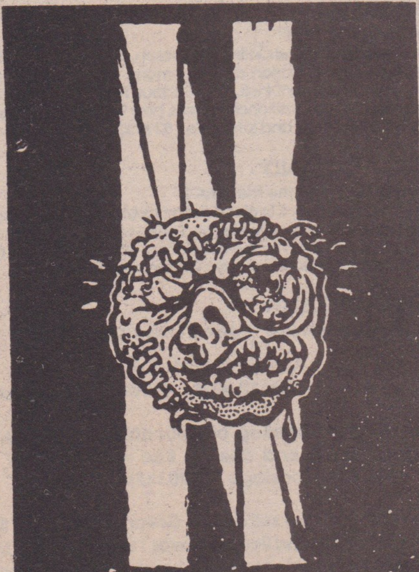

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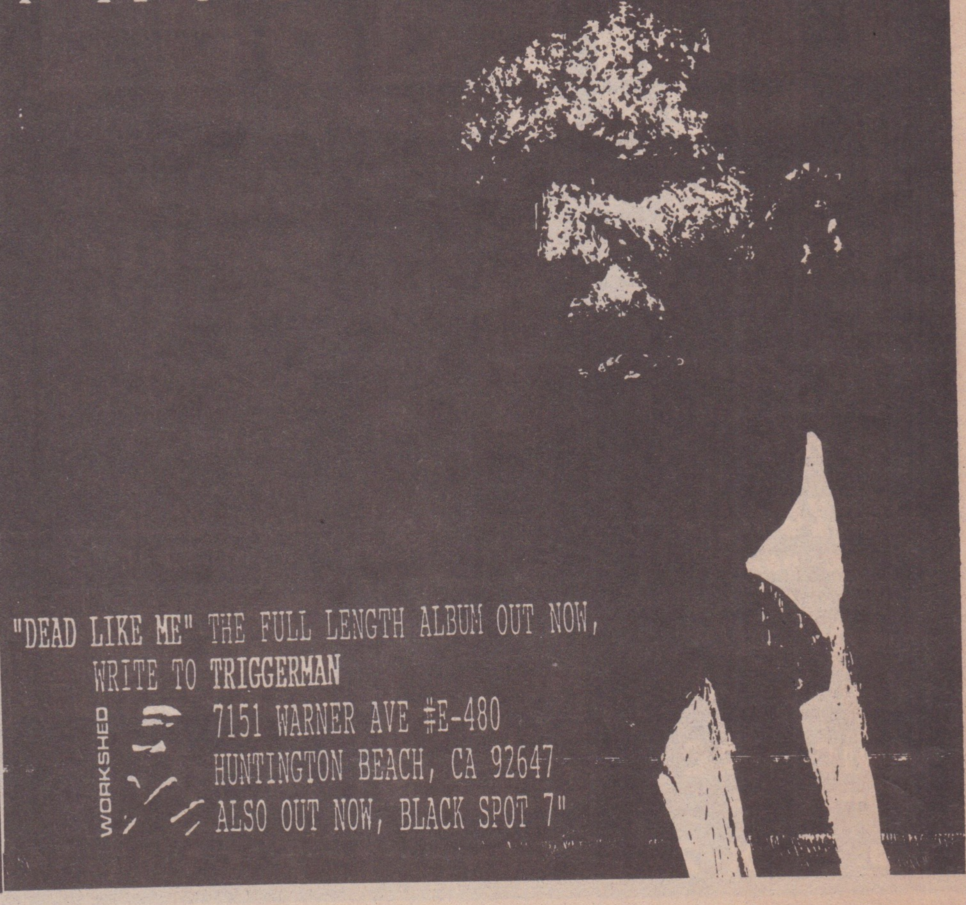

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PUNK COMIX: features "Anarchie" (the hardcore solution to Archie), "Timmy the christian punk rocker" and "Help! My parents are hippies!" All yours for only $1.50 ppd. (cash). The Distribution Company #76 2620 E. Carson St., Lakewood, CA 90712

THE INCREDIBLE PIECE OF SHIT He is the star of his own comiczine, and he's coming to a toilet near you! Don't miss out! Supplies limited, $1.50 ppd. (cash). The Distribution Company #76 2620 E. Carson St., Lakewood, CA 90712

DEAD BOOKS BREED WORMS: crude comics with thought provoking messages to go along with them. If you don't already have this artzine you should kill yourself, because you're lacking substance in your miserable, meaningless excuse for a life. $1.50 ppd. (cash). The Distribution Company #76 2620 E. Carson St., Lakewood, CA 90712

NEUROTIC GOTHIC BITCH into nailbiting coffee at 3am, graveyards, Kafka, Ximbaud, Dali, Hesse, Gibran, Death in June, Current 93, Christian Death, Bauhaus, Joy Division, Swans, and people who won't accept that 2+2=5. Please send anything. I am in need of serious inspiration. Lúnatics freaks, insomniacs, agoraphobics all welcome. I'll be waiting in my mailbox. Celia Psychosis/45 Gale Terrace/Rochester, NY 14610

BIG BOYS-"WHERE'S MY TOWEL" LP'S for sale (8 copies) these are not a repress, bootleg Small box of these found only 700 originaly pressed hand silk screened covers Never played covers absolutly mint. $lOO.00 plus postage Grant Delp, 8550 Spring Valley apt#266, Dallas Tx, 75240 214-495-9148 not after 11:00 pm central

RECORD COLLECTORS! Old and new HC records for sale. From Y.O.T. to old A.F. Everything on t&g, Dischord, Revelation. Send SASE/ 2 IRC's to Ryan Sikorski, 10 Alexis Ct., Holmdei, NJ 07733. Also send specific wants.

COMMUNICATION IS THE KEY! Anarchist vegetarian straight edge guy looking for open-minded folks into tape-trading (your list gets mine!), expression, poetry, noise, vandalism, anarchy, lies, dreams, and spontaneous combustion. Write Jasen Morris, 2310 N. East Ave., Springfield, MO 65803

AMREP, SUBPOP, and similar 7"'s for sale! H.O.F., Monster Mag, Swallow, Big Chief, Nirvana, Superchunk, Pagans, Helmet and over 500 others. Bean's Records, POB 2877, Athens, GA 30612-0877 (706) 543-3793 (After 6).

WANTED: A LIFE! 23 year old guy stuck in podunk town in western Illinois. Can you help me escape? I'm anti-meat, non-smoker, sometimes drinker, hard worker! Into (some) Bad Religion, Social Distortion and other kinds of punk, HC, Crust, etc, Profane Existance, MRR and even Stephen King shit so write me! Kevin, 429C North 8th Street, Quincy, IL 62301.

RECORDS! BUY! TAPES! BUY! Hundreds of records and tapes beg me every day to let you buy them. Hardcore, punk, metal, alternative. Nothing over $10. Stamp for list. David L, 29 1/2 Morton Street #3A, NY, NY 10014.

PENPALS AND TRADERS WANTED! I'm a 24 year old in Japan. I like punk and HC. I'm looking for Dangerhouse, Poshboy, Slash, D.O.A., etc. Write to Keiko Shimozu, #905 1-28-10 Ichiban, Atsuta-Ku Nagoya 456, Japan.

THE WEIRD NEWS - The Word About An Absurd World. Political satire zine free from Don Busky, 7393 Rugby Street, Philadelphia, PA 19138-1236. Also looking for penpals. I'm a 112 year caiman from planet Torretyriliak. Write me, Earthlings!

VERY LIMITED! Misfits "Horror Hotel" 3-song boot, Danzig/ Bad Brains "Live in Germany" 7" boot, Circle Jerks "Unfortunate Son" 7" 5 live songs, Circle Jerks "Live Fast, Die Young" 22-song LP. 7"ers $6 ppd US, $8 rest of world. LPs $12 US, $14 rest of world. Well-concealed cash or money order to Jan, 12468 70th Street North, Largo, FL 34643. Trades considered.

FOR TRADE: YDI: 12", SSD; The Kids 12", Lipcream: Ugly Pop 12", Gism: Death Excl. 12", Art of Faith: Give Thanks 12", Amebix: Arise 12" all originals with all inserts. Want: Los Violadores 12", Nipdrivers 1st 12", Bouncing Babies comp. 12", Major Conflict 7", DDT: Brave New World 7", Civil Dissident: 7". Send your lists to: Franck Herges, Pfaffenkopfstr. 87, W-6600, Saarbrucken, West Germany.

FUCKING WAITING!!! Tired of slow hardcore mailorder services & lables? Fuck 'em-try mine!!!! I keep regular stock of latest releases by Victory, New Age, Revelation, & many other labels & bands, plus: shirts, CD's, cassettes, demos, & other goodies. And fuckin' fast service too, Jerky! Send stamp/IRC for current sale list to: Very Distribution, c/o J. Dudeck, 9 E. Saylor Ave., Plains PA 18705, USA. Peace.

XXX MAKE ASTATMENT! Impact Vegetarian T-shirts available now! 2 sided, pocketed, Hane's Beefy-t. XL only. Only 9.00 ppd. Impact 439 N. Church St. #4 West Chester, PA 19380. (Make checks payable to: Scott Foster. Thanx!) XXX

PSYCHOTRONIC-TYPE FILMS thousands of the rarest and coolest in exploitation, juvenille delinquent, biker, horror, doper, what have you, all at punk rock bottom prices. Giant illustrated catalog $2.00 to: P.O. BOX 506 New London, CT 06320

CLASSIFIEDS

40 WORDS $2/60 WORDS $3 MAX—CASH ONLY!!!

"FUCK THE POLICE" Do you hate the fucking police as much as we do? Always harrassing people for no reason or walking around like a fucking Robocop! Gangster Artwear has got a shirt for you to express yourself. On back: "Fuck The Police." On front: "Gangster Artwear Logo." Silk screened, black design on white t-shirt. 50/50, good fit. (x-large only). $12.75 (+2.00 p/n). Send check or MO to Colon: #(305) 374-7128.

CLOUDBREAK #2 out now. "So Straight Ede It Makes Mouthpiece Look Like Murphey's Law!" .50 or trade for your sister. All love letters to eric/Cloudbreak, 834 West Deerfield, Springfield, MO 65807, P.S. Satan Rules.

SMASHING PUMPKINS. Dwarves, Monster Magnet, Boss Hog, Fudge Tunnel, Babes in Toyland, White Zombie, L7: Early 45's/12"s wanted. Also seeking live audio/video by above, Naked Aggression, Year Bitch, and LSD. Will shell out clams (be reasonable), or trade records, videos, shit. Write: Omid Yamini, 1716 Linwood Place, McLean, VA. 22101.

MY MIND is a void, but it's expanding every day...much like the universe! One day I expect it to collapse back in on itself and become a massive black hole, sucking up all that remains of my life...I like all sorts of music, from Ministry to (old) Kiss, so write: Jame, PO Box 3246, Kent, OH 44240.

LARM "Campaign for musical destruction" 29 tracks 10" available for £3.00 in the UK or £5.00/$9.00 everywhere else. Other records available plus a selection of Japanese h/core up for auction. Write to Revoltation Records, PO Box 49, Scarborough, N. Yorkshire, Y011 2ZY, England.

IF YOU'RE a poet, bored, or like Current 93, Death in June, or Duran Duran write Grendel, 5505 NW 7st, A411W, Miami, FL 33126.

FEMALE HUMAN, can't really say I'm a punk although I used to be, 23 years old, new to Seattle area, 95% heterosexual, into all kinds of music: Ministry, The The, Nine Inch Nails, Kate Bush, Christian Death, Negativeland, Fripp, The Damned, old punk. I read lots, taken plenty of LSD, practice Magik for five years, bellydance, like tatoos. 2508 5th Ave., #141, Seattle, WA 98121 write!

AUCTION, Bids only: Poison Idea "Kings of Punk" test press., "Pick Yr. King" blue wax, Sonic Youth "Walls Have Ears" live 2 LP, Big Black glossy poster for last NY shows. Barry Goubler, 919 Porteous St., New Orleans, LA 70124.

INTERESTED IN obtaining these records, will pay or trade: Fugazi Sub Pop 7", Abused 7" original, 7 Seconds 7" boot, SSD X-Claim boot LP, Rollins Band (End of Silence) LP on vinyl, NYC Mayhem 7", Antidote 7" original. Also have some copies of the live/studio Half Off 7" (200 pressed) with it's Alive Zine #10. $4.00 pp. Fred Hammer/900 Azalea St., Oxnard, CA 93030, USA.

GARAGE. Will buy or trade: Billy Childish, Mummies, Gories, A-Bones, Untamed Youth, Lyres, Cramps, 60's/70's punk, trash compilations, rockabilly, r&b, Psychotronic movies/TV, etc. Barry Goubler, 919 Porteous St., New Orleans, LA 70124.

DESTROY ALL MUSIC radio show at Conn College seeks band demos, label releases, spoken word, anything with an edge, (no college rock) any format to: Ed Feltch P.O. BOX 506, New London, CT 06320

BOB, 17 YEAR OLD IS LEAVING HOME. I'm planning to leave SoCal one year from now to co to college. Taking trip to Colorado soon to check out schools and scenes. Need loving locals to show me around and give me a place to stay??? Call (619) 486-7167 or write 14710 Deerwood St, Poway, CA 92064.

GG ALLIN VIDEOS: For sale only. All new 1991 & 1992 shows with the Murder Junkies. All shows excellent quality from the masters. Don't settle for copies of copies. Get them from someone who was there. Write Merle Allin, 298 Mulberry St. #7D, NY, NY, 10012. Call (212) 274-0803.

FOR TRADE! LIP CREAM, OUTO, S.O.B., Confuse, Swankeys, Masturbation, Comes, Genoa, Laughin Nose, Gastunk, Stalin, Death Side, Sekiri, Shonen Knife, and Comp, and t-shirts, and many more! Want! Germs all 7", all 12" (original), Token Entry/From Beneath the... 12", Schism, X-Claim, Dischord #1-6, and Ramones (picture 7", 12") etc. Send your trade/want list! Masayuki Kokawa Mari M/S 105, 2-31-2 Asagaya Minami, Suginami-Ku, Tokyo, Japan, 166.

AAIIEE! DISTRIBUTION: We have a bunch of (cheap) patches, videos, and miscellaneous cool stuff. Send a stamp for a recent catalog. We can do screenprinting for you too. Aaiiee! POBox 26713, MPLS, MN 55426.

CONFUSE 3 SONG 7" bootleg, one sided. $4 ppd/$5 Europe/$6 world. First press of 100. Also get list of over 50 records and a patch/t-shirt list (w/Confuse, Drop Dead, Gauze, more). Brian, POBox 8511, Warwick, RI, 02888, USA.

VICIOUS INTERFERENCE #2 IS OUT! Interviews with Confusion, Haggis, Paul (White Boy) Weinman. Also Thoughtcrime, Slave State, ads, noize reviews and very morbid poetry. Plus some sources you should never trust and worse. $1.50 or $1 + 2 stamps. M. Castro, A. 4-5 F.A., Ft. Riley, KS 66442, USA.

WANTED: SEGA GENESIS 16 bit games, Star Wars, Rocky Horror, Batman, and other old movie trading cards. Will trade for punk records like Dead Kennedys, GG, Dwarves, Fuckers, Meatmen, Samoans, GBH, and more. Write Paul Holstein, 1515 Sashabaw, Ortonville, MI, 48462.

7" SALE/TRADE: Black Flag "TV Party" SST/Unicorn original ($7), Exploited "Dead Cities" ($11), Misfits "NOTLD" boot ($14), + Pushead Fanclub, Subpop Singles club, foreign bootlegs, color vinyl, compact discs, and more. FREE LIST. write Paul Holstein 1515 Sashabaw, Ortonville, MI, 48462.

CONFRONTATIONAL GRAPHIC t-shirts. Renegade Graphex actionwear/ deprogramming paraphenalia is now available to the masses. Includes the "We Are All Prostitutes" t-shirt, the favorite of Operation Desert Storm participants. T's and hats that stop the blind and stupid dead in their tracks in the bluntest, cruelest fashion possible. Sent two stamps for free catalog to: Renegade Graphex, POBox 963, Kalamazoo, MI 49005.

MALE, 22, SINGER seeks females for corespondence. I'm into the Ramones, Iggy, Rollins Band, etc. I like movies, reading and writing long letters. Small town life sucks. I need mail! Kevin, 4041, Nicholl Ave., Muskegon, MI, 49444.

YOUR FAVORITE 7" will be the new superhot Silence "Duration Of..." 7". Just send $4 ppd to Silence, 122 E. Sunset, De Kalb, IL 60115. Your turntable will never be the same.

AIDS SUCKS SUCKS SUCKS FUCKEN SUCKS. Distressed guy in Texas selling t-shirts. Proceeds go to local HIV resource center. Order the (real small) catalog from: Bill's Shirt Thang, 4617 94th St., Lubbock, TX 79424.

TRADE ONLY: ADMIRAL "Brother" 7", blitzkrieg "Lest" 7" (No Future Rec. #8), Fang "Enjoy the View" 7", Gorilla Biscuits 7" (yellow), Jawbreaker "Busy" (green, 200 made), Nails "88 Lines..." 7", Steve Stiletto "White Christmas" 7", Bollocks to Christmas 7" w/4 Skins, the Business +2 (Secret Rec. 126), FU's "Kill..." 12" + more. Want: Tar7" (No Blow Recs.), Shudder to Thin 1st LP and 7", Surgery, Stupids, Big Drill Car/Thud 7", Sleep 7", Deep Six, Gorilla 1st 7", Tough & Go, Bitch Magnet/ Bastro/Squirrel Bait/ contingent & more. Write KC, 1405 Perrin Dr, Arabi, LA 70032.

SPY WOMAN. I got your telepathic message. We need to talk. Hi Chris. Just Dave is my favorite chicken boy.

THE DAMNED PROMO POSTER for 1st 7", New Rose/Help (original line up). $10 ppd tubed. Skrewdriver, poster. Promo for "All Screwed Up" LP $10 ppd tubed. Unnatural Axe 7" Tonight We Fight/Three Cord Rock $10 ppd. Cash or money order only to D.G., POBox 46881 Mt. Clemens, MI 48046. Inquires SASE.

7" SALE- NIRVANA, Soundgarden, Crawlpappy,/Sheer Terror, Phantom Surfers, Velvet Monkeys, Beat Happening, Poster Children, Sister Ray, Rollins and Hard-On's, Icky Joey. Write to Katrina, 13026 4th Ave W., Ste 163, Everett, WA 98204.

12" SALE: GREENRIVER, Tesco Vee & Meat-Krew, Social Justice, Hellcows, Dope, Guns and Fucking in the Streets Comp, Teriyake Asthma c/z comp, Kiss covers comp, 10" Mudhoney. Write to Katrina, 13026 4th Ave. W, ste 163, Everett, WA 98204.

JAYBIRD. Have a swell day.

ATTENTION MORTALS: Cocknoose commands you to send $3 for our 5 sond ep or wrestle us in a barbed wire cage match. Send $3 to Cocknoose Headquarters, POBox 442442, Lawrence, KS, 66044, USA. No cash fuckers!

OUT ON INNER RAGE RECORDS: Kickback 4 song 7", Test of Time 4 song 7", and Dare to Defy 4 song 7". $5 each ppd to: Inner Rage Records, c/o Jean-Marc Dablin, 5 Rue A. Fleming, 95460 Ezanville, France.

SALE/TRADE: 12's: Bad Religion "How" (orig), F "You are" (auto'd), Fu's "Kill," Melvins "Gluey", Misfits "Woflsblood", Proletariat "Soma", V/A/: "Conn. Fun", "Boston Not L.A." 7"'s: Babes in toyland "House" (gold), Chaos U.K. "Burning", Creamers (red), False Liberty, G. biscuits (yellow), Jack Tragic "Hippies", Misguided "Options" (red), Neos "Martian", Pagan babies (gold), Rapeman "Hated", Reflex from pain, Seizure, 7 Seconds "Blasts" & "Committed", Soa, Sub. Lawns "Gidget", Token entry, YOT 1st, "Nuke Your Dink". Christopher Renna, 80 Birch Rd., Watertown, Conn. 06795. (203)274-4779.

SALE - BIG BLACK "BULLDOZER" EP - metal box with poster + flat $150. Minor Threat 7", Dischord #3, blue jacket/ silver label "Flex Yr Head" on jacket; Minor Threat "In My Eyes" 7" Dischord #5, black jacket/ light blue label - $90 each or both $170. Royal Trux debut on Royal Records $50. UXA "Illusions of Grandeur" original on Posh Boy $25. Call (614) 594-8295 or write Brad, 102 Mill Street, Athens, OH 45701. Money orders only.

CLASSIFIEDS

40 WORDS $2/ 60 WORDS $3 MAX--CASH ONLY!!!

xLAS VEGAS STRAIGHT EDGEx Is there a scene in this town? I will be moving to L.V. in May-June '93. I want to make some contacts before then. I play guitar/bass and skate also. Any and all straight edgers in Las Vegas please write. Eric Fortner, 3876 Oakes Dr., Hayward, CA 94542.

HELP! Lonely punk into Dead Kennedy's, Black Flag, anything punk. Want correspondence with other punx from anywhere. Send pictures, stories, zines. I'll write back with the same. Please help me meet people. Alison, RR4 Box 5490, Farmington, ME 04938.

WANTED: Beastie Boys Polly Wog Stew EP, Project X EP, BGK EP, Negative Approach LP, Heresy 20 Reasons compact disk, DRI 22 song EP. Will trade Cleans the Bacteria LP, Mob EP, End the Warzone EP, Beastie Boys Cooky Puss LP, Heresy flexi, Violent Children EP, and Judge Schism EP so write to: Joe O, 8922 Ciarind, Pico Rivera, CA 90660, USA.

"I'll KILL ANYONE WHO DOESN'T BUY MY RECORD." So says George Willard. Save yourself. But the Uptight ep, an Industrial folk/ Suburban blues 6 song 7" single. Send 3 bucks to Nut Music, P.O. Box 5033, Herndon, VA 22070.

TRADE: Teen Idles 7"; Verbal Abuse "American Band" LP; Offenders "Lost Causes" 7"; Dischords "Dirty Habits" 7"; Necros "Conquest" LP more... WANTS: Dayglo Abortions "Womb" 12"; Accident "Bee Gees" 7" (no threes); H.O.F. "Richies" 7" (Am. Reptile); Crime "Murder" 7"; Urinals "Sex" 7" more... Send want/trade lists: Mickey, 18145 Soledad Canyon Road #55, Canyon Country, CA 91351.

OUT RIGHT THIS MINUTE: 10-15 civil disturbances/Break-Up split fanzine. The split contains stuff on homophobia, smoking, animal rights, punk, and tons of other stuff. Also reviews! Only $1 ppd. mail to: 10-15 c/o Dan S., 70 W17374 Muskego Dr., Muskego, WI 53150.

HI S.F. + L.A. PUNKS! I'll be in the San Francisco + Los Angeles area between February + March 1993 and need lots of contacts. I publish underground literatures here in Germany. Write to: Isabel Rox, Krummacherstr. 4, 4300 Essen 18, Germany.

HEY DUDES! To "Boo" from A.C. (412)? & "Joke/Jack K."? from Laden, MA (in Band/ Martial Arts; Travels to SF area) Lost your phone #s. Call me up & leave a new phone for me! Locals or visitors in bands, etc. Call Mike S. c/o (415)469-2033. Write me c/o Box 1382, 41 Sutter Street, SF, CA 94101-4903. Check it out, dudes!

HEY DUDES! I'd like to meet any interested w/ms., ages 18-22 who are straight/bisexual "curious" for "safe play" + friends. (Buffed A+!) I like: Headbangers, skateboarders, drummers, thrashers, school "jox" (wrestlers/football), weight lifters, bodybuilders OR? (get way good sports massage w/machines!) (hot vids 2 watch). Super Nintendo? Locals/visitors/bands, etc. Call Mike S. c/o (415)469-2033. Write me c/o Box 1382, 41 Sutter Street, SF, CA 94104-4903.

HERE'S MY FANTASY: I have a lot of friends that share my views. I live in a house with punk people and we take good care of each other. Can someone out there offer me part time employment? I'm 23, hardworking, very pro-choice, PC, vegetarian, non-smoker. Disrupt, E.N.T., Social D. are cool. I can drive for your band when you tour. Kevin Wear, 429C N. 8th Street, Quincy, IL 62301.

AIN'T TOO PUNK ENUFF or are we? New 7" record by The Guilt - "My Own Device" and 16 song cassette. Each is $3.00 pp. to B. Hibbert, 240 Winona Avenue, Washington, PA 15301. Reviewed in MRR #113.

BIG BOYS. Looking for "Live at Raul's" + any fine quality x-large Big Boys t-shirts, especially any of the Zorlac ones. Name a price & we can negotiate. Call or write Chris Shary (303) 490-2893, 905 Whedbee, Ft. Collins, CA 80524

RESIST-22 SONG LP, "The Solution..." with lyric booklet and stickers, still only $6 ppd (USA) or $8 (World). Cassettes on chrome with 2 bonus tracks $5 ppd anywhere. Live cassette, Live video, and new Lp— all coming soon! Write! Resist c/o Ward Young, 3206 SE Rex St., Portland, OR 97202

TRADES: Adverts "No time..." 7", Mutants "Bossman" 7", Anti Pasti "Set Them Free" 7" (red), Poison Idea "Feel the Darkness" 7", "Darby..." (blue), Rabid "Bloody Road..." 7", Legionaires Disease 7", A Priori- 12" Wants: Sado Nation 7", Breakouts "No More" 12", Wipers DBL Lp live boot, Conflict 7"'s, and old UK/DC/California/etc stuff, also want Rezillos-Lp, Ward Young, 3206 SE Rex St., Portland, OR 97202

INDUSTRIAL COWS #4 is out now. Interviews with SSD, 1.6 Band, Artse, Prohibition, and Momentum plus pics, writings, etc! 1/2 size, 56 pages, heavy cover and even a free sticker all for $2.00 ppd... Also, the Contrast newsletter free with zine order or send a stamp. Plus I'm looking to trade/buy older straight edge zines and/or trade records, tapes, etc., Al, 68 Daniel Dr., N. Kingstown, RI 02852

HEY KIDZ! Anybody have photos you've taken of G.G. Allin? And able to make reasonably priced copies for me? Coming soon: G.G. Allin & Vomitose! The two forces unite when he's released from prison! Skeeter, 3212 Birchwood, Wyoming, MI 49548

G.G. ALLIN T-SHIRTS: White with black print on one side. X-large or large only! G.G. giving the world the finger with satan on his shoulder. Bottom says: "Some people say he doesn't belong in our society". Their $10 postpaid in the USA to: Skeeter Rider, 3212 Birchwood, Wyoming, MI 49548 G.G. Allin is God!! Vomitose is coming soon!

FOR TRADE 7": Wretched: Finira Mai? SOB Live 89 + Suckbrain Flexi: Systematic Death 1st; Mess 10"; Morbid Angel 'Blessed' 6x7 box; Blitz "Attack"; Subhumans (UK) All EP's; Sore Throat 1st; Deviated Instinct 1st; Discharge; Xrayspex, Buzzcocks, Crass, Varukers + more. LP's So Much Hate Live, Filthy Christians "Mean", Deviated instinct 'Gutterall', All test pressings. Want: Lipcream 7"s; Quality (SB) Crucifix Tapes + Dehumanization Test Press; Twisted Roots 'Mommy's'; Crass 'Acts'; Antidote, Deep Wound + more. J, 5, The Graylands, Finham, Coventry, UK

GOAT FANZINE #1 is now out. Serial killer of the month, sick artwork, tons of splatter comix, twisted poetry, demented editorials by resident psychopaths, and much more weirdness. All of this for one American dollar. $1.00. Please send a signature stating that you are over 18. Sick shit. Submissions welcome for issue #2. Muthafucka!

BUSH LEAGUE - "SMUT" 7". New songs. Disturbed lyrics. Also "Sicko" 7", 4 songs. The 1st 7" "Fetor", 2 demented love songs. $4 ppd per 7". Better Days Records, 1591 Bardstown Road, Louisville, KY 40205.

INDIGNANTFEW - "STREETSMART GIRL" 7". 6 songs of pure punk rock. Also 1st 7", "Revenge Your Authority", 6 songs. $4 ppd per 7". Better Days Records, 1591 Bardstown Road, Louisville, KY 40205.

NO COMPLY - 7". 5 songs that are fast, short and to the point. A true hardcore band. Dan Quayle beware! $4 ppd to Better Days Records, 1591 Bardstown Road, Louisville, KY 40205.

DEDBOLT - "ARTANE" 7". Slow, powerful and heavy. 4 songs that will mash your head and pulverize your very existence. How beautiful. $4 ppd. Better Days Records, 1591 Bardstown Road, Louisville, KY 40205.

SON OF DOG - "FARCE" 7". Crusty grind, not unlike old Napalm Death. 6 songs with one extended techno-pop new wave hip-hop dance remix of "Gargling Pus". $4 ppd. Better Days Records, 1591 Bardstown Road, Louisville, KY 40205.

CHEAP RECORDS. NEW NON-PROFIT mailorder with only a 25% markup. I have records by these labels: Very Small, THD, Nawpost, Vandal Children, Assorted Porkchops and others. Please send a stamp for full catalog. One Way Mailorder, 8303 Sycamore Place, New Orleans, LA 70118. Bands and labels please write for details or send promo.

DARK SLUDGY ORBS OF THOUGHT from West L.A. area folks. Correspond with and meet in May '93. Halfway screwed-in light bulb, age 20. Cure, Sonic Youth, Tragic Mulatto, modern art, books, writing poems, pulling silvery grease products from my subconscious, cemeteries, late nights, bad/ unusual movies, joke religions, British TV comedies, cartoons, etc. Mike Halchin, 420 Woodley Road, De Kalb, IL 60115.

MAIL ORDER PUNK, hardcore, thrash and noise vinyl. UK, European, US, etc. - dirt cheap prices. Imports, bootlegs, rarities, new releases. Over 600 titles in stock. Send IRC for list to Smash CDs, basement flat, 26 Esplanade Gardens, Scarborough, N. Yorks, Y011 2AP, UK.

WANTED: LAZY COWGIRLS self-titled debut LP, DMZ "Live at Barnaby's" '78 LP, Dead Boys "We Have Cum For Your Children" LP, Gravediggers "Move To It" LP, any Milkshakes and/ or Mighty Caesars LPs, EPs, etc. Nothing to trade, but will pay fair price for good condition records. Write Murray, 4444 Westheimer, Apartment 221, Houston, TX 77027-4816.

WANTED: I WILL PAY good prices for the following: Germs "Let the Circle Be Unbroken" LP, DOA "Expo Hurts" 7". Also most original Subhumans records. Also I want most Touch and Go, Dischord 7"s. Send me your list of hardcore records to Dave, 45 Somerset Road, Radford Coventry CV1 4EG, England.

THE HERETIC OF LIMA seeks penfriends. Peruvian boy aged 22 living in Norway now. Into Dead Can Dance, X-Mal Deutchsland, Puke. Gothics, punks, freaks and everyone should write. Rafael c/o Annika Wattne, Munkegata 7, 0656 Oslo, Norway.

YOUTH KORPS A few copies of the first CT HC bands 7" recorded at RadioBeat in Boston in 1982 available for $6.00. Comes with free 30 minute demo tape - Youth Korps P.O. 506, New London, CT 06320

LOSER, AGE 19, seeks friends to write to. Digs all sortsa music. Plays bass/git and used to sing for a crummy cover band. Michael/Box 1311/ Taylor, MI 48180.

CLASSIFIEDS

40 WORDS $2/ 60 WORDS $3 MAX--CASH ONLY!!!!

EXCUSE ME. I'm looking for UrgeOverkill and Killdozer, the 7" from Amphetamine Reptile. I'll either buy it from you or I'll trade. Mr. Chris johnson 560 printz Rd., Arroyo Grande CA, 93420

PREGNANT NUNS FOR sale/trade! Actually what I want is mail from you, I like bands - Alice Donut, Nomeans no, Bauhaus, Steelpole Bathtub, Sonic Youth, and other things. Write me and make the world a dirtier place. Melodie P.O. Box 1114 Eureka, CA 95502.

MISFITS!! "Die, Die..." white vinyl signed $100; "Evilive" green vinyl repress signed $50; Samhain "Unholy..." 2nd press $50; Danzing 1st LP signed $50; Bootleg: "Beware 7" signed by Bobby Steele $10; Vibrators "Guilty" LP $20; Doggy Style "Side by Side" LP sealed $25; Sewer Zombies "Reach Out and..." LP $20; GI's "boycott..." 12" pink vinyl signed $20; Manifest Destiny 12" $20; Lifesblood "Defiance 7" $15; The Hated "No More We Cry" 7" $15. Sean, 338 Vines St., Beth., PA 18015.

I NEED THE FOLLOWING and I'll exchange money, records or sexual favours for them...Neon Judgement - Miss Brown 12"; Oingo Boingo - Dead Man's Party 12"; Diamondhead - Diamond Lights 12"; Danielle Dax - Pop Eyes LP, Big Blue '82 or any Lemon Kittens...copies acceptable. Chris, PO Box 3246, Kent, OH 44240. I'm not rich but I'll mortgage my soul if necessary...

LOOKING FOR FRIENDS! 18 year old male into Jawbreaker, NoFX, Samiam, OpIvy, Green Day, etc. is looking for people in the San Fernando Valley, LA, Hollywood, to hand with 13-18 years, M/F, open minded, SxE, non SxE. Please write to Mike, 89275 Snowden Ave., Arleta, CA 91331.

AUCTION: SubPop 7"s-Das Damen, Pussy Galore/Tad, Helios Creed, Rapeman, Babes in Toyland, first Afghan Wigs, Lubricated Goat, Blood Circus 12". Also Avengers 7" (xerox crucifix sleeve), Black Randy LP and big SupPop and older punk set sale list. Send bids, want/trade lists, and SASE for my lists to Barry L., 639 Coventry Road, Kensington, CA 94707.

AMERICAN IN EUROPE. Leaving for Frankfort in April. Young, female photographer, looking for entrusting, fun people to help with research on underground scene in Germany, France, Switzerland, and Italy, maybe more. Would love to hear from anyone that lives or has been to Europe. Katharine Wright, 1411 West Covell #106, Box 227, Davis, CA 95616.

TWO PARTS POP, three parts fun-wow that was stupid, but then stupid can sometimes be fun. Write and find out about Uncommon Society: c/o THD, 2020 Seabury Ave., Minneapolis, MN, 55406. Yes. Yes. New 7" out soon on THD.

FREE MAILORDER catalog full of punk records, tapes, zines, shirts, patches, etc. Fast service, low prices. One stamp or IRC gets you new issue! Write to; Headtrip, 1925 W. Temple St., #108-272, LA, CA 90026, USA. Labels we trade too!

VAMPIRES, arise from your bloodthirsty slumber! Satisfy your craving, children of the night, and join Nocturnal Instinct - the only real organization for vampires. Members receive Bloodthirst magazine, cassette of vampire music, chance to meet fellow vampires, copy of SoulBlood - Vampire poetry, free ads in Bloodthirst, and much more. Please send $5 to Nocturnal Instinct, P.O. Box 357, Suring, WI 54174.

NEW 7" out soon on THD. Uncommon Society single "Days and Years" out soon. Cool, cool, modesty is not our policy. We suck and we know it. Pop-core madness that everyone seems to like: "Laugh It Away" EP still available for $5 US, $7 elsewhere. Bug Jason at THD Records: 2020 Seabury Ave., Minneapolis, MN 55406, USA.

SCHADENFRUEDE - Ad/contact zine #1 out now. Send a stamp or SASE. Send ads to be included in issue 2, free of course. PO Box 10701 Bradenton, FL 34282-0701.

SAPPY, HAPPY, STUPIDITY - Yes, Uncommon Society, good stuff. My mom likes it, so will you. If you enjoy the Doughboys or Big Drill Car, then you love the warm embrace of Uncommon Society's guitars and harmonies. Write THD Records: 202 Seabury Ave., Minneapolis, MN 55406, USA. What a play on words!

WORLD DOMINATION is the plan! Buy a shirt and help spread the virus on a global scale. Fuck the system! 2 29¢ stamps for our 20 pg. catalog. S/M Graphics, PO Box 10701, Bradenton, FL 34282-0701.

29 YR OLD male, desperately seeking pen pals anywhere, any gender. Into death/grind and pop punk. Splatter flicks and cult movies. I'll be here awhile, please write me. Patrick Martin, 574749- E-219 U, Okaloosa Correctional Institution, PO Box 578, Crestview, FL 32536.

SALE. Hardcore/punk/SubPop/etc. records & CDs. Sweden, Japan, UK, Euro, etc. Send IRC/SAE for list. Danny, 7 Third Avenue, Bordesley Green, Birmingham, B9SRW UK.

SHADOWS HIDE MY LIGHT. Mountains of Magick cover me. An antechamber opens, do you dare? Come Now Maiden, I will be the discipline and the strength you desire. My wing are solace, to be exalted as the true Goddess you are, my gift to you! Come, beautiful Pagan child. Thomas Jackson, ASPC-F, 63164, Florence AZ, 85232.

SALE/TRADE. Misfits, Undead, Confuse, Crow, Germs, Disorder, Discard, Mob-47, Amebix, Antisect, Helmet, Heresy, P. Idea & thousands more. Also rare video's Discharge Live '83, many Japanese bands. Danny, 7 Third Avenue, Bordesley Green, Birmingham. B9SRW, UK.

DESPERATELY WANTED: Drunk Tank "Leadfoot" 7"; Drunk Tank "Hayride" 7"; Jesus Lizard "Gladiator" give away 7"; Therapy? "Meat Abstract" 7"; Yell-O-Yell "Shoot the Truth" 7" EP; pay well; offers to: Wolfgang Kunst; Wittmannstrasse 6; 4100 Duisburg 11, Germany.

21 YEAR OLD PAGAN encaged in hell. I bare myself to those who dare look into my essence. Magick is my life, bondage and discipline I give, your master is waiting. Trod my cloven hooved path, give to me that which makes you suffer. Excite me, female creatures of the night! Tyrus McGehee, PO Box B-83411, Florence, AZ 85232.

DEAR READER, this is an attempt to sell 190-Proof's 9 song cassette for $4.00. If you're into hardcore/punk, try it. Send to: Gary Fitzgerald, 3 Crossbow Ct., Newport News, VA 23602.

MMM. . . . BABIES! Thimblerigger zine #1 is now done. Interviews with All and Jawbox, poetry, reviews, drawings, the fuck page and other rants. All for only $1 ppd. Bands, send stuff for review and radio play. 4017 Brassfield Dr., Rocky Mount, NC 27803.

DS4A now has a brand new massive catalogue. Loads of all your faves, records, CDs, books, comics, fanzines, fiction, T-shirts, patches, badges, etc. Britain's biggest non-capitalist distro in full effect. Get in touch. Send us an SAE (UK) or 2xIRC (elsewhere) to: DS4A, Box 8, 82 Colston Street, Bristol, Avon, UK.

RAPID FIRE MAGAZINE #8, $2 Postage Paid. 32 pages, Contains: reviews, Boston Scene Report, Laconia Motorcycle Weekend, 242-Main Club, Reggae Fest, more. See review of RFM #7 in MRR #113. Mail to: RFM, Box 3370, RD#2, Bristol, VT 05443

FUCK MEAT EATING! Order a Wood Box Fanzine "End Factory Farming/Animals are people too" 3x2 100% cotton T-shirt. $7.00 ppd. to Wood Box, 1507 Benton St., Poplar Bluff, MO 63901. SXE kids write soon!

AMERICA'S NUMBER 1 underground sex sourcebook, all lifestyles and kinks included. Only $.800 ppd. Portion of proceeds go to anti-censorship and freedom organization. Cash, checks, m.o.'s to Craig Blomquist, 48 Beck, Lindenhurst, IL 60046.

PINK LINCOLNS "Back from the Pink Room" LP's. 35 left from original 1000 released in '88. Sealed. $7 ea. ppd. (or $9 ppd outside of US). Cash only. Pink Lincolns, P.O. Box 310754, Tampa, FL 33680-0754.

FOR SALE: Conflict "Stupid Bastards" 10, Dicks "These People" 10, Damned - first LP 10, Godflesh "Slavestate" 10, Godflesh "Slavestate" (remixes) 10, Ill Repute "Omelette" 10, Poison Girls "Pleasure" 10, Lurkers "Final Vinyl" 10, Plasmatics "Butcher" 8, Special Forces/LP 10, Stikky "Lunchpail" 10, One Way System "Angels" 8, Continues below.

CHAOTIC DISCHORD "Live N.Y." 12, Slits "Cut" (Spanish) 12, Slaughter+Dogs "live Belle Vue" 12, Reagan Youth "Youth Anthems" (orig) 20, Accident "Clockwork Legion" 12, Adverts "Thousands" 12, Cult Maniax "Where Do We All Go" 12, Poison Girls "7 Year Scratch" (DBL) 12, C. Dischord "Virgin Killers" 12, Nirvana "Sliver" 15. Continues below.

DISORDER "Singles" (12") 12, Disorder "GI-DIN" 12, Crass "Christ" (box) 8, Comp LPs: Devastate To Liberate 10, We Don't Want Your War 10, We Got Power (Part Two) 10, World War Three 10, Peace/War (DBL) 10, Bullshit Detector 2 (DBL) 14. Send one dollar to two I.R.C.'s to: P.R., 19 Aitken Ct., Leven, Fife, Scotland, KY8 4LL. Wants: F - LP.

1500 PUNK RECORDS- reasonable prices. Rare UK, foreign, US. Send wants and SASE c/o P.O.Box 151244, San Diego, CA 92175

THE DUMMIES 7" is out now. Drunken garage wild punk rock-n-roll. 4 songs. Black vinyl! Ltd edition of 300. Send 3 bucks to: The Dummies, 60 Vista Circle, Etters, PA 17319. Fuck you. Die. Kill. Eat shit. Fight.

JBG! JBG! Hey man, are ya' still punk as fuck? Better be. Bush came here to spout lies. I shot at him but missed. Carole went psycho on me. Lee's a bone. You get the picture. I can walk, I'm sure that I can dance. Just a saint of circumstance. Just a tiger in a trance. Much love. MMG

WANTED: Poems, pictures, cartoons. Anything about Satanism, witchcraft, vampires. I will answer all letters. Send anything you have. Need more information thou making my own fanzine. Donate anything. Rocky Ryderberg Jr., 6274 Brick Rd. Oregon, IL 61061

CLASSIFIEDS

40 WORDS $2/ 60 WORDS $3 MAX--CASH ONLY!!!!

TRADE: SSD-Kids (boot) + get + Rock Lp's, DYS- 2nd Lp (orig), Last Rights- 7", Process of Elim comp 7" (T+G), Boston not LA comp Lp, Ripcord-all 7" + Lp's, Heresy- 20 reasons CD etc, etc. Loads of old English stuff too. Wants: Damage-Sins Lp (NY), Freeze- Tourists 7", The Fix- Jan's Room 7" etc. Send lists to: Steve, 8 Yew Tree Park, Congresbury, NR Bristol, Avon. B519 5ED. England.

WANTED: Anything by Amebix, Antisect, Toxic Waste, or The Mob. I'll buy them or for trade I have: Disorder "Distortion to Deadness" 7", Disorder "Mental Disorder" 7", Chaos UK "Burning Britain" 7", Dirt "Object Refuse..." 7", Flux of Pink Indians "Neu Smell" 7", Anthrax "Capitalism is Cannibalism" 7", Write to: Aaron, 4135 NE Fairacres, Corvallis, Oregon 97330 Send phone # if possible.

SALE/TRADE 7", 12"- BGK, Adicts, CH3, DK, DI, Dickies. Exploited, Germs, GBH, Freeze, FU's, Meatmen, Misfits, SSD, 7 sec, Fartz, Kaaos, Partisans, Stains, AOD, Blitz, Abrasive Wheels, Chaos UK, English Dogs, Bad Brains... 400 more. Stamp. (206) 486-8909 Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday- 8am-1pm PST. Jason/4206 228 St. SE/Bothell WA 98021 USA. Wants- Detention, Genetic Control. Teen Idols.

FAMOUS HARDCORE of punkland zine #3 Psycho #4 Negative Approach #5 Sons of Ishmael #6, Impulse Manslaughter $1.00 Ea. ppd. Outside US/Canada add $2.00 airmail. Craig Hill, 220 Standish #1, Redwood City, CA 94063 Cash only.

RARE PUNK at low prices! Subhumans, Misfits, Blitz, Dickies, and hundreds more. T-Shirts, CD's, Tapes, Stickers, and Badges too. For Big Catalog send two stamps to Dr. Strange Records, P.O. Box 7000-117, Alta Loma, CA 91701

QUEER WM shy moody modern primitive pagan shaman poet tattooed writer woodworker musician sex magician sci-fi/fantasy nut individualistic weirdo into music books creativity lust tribal drumming rituals camping Pleasure TOPY Celtic Faery lore howling at the moon unity of body and spirit gardening exploring people intimacy bodies souls hearts. Gabriel, 750 La Playa, #716 SF, CA 94121

THIS IS A BLACKLISTING cuz I had no choice! The following owe me tapes: Nada K., 547 Allegheny Ave. #3, Towson, MD 21204 (1 tape), Sean/ Alice Fowlkes, PSC #1 Box 4768, APO AA 34001 (2 tapes). Write back! Necro Joe, 3115 Overcross Drive, Houston, TX 77045. Don't need fuckin ripoffs! Also: Will, 3512 Robin, Texarcana, TX 77503-2152 (1 tape).

QUIT YOUR JOB, buy weapons & drugs, go on vacation and get rich by selling me your records...I'm gaga over and in need of the following: Abused "Loud & Clear" EP, Articles of Faith "I Got Mine" EP, Negative Approach EP, Halo of Flies "Rubber Room", Halo of Flies "Snapping Black Roscoe Bottles" and "Richies Dog", Negative Trend 7", Dicks "Hate the Police" 7", Varukers "Another Religion, Another War" 12", Viletones "Screaming Fist/ Possibilities" EP, Viletones "Swastika Girl / Don't You Lie" +3 EP, Rude Kids "Punk Will Never Die" 7", Rude Kids LP. Freddy the Bastard, PO Box 14932, Gainesville, FL 32604.

ATTENTION HARDCORE BANDS: L.A.'s only Sunday afternoon show is looking for any and all bands (punk, core, whatever), signed and unsigned, local or national. Other nights also available. Call Ari Vaino at 310/392-2257 or send package to: 2001 Penmar Ave. #8, Venice, CA 90291.

ACHTUNG! POGO ON YOUR Fucking Face Distribution is once again active, responsive, committed, purposefully functioning entity of sorts. For current catalog/ listing including hundreds of pointless, worthless, meaningless and hopeless punk rock associated products and documents, send uno US or 2 IRCs World to Pogo On Your Fucking Face Distribution, c/o Freddy the Bastard, PO Box 14932, Gainesville, FL 32604.

THE ZINE OF ZINES: I'm working on the zine to cover all zines great and small, past and present. Send me your zines, old zines, new zines. Early contributions of $2 or more greatly appreciated. If I can get 15 zines and $15, I'm doing the zine. You won't be disappointed! Patrick Zzzine, RR #5 Box 116B, Jacksonville, IL 62650.

I DON'T LIKE LABELS, but...I'm a straight edge, vegetarian, atheist, existentialist, anarchist, pacifist, punk into Fugazi, AmRep, Cows, Steel Pole Bathtub, etc. My life has been going less than perfect lately and I could use some new friends or more. Take a chance. I guarantee I'll write back. Dylan, 3219 E. Joppa Road, Baltimore, MD 21234.

THE FALL OF FACTSHEET FIVE: The untold story of what happened to F5 and Mike Gunderloy is in Obscure #18. Just $2. Send to Obscure, PO 1334, Milwaukee, WI 53201.

PSYCHO PUBLISHER "FULL FORCE Frank"...he's disappeared. Where'd he go? Will he resurface? Read Obscure #17 and find out. Just $2. Send to Obscure, PO 1334, Milwaukee, WI 53201.

STRANDED IN PORT ANGELES. 25 year-old male desires female friendship, companionship in this general area, and letters from all other despondent females. Into Sonic Youth, The Birthday Party, Nomeansno, Felt, Thatcher on Acid, old Christian Death, solitude, night time, fantasies, dreams, tattoos, piercing, bizarre artwork, independent thought, etc... Reply to Dean, PO Box 1914, Port Angeles, WA 98362-0403.

7" RECORD AUCTION: Massacre Guys (pre-All), AOD/ Bedlam split, Crucial Youth "Straight...", YOT "Can't Close...", Crippled Youth "Join...", DRI "Violent...", Side By Side "..Young Once", Rest in Pieces "Why Are We Here?" comp. Send bids to Oogy, 1560 Bloor Street East #71, Mississauga, Ontario, Canada L4X 1R8.

BE PUNK or just look like you are! Buy my old(and a few newer)punk shirts. Some are faded but you'll just look "old school" then. They're only $5 each. Send SASE for list: P.O. Box 420843, S.F., CA 94142-0843

I'VE JUST WAKEN UP recentley, to political activism, new forms of music and people. I'm 22 a vegetarian, into Hip-Hop, Punk, Reggae, Funk, everythang! Straight, but open minded. Seth/Frantic Puzzle, P.O. Box 6188, Fullerton Ca. 92634

23 YEAR OLD vegetarian interested in meeting more activist. Into alternative underground music, anti apartheid movement, protest art, street theatre, publishing fanzines, etc. Regardless of what race or sex you are. Jae P.O. BoX 6188 Fullerton Ca. 92634

SWALLOW is a new zine. Yes, another. We are looking for your ideas/comments/artwork. We stand for no sexism, no homophobia, and no racism. If you fit, submit. Swallow c/o C.A.N., P.O. Box 16359 Balto., MD 21210.

WRITE ME I listen to Crass, Neurosis, Nausea. I'm a vegetarian. Don't like homophobic, racist people. I write long letters. I'll respond to any letters. Write about your political beliefs, sexual fantasies, or anything. Audrey P.O. Box 16359, Baltimore, MD 21210.

BANDS: Send info or demos for possible consideration. New label looking for mainly Striaght Edge bands (not necessary) to sign to new label. Send shit to Salvation Records, 416 East 25th Street, Hamilton, Ontario, L8V-3B3, Canada.

SUBPOP 7" SALE Lazy Cowgirls, Das Damen, L-7, Dinosaur Jr., Nirvana/Fluid, Sonic Youth/ Mudhoney, Poison Idea, Tad, Dickless, Dwarves, and more. Write or call. Send lists: Steven, P.O. Box 8649, Austin, TX 78713-8649. (512)-505-1823. Need 7"ers by Defnics and Shock.

MISSION OF BURMA "Signals," "VS." Cramps "Exalted Potentates." Negative Approach "Tied" original. Tad "Jinx." Pink Slip Daddy "LSD" 10". Sickidz 10" w/screenprint. Amebix 7". Joneses 7". "Pussy Gold 5000." FU's "Kill for Christ." Agnostic "Victim" gatefold. 13th Floor Elevators "Early Live" Robt. Williams art. Sell, hopefully trade (please, God!) for Raygun "Basement." Hughes 525 NW 19th LN Gainesville, FL 32609.

NEUROTIC GOTH GUY, 22, seeks any children of god into truth beauty, madness, art, dawn, current 93, Death In June, Swans, Bauhaus, etc... We haven't much time left. Dave Grave, 14 Rundell Pk. #4 Rochester, NY 14607. You out there Clownshoes? Please write.

THE SCYTHIAN PAGAN CHURCH of ethnobotanical shamanism recognizes sacred plants as religious sacraments. Learn about your psychedelic birthright and historical relationship to plant entheogens. Send SASE. Scythian Church, P.O. Box 385 Cheltenham, PA 19012. The best medicine comes from mother earth.

USA WAS FOUNDED on Libertarian principles which don't include fascist, authoritarianism or hemp prohibition. Info about libertarian party and fully informed jury association. Send SASE: Libertarian information, POB 19012. Patriots need only obey just laws.

MRR SHITWORKER WONDERS: Doesn't anyone run normal ads about records anymore? I want this stuff: V/A "Barricaded Suspects", Civil Dissident 7"s, 1st Instigators 7", Impatient Youth 7", Panics (IN) EP, Proletariat "Indifference" LP, "Death of a Hedonist" 45, Undertones 1st LP, Salvation Army "Mind Gardens" 45, plus a million other things. I'll but or trade. Tastes run from some pop punk to grind. The biggie though is, generic US HC 80 - 83. If it sounds like Th'Inbred, how can ya go wrong? Please write Lali c/o MRR.

POINT BLACK RECORDS: Apologizes to anyone who hasn't got their records. Please write me and I'll send it ASAP! I have some copies left of Unit Pride, Jury and Gasolene. All are $3.75 ppd. anywhere. Point Black, 007 Market St., Mount Wolf, PA 17347-9774 or call (717)266-5835 after 8pm EST. Mo's to Jason Bush only.

NEW YORK CHICK being uprooted to Boynton Beach Florida (approx. Feb. '93)...Looking for scene info, clubs, shows, record/zine stores, people from area, etc...Likes include ska, industrial, gothic, body modification, perversity, comedy, coffee, politics, open mindness, horror movies, books, etc...Please help!!! Kerri Napolitano/50 Gregory Ave/Merrick NY 11566.

CLASSIFIEDS

40 WORDS $2/ 60 WORDS $3 MAX--CASH ONLY!!!

WEIRD POSTCARDS! Drawings by Andy C., Josex, Aural Augasm, Blair Wilson and many more. 10 cards $2, 30 cards $5 only to: Jouni Waarakangas, Kaarelantie 86 B 28, 00420 Helsinki, Finland.

RADICAL HOMO HARDCORE pissed off queer. rhythm guitarist into Bad Religion, Circle Jerks, Black Flag, Avengers, etc., looking for musicians to form politically radical homo band - anger a must. P.O. Box 11371, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33339 - (305)360-4121.

VOL.1 BEGINNING CHAPTER #1 FANZINE. Just a book of poetry. Rockdy Rydeberg Jr., 6274 Brick Rd., Oregon, IL 61061. Free with 2 29 cent stamps.

WANTED 7"S: Gears, Queers 1st, Eat both, Plugz 1st, Offenders 1st, Crime 2nd, Heart Attack, Haskels, Ice Nine, Freestone, Alcoholics, Ejectors, Hollywood Squares, Degenerates, Reactors, Mentally Ill 2nd, Embarrassment, Tragics, Brainpolice, General Foodz, Dogs, Sado Nation, Sudden Fun, Cold Cock, Stains, Poodle Boys, Weasels, Mary Monday, Asexuals, Silly Killers, Genetic Control. . . Cash or trade. Ari, Box 545, 40101 JKL, Finland.

G.G. ALLIN AND THE MURDER JUNKIES - assault with intent to murder. . . raw, bloody, violent and deadly. Undergrounds rock 'n revolutionary terrorists. It's my war. Become an ally or get caught in the crossfire. Hate Core for the 90's. . . Allin, 206045, Jackson Prison, MI 49204.

DOES ANYONE FROM PORTLAND, OR. or SF remember Lorelei from Portland? I miss my friends from the West Coast and would like them to come to New Orleans. Lorelei Louise, 2501 Decatur, New Orleans, LA 70117. Anyone else interested in coming to New Orleans also write. That means you too, Tommy!.

PROJECT X, Walk Proud 7" (green), Social Justice, Necros, Fugazi, Agnostic Front, Judge and others for trade. Want: JFA, McRad, skate rock and Italian HC. Arrigo Bernardi, via Piave 4, Treviso, 31100, Italy.

HI THERE FROM THE LAND OF KANGAROOS. The Opea House and the Hard-Ons. Speaking of which, if you happen to be into the aforementioned band. Plus anything else from Sub-Pop Grunge to HC/Punk and some Death-Grind, Sci-Fi, coffee, collecting flyers and pasta, then write to me. My names Mark and I'm 27. 6-6/8 Ross Street, Gladesville 2111, N.S.W. Sydney, Australia.

DIY 7"S: For Sale. I distribute current HC/ Punk & more. Domestic trades welcome. Send a stamp - you get a list. ICE Records CT, P.O. Box 020154, Brooklyn, NY 11202-0004.

ATTENTION: Romantic Punks, Bury Jenny's new cassette EP is available now for $5. Includes the single 1978. Make checks payable to Boot Hill Records. Bury Jenny, P.O. Box 142282, Austin, Texas 78714-2282.

CHARLIE MANSON. Devil? God? Does anyone have his address? If you do, or just have a fascination with him, please feel free - - Manson's Friends, 63 Argyle Park, Buffalo, NY 14222.

TIMESCAPE ZERO 6 song tape out now, "Welcome to the Kali Yuga." Only $3.50 ppd. Often compared to old Cro-Mags, Helmet, and Bad Brains. Send postal money order (only) or cash to POB 820407, South Florida, Florida 33082-0407.

WANTED: Tour posters/flyers and video of Sonics, NY Dolls, Stooges, Dead Boys, Scientists, Hendrix, Doors, Cramps, Cream and Jane's Addiction. Also want Reverend Horton Heat - Big Little Baby 7" and Pain Teens - My Desire 7". Can pay cash or trade Texas punk rock '78 to '84. Eg., Bobby Soxx, Vomit Pigs, Dicks, Huns. . . Box 33033, Austin, TX 78764-0033. (512)445-6423.

WANTED: Records, zines, VHS zines, tapes, T-shirts, CD's and everything else to sell on consignment in my small record shop. Send to: John's Music, 633 W. Layfayette St., Norristown, PA 19401

WHA! BAS IS SELLING his records. 300 items of rare hardcore/punk records. Lots of early US and UK records like Iron Cross, SS Decontrol, Social Distortion. RF7. Circle One. Send SASE for a big list to Bas Berkhoff, Promenade 85, JC 6411 Heerlen, Holland.

HEADACHE DESCRIBED - A funny, serious and open minded fanzine. Features stuff ranging from anarchism and being yourself to tattoos and raising hell. Has interviews with Econochrist, J-Church and others. 32 pgs. Send me your zine, demo or $1 for an issue. I'm also seeking pen pals. Mark, 909 Terrace Place, Modesto, CA 95350.

MISUNDERSTOOD YOUTH into lotsa grind, death, HC wants pen pals. Into zines, psychopaths and gruesome thoughts. Both genders write, but teenage females in TX or LA especially. No freak poseurs. Richard, 503 El Dorado #1706, Webster, TX 77598.

BALTIMORE PUNKS! I know you are out there! I need info on the Balto. "scene"- clubs, shows, etc. I'm 20 and into punk and goth. Liz Jones, Gilman Box 476, Johns Hopkins, Charles and 34th Streets, Baltimore, MD 21218.

BUGEYED'S SOLID WALL of astro-monsterfication can now be recreated via stereo equipment. Point your antenna towards Words of Warning Records, PO Box 119, Newport, Gwent, Wales, NP9 7YD, UK.

SINGER/ FRONTMAN NEEDED for established punk band. Music, lyrics, gigs ready to go. West Los Angeles/ Hollywood, CA area. (310) 454-5708.

WRITE ME TODAY. I was walking down the street to the most happenin' rock steady beat...My road is one of sandpaper. Write me penis vagina things. I walked into the wall. I wish it was you. I work on my car. Got greasy hands. Need to pee. I need help. Max, PO Box 3314, Santa Clara, CA 95055.

SIMBA NO. 1. Interviews with Into Another & Struggle. Articles on evolution, abortion, comics, straight edge girls. Cost: £1/$3. From: Ms Vique Martin, 20 Brangwyn Way, Brighton, Susses Bn1 8XA, England.

NOTHING BUT RECORD REVIEWS: Winter '92 out now! Send $3 for latest issue with John Trubee prank phonecall cassette and the Board-Ebert transcripts. Plus Compilations from Hell and lots more. Or send $1 for The Punk Auction, with lotsa memorabilia from those golden days of punkrock. Cash, Checks, or MOs to: Seidboard World Ent., PO Box 137, Prince Street Sta, NYC 10012.

BODIES IN THE STREETS, black flags flying, Jesus tripping on acid pissing in his pants and saying full all you followers and fuck authority. The CNF video is only $15 postage paid to: CNF POB 9152, Va. Beach, VA 23450.

RECORDS FOR SALE: X-Wild Thing 12" $15, Poison Idea-Sub Pop 7" $15, Rapeman-Sub Pop 7" $30, Naked Raygun-Treason 12" $20, Dickies-Gigantor 3" CD $12, Shattered Faith-Live-LP $15, send stamp for complete list to: Bishop, 2220 Walnut St., #402, Philadelphia, PA 19103.

MAKING A FEAR & LOATHING ROADTRIP across to Los Angeles after New Year's (via New Orleans) and looking for some cool people to join me for the ride, or along the way. Write. Sean, PO Box D, Blacksburg, VA 24063-1018.

TRADE/SALE: Infest - 7"; Heresy-Healed Flexi; Doom-Police 7"; Crass-Whodunit 7" (brown) D. Silence-Ego 7"; Infest/PHC-Flexi (blue); D.I.-Tragedy (orange); Half-Off-Guns 7" (clear); Insted-Difference 7" (red); Samhain-Hell 7" (boot); Poison Idea-Filthkick EP, Discontent 7", War lp, MacKaye lp, Jams 7" pla; Royal Trux - 2x7"; Zero-7"; Slapshot-Firewalker 7" (white); White Zombie - God 12" (green); WANTS: Social Unrest-Youth 7"; Conflict-House 7"; Final Conflict-Family EP, Messiah EP, Bitch 7"; Discharge-Fight 7"; Peni-both 7"s; Dwarves-Fuckhead 7"; Flipper-HaHa 7"; Edward 5409 Dobbs St., LA CA 90032.

VERY BORED 18 year old college student in Chicago, looking for a zine in the area to contribute to, or maybe someone to start one up with. Also, looking for people from anywhere to write to. Anne. 1993 W. Polk St., SRH Rm. 435, Chicago, IL 60612.

CREEPING AND CRAWLING for stimulus of the communicatin variety. Care to discuss the mundanity and atrocity of daily life? Let me know what you think. Write: Ugly, 601 Van Ness Avenue, #E-3316, San Francisco, CA 94102. P.S. If anyone has seen Lenny Goose, tell Lenny that I miss Lenny. Thanks. Bye.

PUNK, NOISE, ROCK, HARDCORE, JAZZ. 7" 10" 12" vinyl & CDs. Amphetamine Reptile, SFTRI, Siltbreeze, Touch & Go, Majora, Vermiform, Public Bath, Skene, Wardance, Matador, Dionysus, SST, Taang, Sub Pop, Revelation, K, Teenbeat, Allied, Ajax, Lookout, Staplegun, Alterntive Tentacles, Drag City, Scat, Dischord, Boner, Very Small and more! Send for free mail-order catalong. ERL Records, 418 Madison Ave., Albany NY 12210, 518-432-0851.

ATTENTION FEMALE BANDS: Riot Grrrl NYC would like to hear from you and help you book shows. Call/write if you're coming to NYC or want to: We need to stick together! For info/leave message #212-875-7039 or Riot Grrl c/o Elena H, PO Box 188 Cooper Stn, NY, NY 10003.

TIRED OF THE SAME OLD SCENE? Join Riot Grrrl NYC. If you live in the NY area, or just visiting, meetings are Sundays 8:30PM at Reconstruction Records, 216 E 6th St, NY, NY 10003. All are welcome, call for info/leave message 212-875-7039 or write Riot Grrrl c/o Elena H, PO Box 188 Cooper Stn, NY, NY 10003.

DESPERATELY SEEKING RECORDS by Appendix, Anti Cimex, Riistetyt, Kansan Uutiset, Vorkriegsphase, Shitlickers, Skeptix, Huvudtvatt plus many more. Have old US records but would rather pay cash. Send lists and prices/wants to: Kelly, 1951 W Burnside #1654, Portland, OR 97209.

SINGLE GUY wants letter and photo from oriental girls who enjoy travel, sex and music. James, PO Bos 1874, Arcadia, CA 91077. Thanks!

TAPE CLASSIFIEDS

40 WORDS $2CASH

TYPHOID MARY: "The Darkest Weeks" This cassette has had KXLU airplay. The gloom of Typhoid's female monotones/ drones, the whining guitar, and the maniacal bass are all enough to make you wince in pain. What more could you want? $4.00 ppd. (cash) The Distribution Company #76, 2620 E. Carson St., Lakewood, CA 90712

FREE: THE DISTRIBUTION COMPANY catalog. Featured are cassettes; comic fanzine that you need! Do you have an original thought in your brain? Write now and prove that you're alive. The Distribution Company #76, 2620 E. Carson St. Lakewood, CA 90712

SCIENCE FICTION OPERA: "3035" An obscure cassette containing seven songs of agony that will definitely please your dying ears. "...very sort of interesting" KXLU $4.00 ppd. (cash). The Distribution Company #76, 2620 E. Carson St., Lakewood, CA 90712

MIAN GEORGE: cassette Ep, This intense two-piece band (pronounced "me an' George") is the epitome of melody and hardcore. They've been named "...the alternative to the alternative." $2.00 ppd. Cash. The Distribution Company #76, 2620 E. Carson St., Lakewood, CA 90712

VIDEO-LOOKING FOR TRADERS who tape shows in their area. I'll also trade for low generation shows only (unless it's rare or something). I have about 200 shows (which includes stuff that I shot in DC this summer). Joe Hunter CPO Box 710195 Tulsa, Ok 74171.

VIDEO-ATTENTION! If you taped any of the following bands this summer: Nation of Ulysses, Ween, Hammerhead, Drive Like Jehu, Teenage Fanclub, Pale Saints, Dwarves, or Alloy write Joe Hunter CPO Box 710195 Tulsa, Ok 74171 to see if we can work something out.

PEARL JAM VIDEOS! The Troc, Phili, Pa. 4-10-92, The Limelight, NYC 1992. For trade and sale. 15$ for 1, 25$ for 2. Will trade for others. Also available on audio. 5$ each. Trade only video list available upon request. Surround Sound Productions, P.O. Box 160, Miller Place NY 11764.

HEY YOU!! Now that I've got your attention. Could someone please tape me the following stuff: Pinhead Gunpowder demo, everything by Helmet except new 7", everything from Screeching Weasel especial;ly the "Happy Horny Gay" 2x7", Resist "United States of Apathy", 1st Shudder To Think LP on Sammich, NoFX 1st LP and S&M Airlines, Antischism "Live In The Studio", "All There... and Stinks Of Death", and "End Of Time", Destroy "Create Chaos", anything from The Melvins except the "Eggnog" 10". I can supply you with blank tapes and postage money. Write now: Jamie Balfe, 34 Marble St, Manchester, CT 06040.

HELLRAISER III unrated version. Excellent quality from master. $45 ppd cash only. S Pratt, PO Box 1703, NY, NY 10009-8908.

HEY! CAN ANYONE TAPE FOR ME: The Fix Jans Room, AOD "BBQ," "Not So Quiet on Western Front," "This is Phoenix Not the Circle Jerks." I have great tapes too but I'll pay ya to tape this great music for me. Also need DK's, Plastic Surgery Disasters & Flipside #40, 42, 44. Thanks. Dougie Shepard, 43301 Cielo de Azul, Temecula, CA 92390, (714) 699-5458.

90 MINUTE COMPILATION of live performances from personal collection. '80-present. DC, SubPop, SE hardcore. Good sound quality, no rip-offs. Bishop, 2220 Walnut St. #402, Philadelphia, PA 19103.

HELMET! L7! QUICKSAND! A night of pure rock stardom, live at the Trocadero, Philadelphia, PA 8/18/92. Excellent sounding Sony WMD3 master recordings. Get a 1st gen copy on a Maxell XLII cassette. Price: $7 ppd. for each band's set, $13 ppd. for any two, or all three sets on two cassettes for $16 ppd. Cash/MO only to J. Dudeck, 9 E. Saylor Ave., Plains, PA 18705, USA. 2 stamps/IRCs for large list of audio available.

I'M STARTING A CASSETTE zine. Tape anything you feel worthwhile, e.g. band demos, opinions or anything else. Be creative. No violence, sexism, racism or drugs. I want to get a copy to every fuct-up kid with a tape player. You don't have to be clever, just push a button and go! Chip, 65 Juniper Road, Weston, MA 02193.

CALIFUCKNIA now available on cassette. 21 bands, including Ill Repute, Voodoo Glow Skulls, Guttermouth, Das Clown, Apple Core, X-O Toxins, Large Hardware, Rhythm Collision, Bolsheviks, White Caps and more. 30 songs, all previously unreleased. $7 ppd US, $8 ppd. world. EPs by X-O Toxins, Large Hardware, Voodoo Glow Skulls and Dead Lazlos for $3.50 ppd. US, $5 ppd. world. Michael, 16458 Bolsa Chica #294, Huntington Beach, CA 92649.

VIDEOS, trade only. I have masters and low gens of Circle Jerks, 7 Seconds, Fugazi, Screeching Weasel, Green Day, Shelter and more. Kev, 3809 Princess Anne Road, Suite 107, Box 105, Virginia Beach, VA 23456. All hail ze Spy Woman.

CLASH VIDEO! Tom Snyder 1981, Fridays 1979, Saturday night live 1982, MTV rockumentary & Joe Strummer night network 1988 interview. Ex quality 100 min. Ntsc format $18 post paod money order: Jim Russo 136 E. Main #33 Bloomsburg, PA 17815.

SEX PISTOLS Great rock and roll swindle ex quality 105 min. Hasil Adkins Folk City, N.Y. 1986 close cam shot ex - quality 120 min. Killing Joke Rockpalast Loreley Festival & German TV 1985 ex quality 100 min. $18 each on TDK - EHG cash / money order sase for complete video list Jim Russo 136 E. Main #33 Bloomsburg, PA 17815.

"RACISM IN THE BIBLE" a spoken tape that exposes the racism and sexism in the bible. How the high priests perverted the bible. A Secret Society of Killing & Death. Send $4 to: CNF, POB 9152, Va. Beach, VA 23450.

BANDS WANTED FOR COMPILATION tape. Rehearsal, garage & live stuff OK too. All bands included receive free copy. Send your stuff to Shame File c/o Clinton Green, PO Box 263, Melton 3337, Australia.

EXPERIMENTAL MUSIC SOUGHT FOR compilation cassette release on seed. Copies to contributors. Politically, socially, mentally and physically challenging material would be greatly appreciated. Send all recordings, art, written word to seed c/o RubberFace's Tapeworm, PO Box 95595, Seattle, WA 98145-2595. Please send signed permission to use your material. Contributors retain copyright. No materials returned. Will circulate art/ written word contributions to a couple of Seattle zines if requested.

PSYCHEDELIC VIDEO-60 mind melting minutes of liquid TV. Psychedelic colors spiraling and melting to infinity. Perfect to space to shile in any state of mind. Only $15 ppd. Send to: Sven Ent. 800 S. Pacific Coast Hwy. #8-192, Redondo Beach, CA 90277.

VIDEOS FOR SALE/trade: Big Black, Cure, DKs, Dinosaur, Fugazi, Foetus, Galaxie 500, Helmet, Jane's Mudhoney, Nephilim, Neubauten, NIN, PiL, Prong, RevCo, RHCP, Rollins, Siouxsie, Sisters, Sonic Youth, Soulside, Unrest, lots more. Dave, 35 N. 14th St. #13, Allentown, PA 18102. $1 list.

VIDEOS AVAILABLE: 1992 shows - Buttholes, Fear, Godflesh, Skinny Puppy, Ministry, Jesus Lizard, Firehose, Pearl Jam, Soundgarden, Nymphs, Peter Murphy, Cop Shoot Cop, Murphy's Law, Unsane. Write Dave, 35 N. 14th St. #13, Allentown, PA 18102. List $1, overseas $3.

BRUTAL STRAIGHT EDGE HARDCORE. New Chokehold 4 song cassette out now. Send $3.00 ppd. to: Chokehold, 416 East 25th Street, Hamilton, Ontario, L8V-3B3, Canada. Other bands and zines write for correspondence.

I'M LOOKING FOR ANYTHING by the Dwarves, Misfits, Battalion of Saints, Samhain and Antiseen (mostly videos). Send list and prices to: Wes, 1196 Grant Street #209, Denver, CO 80203.

LIVE OR DEMOS BY: Agent Orange, All, Bad Brains, Bad Religion, Big Drill Car, Buggerall, Buzzcocks, Chemical People, Circle Jerks, Crimpshrine, Dag Nasty, Descendents, Dinosaur jr., Doughboys, Down By Law, Downfall, Fiendz, Fugazi, Goo Goo Dolls, Green Day, Jane's Addiction, Jawbreaker, L7, Milestone, Minor Threat, Misfits, Mr. T Experience, Nirvana, NOFX, Operation Ivy, Samiam, Screeching Weasel, Snuff, Social Distortion, Soup, Superchunk, & Sweet Baby Jesus. Send a SASE to Jason Duncan, 507 Windridge Circle, Inman, SC, 29349 for a complete list.

VIDEOS AVAILABLE! On all world systems. Punk/Hardcore/ Industrial/Movies too! Buttholes, L7, Misfits, Silverfish, Thunders, Sisters, Rollins, Mudhoney, Dickies, Bungle, Babes, Bikini Kill, Neubauten, Skinny Puppy, GG Allin, Current 93, SPK, Descendents, Pegboy, Nirvana, Smashing Pumpkins, Y.O.T., Bold, 7 Seconds, All, Soundgarden, Lunachicks, lots more! Next Day Service! $1. Big list! Call 201-853-4420 or write: P. DeMattia, 8 Haddon Rd., Hewitt, NJ, 07421-2329, USA.

VIDEO FOR TRADE OR SALE: Buzzoven, Polvo, Pavement, Superchunk, Elvis Hitler, My Dad is Dead, Rapeman, Bikini Kill, Dinosaur Jr., Green Magnet School, Ween, Unsane, Tar, Public Enemy. SASE for list. Thanks y'all. Matt, 60 Thompson Ln., Nashville, TN, 37211.

ARE THERE ANY BANDS out there who would like to have videotapes of their shows distributed by non-profit guys like me? You won't make money, I won't either, but your band will get free exposure. Write: Matt, 60 Thompson Ln., Nashville, TN, 37211.

MONDO VIDEO CANNIBAL seeks: Samhain, Black Flag, Siouxie, Misfits, Cro-Mags, Circle Jerks, Voivod, Neurosis, Gwar (91-92), Melvins. Master collection includes Helmet, Agnostic Front, Voivod, Bad Religion, Cows, Tar, Dwarves, Godflesh. Only send lists if ya got stuff! Necro Joe, 3115 Overcross Drive, Houston, TX 77045.

STILL LOOKING FOR: Voivod-all rehearsal/ live tapes (86-92); "Nomads/ You Drive Me Nervous" Angel Rat promo; Siouxie, Die Kreuzen, Curve, Coroner. I have thousands of tapes. Send lists to Necro Joe, c/o the Asylum, 3115 Overcross Drive, Houston, TX 77045. No rip-offs, pleez!

VIDEOS (400+) FOR SALE/ trade: Big Chief, NoMeansNo, L7, Jesus Lizard, Melvins, Kiss, Operation Ivy, All/ Descendants, John Zorn, Laughing Hyenas, Rhythm Pigs, Rollins, Fugazi, Dinosaur Jr., plus industrial, rock, rap, etc. Oogy, 1560 Bloor Street East #71, Mississauga, Ontario, Canada L4X 1R8.

VIDEOS AVAILABLE: Rollins, Black Flag, Jane's, Helmet, Fear, Ministry-Lollapalooza, Alice Donut, Lunachicks, Goldflesh, RHCP, Dwarves, Rev. Horton Heat, Supersuckers, C.O.C., Fluid, Priumus, Unsane, Soundgarden, L7, Many More- Send list or S.A.S.E. to Rob, P.O. Box IQ6, Port Chester, New York 10573

VIDEOS FOR SALE OR TRADE: Close to 1000 shows. L7, Nirvana, Helmet, Rollins, RHCP, Mr. Bungle, Fear, Dwarves, GG 91 & 92 shows, Jesus Lizard, Ministry, Pearl Jam, Godflesh, Sonic Youth, Danzig, Babes, Green Day, Shonen Knife, Ramones, Social D., Fugazi, Mudhoney & many many more. Write Merle Allin, 298 Mulberry St. #7D, New York, NY 10012. Call (212) 274-0803. Traders send list.

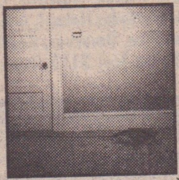
HIGH QUALITY VIDEO FOR SALE: All pro shot, all world systems. Lots of rare stuff including: Buzzcocks, Nick Cave, Cure, Dead Kennedys, Neubauten, Joy Division, Nirvana, Pixies, Iggy Pop, Pil, Ride, Skinny Puppy, Sex Pistols, Specials, Velvet Underground, rare 70's punk films, & lots more. Write for free list. Dave Jones, PO Box 9364, Wyoming, MI 49509.

PORNO ROCK! Official Mentors stuff! "To The Max," "Rock Bible," "Up The Dose." $8.00 ppd., "Piece of Sinema" VHS video (must be 18!) (Please sign age statement!) $15.00 ppd. to: Sea Monkey Records, PO Box 5461 Laurel, MD 20726 (cash, check, or MO).

STILL ANYONE OUT there into angry political hardcore/ crust instead of pseudo-underground grungerock? Belgian band Acoustic Grinder wants to trade tapes with other bands! Zines and comps send blank tape. Others can send $5 for a cool CrO2 C-90! Write to: Raf Vandeweyer, Laagstraat 10, 3930 Hamont, Belgium.

TAPE TRADERS: have many old/new punk & hardcore. Favorites: Social Unrest, Big Black, Angry Samoans, Bomb Party, Op Ivy, Dickies, Dwarves, Jawbreaker, Rudimentary Peni. WANTS: industrial, ska, rap, Flipper, Descendents, Skeletones, Mr. Bungle, old punk, Tom Waits, Paul Simon, Thrill Kill Kult, Nitzer Ebb, Poison 13. Your list gets mine. Edward 5409 Dobbs St., #18 LA, CA 90032. P.S. any bands that want to play at Cal Stte LA write or call (213) 225-8216.

Yep, this is a picture of Samiam's new album, **Billy**
(Out now on New Red Archives lps, cassettes & cds).



Don't Break Me 10", nra 30

And yep, we're touring again:

Early October
Los Angeles
San Diego
Eureka

Oct. 23 - Nov. 10th
Washington, DC
Baltimore, MD
Hoboken, NJ
Trenton or Newark, NJ
N.Y.C., NY
Boston, MA
Philadelphia, PA
Rochester or Syracuse, NY
Toronto, Canada
Detroit or Flint, MI
Green Bay, WI
Chicago, IL
Carbondale, IL
St. Louis, IL

Soar lp, nra 22

Feburary - March 1993
Another European tour.
Come say hi to Mark Mortensen, our new old drummer (he was on our first record and is pretty fine).

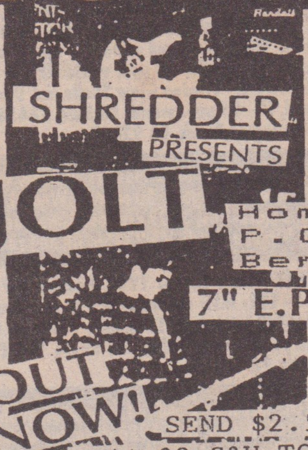
Debut lp, nra16

Underground 12", nra 17

Samiam

For Catalogue:
NEW RED ARCHIVES
6520 Selma Ave. № 1305,
Hollywood, California 90026

FUCK YOU?!



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JOLT/WYNONA RYDERS
SPLIT E. P. AVAILABLE ON
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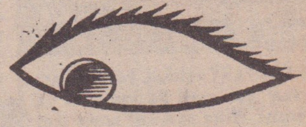


Homemade Records
P.O. Box 3021
Berkeley, Ca 94703

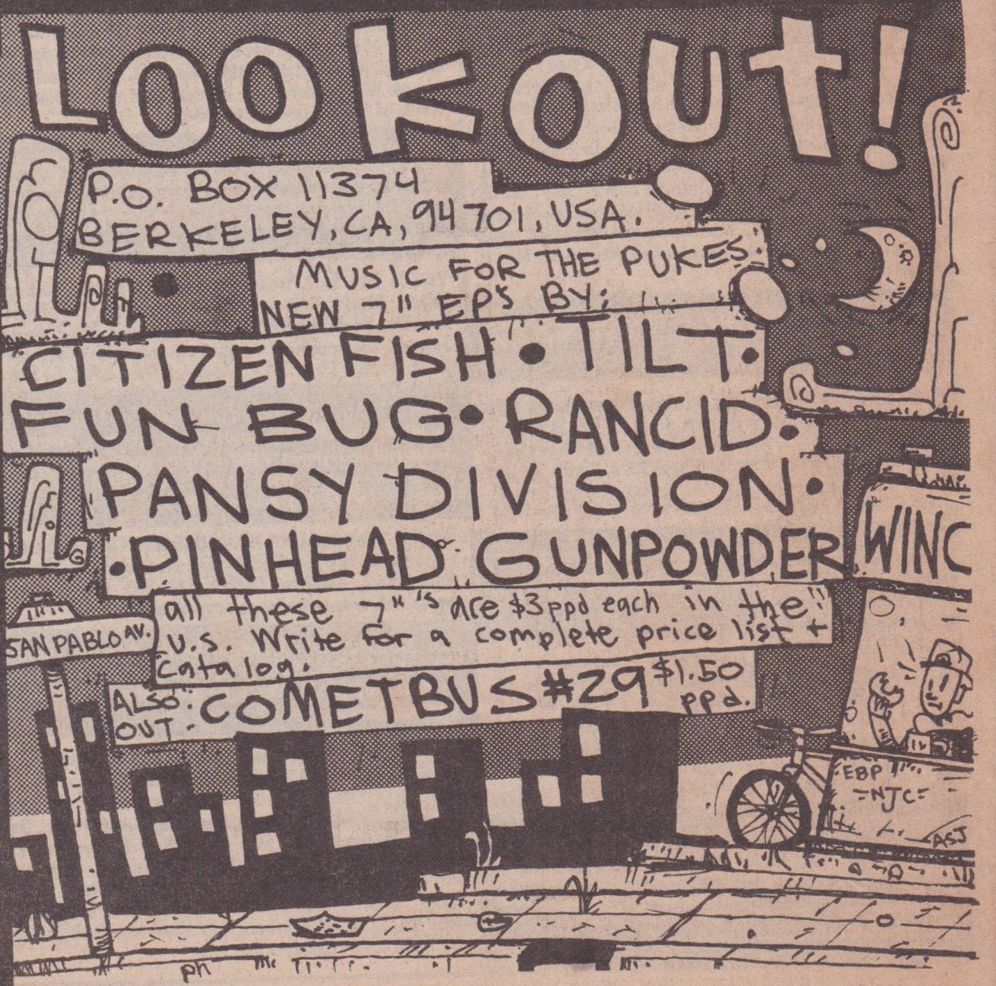
JUST SAY

All checks
and Mo's to
Owen Peery

I loved that Jabberjaw 7", too bad it's out of print. Look out for a 7" comp soon -T-

UPCOMING:7" comp with JOLT,J-CHURCH,GOOD GRIEF,and JABBERJAW. also a split 7" with JOLT and THE WINONA RIDERS.

Grimple 7"
Good Grief 7"
7"s $3 ppd
Good Grief T ← $5
Homemade Records T



BAD TRIP

FEAR AND LOATHING LP/CD

MAILORDER PRICES

U.S.A. 4th CLASS EP $3 LP $7 CD $10
CANADA & SURFACE EP $4 LP $9 CD $11
EUROPE AIRMAIL EP $5 LP $12 CD $12
ELSEWHERE AIRMAIL EP $6 LP $14 CD $13

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Rotz Records
17 N. Elizabeth St.
Chicago, IL 60607

ROTZ RECORDS

DISTIBUTION * MAILORDER * IMPORT * EXPORT

SEAWEED

MEASURE 7" OUT SOON!

ON TOUR THIS FALL

3 Oct. Berkeley, CA (w/ Tiger Trap)
4 Oct. Sacramento, CA (w/ Tiger Trap)
5 Oct. San Francisco, CA (w/ Shudder to Think)
6 Oct. Los Angeles, CA (w/ Rocket FT Crypt)
7 Oct. San Diego, CA (w/ Alien Boys)
8 Oct. Los Angeles, CA (w/ Shudder to Think)
9 Oct. Phoenix, AZ (w/ Shudder to Think)
10 Oct. Albuquerque, NM (w/ Alien Boys)
11 Oct. Boulder, CO (w/ Alien Boys)
12 Oct. Denver, CO (w/ Alien Boys)
13 Oct. Lawrence, KS (w/ Alien Boys)
15 Oct. Norman, OK (w/ Alien Boys)
16 Oct. Austin, TX (w/ Alien Boys)
17 Oct. Houston, TX (w/ Alien Boys)
18 Oct. Shreveport, LA (w/ Alien Boys)
19 Oct. New Orleans, LA (w/ Alien Boys)
20 Oct. Pensacola, FL
21 Oct. Orlando, FL
22 Oct. Tampa, FL
23 Oct. Gainesville, FL (w/ Loudspeaker)
24 Oct. Atlanta, GA (w/ Screaming Trees)
25 Oct. Charlottesville, VA (w/ Lungfish)
26 Oct. Washington, DC (w/ Lungfish)
27 Oct. State College, PA
29 Oct. Boston, MA (w/ God and Texas)
30 Oct. Philadelphia, PA (w/ Anti-Seen)
31. Oct. New York, NY (w/ Anti-Seen)
2 Nov. Champaign, IL
3 Nov. Janesville, WI
4 Nov. Chicago, IL (w/ God and Texas)
5 Nov. Minneapolis, MN
6 Nov. DesMoines, IA
7 Nov. Lincoln, NE
8 Nov. Laramie, WY
10 Nov. Missoula, MT
11 Nov. Spokane, WA

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BOOK YOUR OWN FUCKIN' LIFE

Do-It-Yourself Resource Magazine No. 2, 1993-1994

Earlier this year, PROFANE EXISTENCE and MAXIMUMROCKNROLL joined forces and put together the first issue of a resource magazine which many of you sent in listings for, and many of you utilized in booking tours, putting together compilations, travelling around the world, or just using to keep in touch. Because of the relative popularity of that fledgling edition, we've decided to go ahead and begin organizing a second edition, slated to come out a bit earlier next year, tentatively around April 15, 1993. This version will be compiled very much like last year's, though we expect that there will be many more submissions now, as many of you were unaware of this project, held back to see if it really happened, or were just plain lazy. And taking over the duties of receiving all the raw data, typing it up, etc., will be the good folks at the UNDERDOG COLLECTIVE in Chicago.

LISTINGS

As with issue #1, we will be compiling the resources geographically, trying to give as a complete listing of DIY and related activities as possible. The thoroughness of this project.will depend on the response we get from people involved with different projects. Listings in this magazine will be free of charge—all you have to do is send in a postcard with the information requested below. Please, if you're sending in listings of many types, break them down by the categories listed below so the typists won't go crazy trying to sift through a mountain of info, and keep the statements or descriptions concise!!!.

BANDS: Name / Address / Telephone Number / Brief Description (40 words or less please!)
DISTRIBUTORS: Name / Address / Telephone Number / Specialty (vinyl, cassettes, CD's, zines, etc.) / Area of Coverage (mailorder, wholesale, gigs, etc.)
LABELS: Name / Address / Telephone Number / Brief Description (40 words or less please!)
PROMOTERS/VENUES: Name / (Mailing) Address / Telephone Number / Hall Capacity / Is Lodging or Food Provided? / Working Terms (guarantee, percentage, etc)
RADIO STATIONS: Station Name & Call Number / Band Frequency / Address / Telephone Nurnber / Contact Person / Punk-HC shows and times.
RECORD STORES/BOOK STORES: Name / Address / Telephone Number / Specialties
ZINES: Name / Address / Telephone Number / Postage Paid Price / Frequency / Size / Description (40 words or less please!)
MISCELLANEOUS: We also ask people to send in tips on hangouts, cheap places to eat, free clinics, bulletin boards, crash pads, etc. These listings could be especially helpful for touring bands.

ADS

Display ads wlll be sold to help pay for this project. However, to make this resource issue as fair as possible we have decided to have only one size. We are doing this to make ads just as accessible to the small 20 page fanzines as the big record conglomerates!

The ad size available is 3 3/4" across by 2" down or 95mm x 51 mm (basically, a slightly elongated business card size). The cost for ads is $20 which will help keep the cover price as low as possible. Please, only one ad per label, zine, promoter. etc.

Send all listings to:
UNDERDOG RECORDS
P.O. BOX 14182
CHICAGO, IL 60614

DEADLINE: FEB 15, 1993
DUE OUT: APRIL 15, 1993

Send all ads to:
MAXIMUMROCKNROLL
P.O. BOX 460760
S.F., CA 94146-0760